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ART. I.—*St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: newly Translated, and Explained from a Missionary Point of View.* By the RIGHT REV. J. W. COLENSO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co. 1861.

A COPY of this work, in a former edition, printed at Eku-yanyeni, Natal, has been forwarded to us; and we have looked at it with interest as a specimen of colonial typography, and as dedicated to a gentleman who efficiently fills an important office in that rising colony. In the Hon. Theophilus Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs to the Natal Government, and whom some of our readers will recognise as the son of a venerable Methodist Missionary, Bishop Colenso has found a useful companion in travel, and a willing coadjutor. 'To his singular abilities for influencing the native mind,' the bishop believes that the colony has been 'mainly indebted, under the Divine blessing, for the order and peace which, during so many years, have been maintained within its border.' It is pleasing to observe that the two functionaries have laboured harmoniously for the improvement of the natives; that the subjects of this volume have often formed the substance of conversation between them; and that this scion of a Methodist stock is actively and usefully employed, though in another communion, for the welfare of a degraded race.

But here, we are afraid, our expressions of satisfaction and pleasure must terminate; and we can only express regret

that the bishop and the Secretary for Native Affairs did not converse to better purpose, or that 'the substance of their many conversations' should have assumed this permanent form, and have received currency in the mother country. Had it been confined in circulation to Natal, or the adjoining colonies, we do not know that it would have been considered expedient to notice the work here; but having been re-published in London, and in Cambridge, it challenges the attention of English, no less than of South African, readers. We regret this for the bishop's sake. His appearances before the English public, since his elevation, have not tended to enhance his fame. After spending only ten weeks in his diocese, he returned to England to arrange for carrying out certain plans for the extension of the work entrusted to him, and thought fit forthwith to publish his short experience, making his journal the vehicle for opinions in reference to the proceedings of other and older missionaries, which were as freely pronounced, as they must needs have been speedily formed. That he was active, enterprising, and kindhearted, was obvious enough; but that he was judicious, grave, and moderate in a degree becoming his position, could hardly be affirmed. On a question of criticism, people were willing to allow something to a distinguished Cambridge tutor, even if he had studied it but for 'ten weeks,' or less; but on a question of morals, lying at the foundation of society, it was to be expected that a wise man would wait and ponder a little longer; and, especially, that a ruler in the Church of God, and a bishop pledged to uphold the teaching of the Church of England, would hardly have been able, in so short a time, to arrive at a definite opinion *in favour of polygamy*, and to promulgate it, along with his censure upon those who had upheld the doctrine in which both he and they had been brought up. Yet so it was; and we suppose that, as the bishop still retains his odd notion, there are now in his diocese some professing Christians with many wives, and others to whom a second wife is strictly forbidden. The confusion and strife created by raising this question must be traced to his injudicious deliverances, the evil influence of which will go far to neutralize any advantage resulting from his benevolent activity. We hope it will be a warning to those who have the nomination of colonial bishops not to presume too far on a man's celebrity in the university. He may be great in arithmetic and algebra, but a very tyro in far 'weightier matters.' And so it turns out in fact. If the controversy concerning the admission of polygamists into the Church of Christ excited fears as to the bishop's sobriety of mind and theological competency, the present volume

more than justifies them. It augments them indefinitely; or, rather, it places the subject beyond the reach of fear or hope, and reveals an amount of departure from the orthodox faith which is alike surprising and distressing.

Nor will the volume add to the author's literary reputation. The notion which he entertains, or, if he prefers to call it so, the system which he has to propound, is crude and confused; while his mode of announcing it is authoritative and dogmatical enough. The tone of the book, in fact, is that of the school of which we must now, we fear, pronounce Bishop Colenso the most distinguished member; perhaps somewhat heightened by the consciousness of his position, and his having been all his life accustomed to be listened to with deference, whether by boys at Harrow, rustics at Forncett, or churchmen in Natal. Persistency in affirmation, a silent disregard of what has been alleged and proved against their views, and a frequent intimation that everybody else is in error, perhaps even absurdly so,—these are the characteristics of the school. High Churchmen would tie us up to antiquity. Broad Churchmen seem to ignore all that has gone before them, and remind us of the couplet in which the exclusiveness of the man of fashion is described:

‘The world polite, his friends and he,
And all the rest are nobody.’

The Epistle to the Romans has been the subject of study ever since it was written; and Fathers, Reformers, and critics have published upon it in many languages. In addition to all that may be found in commentaries, whether on the whole Scriptures, or the New Testament, there are about thirty separate publications devoted to the elucidation of it in English: but the bishop appears to know little, if anything, of them; just naming Macknight twice; once in a parenthesis four or five others; quoting once or twice from Alford, Peile, and Wordsworth; but reserving the chief places of honour for Dr. Vaughan and Professor Jowett. It might have been expected that a bishop and father of the Church would have been careful to do honour to the illustrious men of former times, as well as to fortify himself with the suffrages of his brethren and predecessors; but this is not our bishop's temper. His many years' study of the Epistle has brought him to conclusions adverse to those of almost all who have gone before him, and he may well be shy of sending his readers to inquire of them. It answers his purpose better either to forget that they ever wrote, or to denounce them as in error. But one thing may be alleged in extenuation. No preceding commentator has professed to explain the Epistle from a

missionary point of view; and this, judging from its title-page, is the distinguishing feature of the volume before us. We do not, however, admit the plea. For all that appears to the contrary, the volume might have been written by any well informed rector of an English village. Dr. Colenso might have written most of it without leaving Forncett St. Mary. He does, indeed, make frequent mention of the Zulus, but it is of little or no avail in helping his readers to understand St. Paul's argument, or in confirming St. Paul's statement as to the condition of the heathen world. He rather seems anxious to guard against the idea that the heathen are in a state of great spiritual danger; and, on the whole, is disposed to think well both of their state and prospects. What strikes us most forcibly in regard to his references to the heathen is,—First. That he is not likely to have come in contact with many who have not become more or less acquainted with the Gospel through the labours of various Societies; so that of the heathen, properly so called, he can have known little or nothing. Secondly. That in reference to those whom he has met he appears to make no allowance for their inveterate habits of deception; but receives whatever they say as though it were entitled to absolute credence. A Kafir, pure and simple, has no idea of being obliged to tell the truth. He has no scruple about lying, except as his own interest, or that of his tribe, may be compromised by it; and no shame on the ground of having told a falsehood, or committed a theft, unless detection follows, nor always even then. To his own people, or those whom he trusts, he is not ashamed to acknowledge having told the most direct and glaring falsehoods; and when he gathers from leading questions addressed to him what you wish him to say, he will readily take the cue, and tell you anything about himself, or his fathers, which he may suppose it will gratify you to hear. Had Dr. Colenso been among the first missionaries, instead of among the last, his experience might have been of some value; but, coming, as he does, at the rear of a long line, and among a people who have mostly heard the Gospel, or parts of it, either directly or indirectly, from Protestant missionaries, we attach small weight to his testimony, on any point on which he differs from other missionaries. He has had too little experience, or the 'sons of Zeruiah' have been 'too hard for' him.

On the merits of this translation of the Epistle to the Romans we shall not need to occupy the reader long. It aims at scrupulous exactness, but in compassing this end sacrifices dignity, intelligibility, and force. The bishop has a text of his own, and, as far as we can discern, follows no one editor strictly; but where there is so little scope for textual criticism, this

question may be passed by. We are quite sure he would not be knowingly unfaithful as a translator; but the effect of many of his alterations is really to obscure what the authorized version leaves plain; and were his translation generally used, the language would be debased not a little. All those venerable archaisms which are preserved in the Scriptures would be swept away, and we should read 'says' for 'saith,' 'has' for 'hath,' 'contradictory' for 'gainsaying,' 'impiety' for 'ungodliness,' 'iniquity' for 'unrighteousness,' and so in a multitude of other instances, where modern forms, and words of Latin origin, take the place of those to which the whole nation, its colonies, and its American relations, have been accustomed for two centuries and a half. Such changes we regard as made either for the sake of change,—and then they exhibit a pitiable weakness; or with the purpose of breaking down the hold which the authorized version has taken of the people, and, by gradually familiarizing them with other forms of speech, to prepare the way for new forms of thought;—in which case they are dangerous. To what third motive can we attribute the change of *past finding out* into *untraceable*, *servant* into *domestic*, *retest* into *reposest*, and *the answer of God* into *the Divine utterance*? In these and many like instances there can be no pretence for saying that the original is not sufficiently represented by the common translation: in fact, it is better represented in some cases. Take the word 'domestic' for instance, which conveys to modern readers the idea of a servant living in the house: the idea which St. Paul wished to express is not that of the servant's residence, but that of his master's right over him, as contrasted with that of a stranger. Because he has a master of his own, he is not to be judged by another; not because he lives in that master's house, which, in fact, his pretended judge does, as truly as the servant himself. In this case, as in some others, it appears to us that substantial correctness is sacrificed to literal accuracy. So again, in calling Paul a bondman of Jesus Christ, (i. 1,) no good judgment is shown, as the English reader, knowing that he was sometimes in bonds for the Gospel, might be led to suppose, contrary to the fact, that he was so at the time of writing this Epistle. '*Eating with a stumbling block*' may be more exactly literal, but neither to the scholar nor the illiterate does it convey St. Paul's sense better than '*eating with offence*;' (ch. xiv. 20;) and when the bishop proposes to change '*that I may provoke to emulation them which are my flesh*,' into '*if I may somehow excite my flesh*,' (ch. xi. 14,) he avoids the insertion of supplemental words, it is true; but he does so at the cost of introducing a harsh, coarse, and ambiguous phrase.

We must take the liberty to doubt if anything is gained towards a sound understanding of the Epistle by attempts at such excessive literality of rendering as we observe, as in ch. i. 28: 'They did not distinguish to hold God [in their minds] with intelligence:' or in ch. xii. 6: 'Not to be high minded beyond what it is right to be minded, but to be minded unto sober-mindedness;' as in both these places the original presents a remarkable play upon words which cannot be well reproduced in English: or by the singular departures from the authorized version, and equally singular variations from himself, in the rendering of certain prepositions, which are observable throughout. To take a single instance, we read, 'The just shall live *out of* faith,' (i. 1,) whatever that may mean; 'If Abraham were made righteous *in consequence* of works,' (iv. 2.) Then again, 'Being justified *out of* faith;' (v. 1;) 'a righteousness which is *of* faith;' (ix. 32;) variations which may occasion perplexity, or be used in support of a theory, but can serve little purpose beside. The Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford uses *by* in each place.

There is, moreover, a familiarity in the rendering of certain passages, which, to say the least, is scarcely episcopal. 'Always *at* my prayers making request, if *may be at last, sometime or other*, I may be conducted prosperously, through the will of God, to come to you;' (i. 10;) 'So *my part is ready* to preach the Gospel to you,' (v. 15.) 'The power of God it is unto salvation;' (v. 16;) 'Thou *that art for teaching* another;' (ii. 21;) 'A stone of stumbling and a rock of *tripping*,' (ix. 33,) will sufficiently illustrate our meaning. Whether the phrase, '*outcome* of the law,' (ii. 15,) is more objectionable on the ground of familiarity or general unintelligibility, let the reader decide, Professor Jowett is content with the common version; Dr. Vaughan explains τὸ ἔργον by 'that which it is its business to teach, its purport;' while Dr. Peile paraphrases it by 'what really amounts to teaching of law.' But the bishop evidently loves something strange and startling.

His treatment of the inspired apostle is very instructive, and shows us clearly what we may expect from the prevalence of Broad Churchism. Bishop Colenso carries the schoolmaster tone and habit of mind into the study of the divine, and deals with this great doctor of the Gentiles, as though he had been a boy bringing up an exercise, or a theme. Thus he seemingly commends him in one place as 'judicious,' and in another as managing his argument 'very adroitly;' while in a third he is described as having inadvertently 'changed the line of thought he was pursuing,' and introduced 'a little confusion in the statement' of his argument. He crowns the whole by affirming

that it is quite possible that Paul might have entertained an erroneous notion in reference to the entrance of death into the world; and that neither he, nor any other of the sacred writers, is secure from errors of detail in matters *either of science, or of fact*; 'for it is not in this way that the power of the Divine Spirit is exhibited in Scripture.'* To these sayings we are content to oppose the words of Paul himself: 'The things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.' (1 Cor. ii. 11-13.) In full consistency with this profession, he afterwards, in the same Epistle, makes the recognition of his authority the test of spiritual illumination, and warns all who reject it of the unutterable responsibility which they incur: 'If any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things which I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord. But if any man be ignorant, let him be ignorant.' (1 Cor. xiv. 37, 38.) And to the Thessalonians he writes, if possible, still more explicitly: 'Ye know what commandments we gave you by the Lord Jesus. ...He therefore that despiseth despiseth not man, but God, who also hath given unto us His Holy Spirit.' (1 Thess. iv. 2, 9.)

It is important to dwell here on the difference existing between ourselves—and, as we are happy to believe, between the great body of Christians also—and Bishop Colenso, in regard to the authority and qualifications of St. Paul; because the Epistle to the Romans differs somewhat from his other writings. It is more full and methodical; and may be considered as the nearest approach to a systematic exposition of Gospel truth which Almighty God has been pleased to grant to His ignorant and erring creatures. A late famous and truly excellent preacher was wont to say, 'The Epistle to the Hebrews is the key of the Old Testament, that to the Romans of the New;' and similar expressions are of frequent occurrence in both ancient and modern writers. Misunderstanding or error here may influence our views of the whole Gospel, and lead to highly dangerous, if not fatal, results; while clear and correct knowledge of this Epistle will afford invaluable aid in general theological study. But if the author of this most important Epistle was liable to error in matter of fact, and possibly entertained erroneous notions, 'what is our hope?' When neither chart nor compass

* Notes 27, 203, 159.

can be trusted, alas for the mariner! But we 'have not so learned Christ.' Our business is not to correct St. Paul, but to understand him; and we settle it with ourselves beforehand, that if any difference arises, his authority must prevail.

If it be said that our author intends this also, and no more than this, we must regret that his expressions have been so unhappily selected, and go on in the endeavour to ascertain whether his understanding of the apostle be the correct one. The test of this will be its harmony with other Scriptures, whether proceeding from the same apostle, or from other holy men, whose writings, like Paul's, were 'given by inspiration of God.' Let it not be supposed, however, that we design to examine his work throughout. This would require a volume of at least equal size to his own. One or two leading points may serve the purpose, and to them we must confine ourselves.

A needful preliminary to a correct understanding of the Epistle is the question of the condition and character of those to whom it was addressed. To this let us first direct our attention. Bishop Colenso holds the state of Christianity at Rome at the time of St. Paul's writing to have been very different from what is usually supposed. He holds the Christians there not merely to have been without a Church organization, (an opinion, however, not peculiar to himself,) but not to have separated themselves from the great body of the Jews in Rome. 'They had not yet broken loose from the Church of their fathers, they had not yet forsaken the Jewish faith.'

The argument in support of this view is, that three years afterwards, when 'the brethren' came as far as Appii Forum to meet the apostle, the number could not have been large; and that on St. Paul's arrival at Rome, he sent, not for the pastors of the Church, but for 'the elders of the Jews,' whose conversation shows not only that they knew nothing against him personally, but that they knew very little of the 'sect' concerning which they desired to hear him. If this was the case when he visited Rome, how unlikely is it that a distinct Christian community should have subsisted when he wrote! But as we are not necessarily to conclude that 'all the brethren' presented themselves on that interesting occasion; so we may well suppose that his sending for the elders of the Jews does not imply that he had no intercourse with the Christians. It was a measure of prudence on his part, quite in harmony with the great principle laid down in his Epistle,—'To the Jew first;' and in our view nothing can be argued from their seeming unacquaintance with Christianity, and with the history of St. Paul, except the unwillingness of the Jews in Judea to publish the facts of his

history, which, wherever known, must excite inquiry, and so far serve the cause of 'the Nazarene.'

The bishop supposes the Roman Christians to have been all Jews, or Jewish proselytes from among the Romans; and, though deriving their knowledge of Christianity from some who were present at Jerusalem, and converted there, on the day of Pentecost, to have had really little of Christianity in its doctrines, and still less of its spirit. 'Thus,' he asks, 'were not these,' [brethren at Puteoli and Rome,] 'in point of fact, either actual born Jews as Aquila, or Jewish proselytes from among the Romans, who had received in some way some knowledge of the Gospel, and had gone so far as to recognise in the crucified Jesus the *Christ*, the Messiah, the anointed One of God, who had been so long promised to the Jewish people;.....but who had not yet abandoned by any means the hope of the Jewish nation, which every Jew inherited as his birthright, and into which every proselyte was baptized;—that infatuated notion of their own importance, merely as children of Abraham and circumcised, which possessed them to the last, and made them think that amongst all their iniquities they were the favourites of God, and sure of entering into His kingdom?.....If such a feeling possessed the hearts of the worst men in the nation.....how much stronger must it have been in the mind of the pious Jew?' (Page 8.) After stating that the visitors at the Pentecost 'heard not a word there calculated to shake their Jewish confidence as the children of Abraham,' 'but much which might be turned to a perverse purpose for building up the fond hope and proud expectation of the Jewish nation,' (!) he says, 'Probably themselves had, as yet, no distinct notion of the true doctrine of God's grace in the Gospel.' 'It is *certain* that in this Epistle he is writing to persons who, while professing Christianity, and living faithfully according to their light, are still possessed with Jewish principles and prejudices, and in danger of substituting for the Gospel of God's grace to man, merely a new edition of Judaism.' (Page 20.) And in another passage, he describes the object of the apostle as being 'to remove, if possible, that inveterate notion of the Jews' superiority and high standing in God's favour, which was a worm lying at the root of all their Christian profession.' (Page 23.) We have already hinted that this view disagrees with the several notices furnished in the Epistle. There were plainly many Gentiles proper in the Christian community,—so many as to give it its predominant character,—or why should the apostle wish to have some fruit among them 'as among *other Gentiles*;' (i. 13;) or say, 'I speak,' not to the Gentiles among you, but 'to *you Gentiles*?' (xi.

13.) In fact, throughout that chapter he speaks of '*your mercy*,' '*enemies for your sakes*,' '*Ye in time past have not believed*,' &c., in a way quite at variance with the supposition that he was addressing a community mainly Jewish. The preponderance of Roman and Greek names among those specified in chapter xvi. is another circumstance equally at variance with that supposition, as the various particulars connected with the names are with the supposition of their immaturity in grace. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the labourers in the Lord, helpers in Christ, approved in Christ, and noted apostles, (as the bishop appears to understand the phrase in verse 7,) were such mere novices as the foregoing extracts would imply; or that a Church which had '*learned*' the apostles' doctrine, (xvi. 17,) whose '*obedience was come abroad unto all men*,' (verse 19,) whose '*faith was spoken of throughout the whole world*,' (i. 8,) whose members were '*full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able to admonish one another*,' (xv. 14,) was an assemblage of persons '*who had as yet no distinct idea of the true doctrine of God's grace in the Gospel*.' Supposing St. Paul to have been able to visit them, as he wished and prayed to be when he wrote his Epistle, (i. 12,) he would have found but little '*mutual faith*' to comfort him; and it appears to us that his words on another occasion would have been more appropriate here, '*I fear lest, when I come, I shall not find you such as I would, and that I shall be found unto you such as ye would not*.' (2 Cor. xii. 20.)

We deem it much more reasonable to believe that a considerable Christian community existed at Rome, though the questions relating to its origin and organization may be passed over purposely to rebuke and confute the pretensions of the present Roman Church; that they had a large and deserved share of St. Paul's affectionate esteem; and that, being unable at present to visit them, and impart any spiritual gifts in person, he made this Epistle the medium of such bestowment. In it we have indeed a treasure of inestimable price, far transcending in worth any miraculous endowments which it might have been in the writer's power to confer; for while such endowments would probably have ceased with the life of each possessor, this treatise remains as well adapted to instruct the Church in the nineteenth century, as in the first.

Having persuaded himself that the Roman Christians were mainly ill taught and prejudiced Jews who had been led to believe the Messiahship of Jesus, Dr. Colenso naturally concludes that the apostle's main design is to break down Jewish prejudice, and accordingly gives the following account of it in

his note on chap. i. 16, which he rightly describes as 'the motto of the Epistle:—

'These words are the very *key-words* of the whole Epistle. St. Paul is gradually, in the most wise and least offensive manner, bringing forward the *three* points, which he means to press hereafter with all his might, breaking utterly down thereby the *three* great Jewish prejudices. These points are as follows:—

'(i.) That salvation is wholly of *God*, wrought by His power, bestowed by His love, of His own free grace in the Gospel, and therefore to be meekly and thankfully received as His gift, not arrogantly claimed as a matter of right;

'(ii.) That it is meant for Jew and Gentile alike, for *all* that believe, without any special favour or distinction;

'(iii.) That it is to be received by faith alone, by "*all that believe*," by simply taking God at His word, and trusting in His love, not to be sought by a round of ceremonial observances, or acts of legal obedience.

'The apostle is referring here, but only just referring by a hint, as it were,—glancing at them for a moment, and passing on,—but so foreshadowing what will be the real substance of his Epistle—to the three great prepossessing errors of the Jewish mind, which, lying deep in every Jew's heart, though, perhaps, lying dormant for a time, as in the case of Nicodemus and St. Peter, till circumstances called them into activity, entirely prevented their making progress in the real spirit of the Gospel, and, if allowed to remain, would make their profession of Christianity only differ by a shade from that of the most exclusive Judaism, and effectually shut out the great body of the heathen population of the city from any connexion with it.'—*Note 21.*

So far does he carry this idea of the main drift being to overthrow Jewish prejudices, that even the terrible description of the wickedness of the Gentiles, with which the first chapter closes, is considered as mainly subservient to this end.

'v. 18. *The wrath of God is being revealed.* The apostle enters now on his delicate task. The pious Jew at Rome, or Jewish proselyte, like Nicodemus of old, had no idea that he too, like any poor "sinner of the Gentiles," was by his natural birth under the curse, and needed God's forgiveness, God's righteousness. He must be brought to feel and acknowledge this, in the first place, or there will be no room for the Gospel of God's love to enter in and possess his whole heart and being. How shall St. Paul draw him gently on to see, and feel, and confess this? He begins by announcing that God's universal dealings with mankind, and the secret voice of conscience, are ever testifying that there *is* a "wrath of God," as well as a "righteousness of God,"—a wrath of God for *all wilful sin*, whether of Jew or Gentile. Such wrath is being daily and hourly revealed in

one way or other, in the outward occurrences of life, in the inward utterances of man's spirit. There need be no doubt about it; this is being made plain to all, this is being revealed by tokens innumerable, that there is Divine displeasure for all acts whatever, by whomsoever committed, of known wilful sin, for *every kind of impiety and iniquity of men, who keep back the truth through iniquity*, for all sin, which they commit with their eyes open to the evil of it.

'Then, having thus made a general statement, which really involves the Jew as well as the Gentile, St. Paul does not apply it immediately to the former; but he takes his Jewish reader by guile, turns off his attention, as it were, for a while from what he is doing, and adroitly first carries him away with him to condemn the heathen sinning against light, which the Jew will very readily join him in doing. The apostle's words glow, his heart swells, as he goes on. It seems as if he could not find language distinct and strong enough to bring the *heathen* under condemnation as sinners. Yet still it will be seen that he keeps the same point steadily before him throughout, before his own eyes and those of his readers, this, namely, that God's wrath is being revealed upon those who know what is right, yet, against their better light and knowledge, willingly and wilfully do what is wrong. Thus he speaks of those who "keep back the truth through iniquity,"—who "knowing God," in some measure, yet "do not glorify Him as God, nor are thankful,"—who deliberately "change the truth of God," of which their consciences tell them more or less clearly, "into falsehood,"—who "do not distinguish to *retain* God in knowledge,"—who, in short, "know the righteous judgment of God, that those, who do such things, are worthy of death, yet both do them themselves, and encourage others to do them." All these expressions are manifestly intended to include Jews as well as Gentiles, and, indeed, are framed with express reference to the former, though the apostle does not yet unmask, as it were, his design, and his words seem to be bearing only upon the heathen world.

'Thus far, doubtless, while condemning such sinners against their better light and knowledge among the heathen, he will have carried his Jewish reader along with him, borne away, as it were, unresisting, by the power of the truth, in the strong current of his vehement words. Then suddenly, with admirable abruptness, he stops short, brings up the Jew in a moment, turns round upon him, and asks, "Well! and you, who are able to join so readily in passing judgment upon these, you, who know that such acts in a heathen are wrong,—I ask you, are they not wrong in a Jew also? Is it conceivable that God's wrath is being revealed for them only, and not much more for Jews, who, having more light than others, yet sin as they do? Can you imagine that there is anything merely in a man's being a Jew, circumcised, a child of Abraham, that will screen him from the righteous judgment of God, if he does such things?" Of course, if he can bring them to see and admit that in any one single case, even of a wicked and profligate Jew, his supposed immunity from God's wrath cannot possibly be maintained, he will have introduced, as it

were, the thin end of the wedge, and presently may push on his advantage to overthrow the whole structure of Judaism.'—*Note 27.*

Passing by the free, if not irreverent, tone of these comments, we remark that however applicable some expressions in this passage may have been to the Jews, when they had become idolaters, it would have been alike untrue and absurd to have used them with any reference to the Jews of St. Paul's day, or, indeed, of any period since their return from the captivity. They, at least, had not 'changed the truth of God into a lie;' nor worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator. The apostle bears them witness that they 'abhorred idols;' and to suppose that the phrases in which he describes the origin, progress, and moral pollutions of idolatry, are framed with 'express reference' to the Jews, is so great a mistake, that it could only have been made under the influence of a predominant theory.

What that theory is, must now be disclosed. The majority of expositors having understood 'the righteousness of God without law' to refer to the justification of men through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, have no difficulty in understanding why the early part of the Epistle is occupied by elaborate proofs of the universality of human wickedness and guilt. Their view of Saint Paul's scope is, that he first shows the necessity of the Gospel as a remedy for the lost race, before he unfolds its riches as the means of procuring the pardon, holiness, and joy, which make up the salvation it reveals, and brings home to believers. The two great divisions of the human race are dealt with separately,—the polytheists and the monotheists: both are proved to be condemned and in need of righteousness; and when every mouth is stopped, the offer of pardon, upon terms consistent with the holiness of the righteous Judge, is proclaimed. But the bishop, having a private interpretation of the words 'righteousness of God,' endeavours to break the force of objections which may be urged against it from the tenor of the first and second chapters, by representing them as an argument mainly directed against Jewish exclusiveness and pride. It is a great object to abate as much as possible the statements of these two chapters; because he teaches that, by the phrase 'righteousness of God,' in chap. i. 17, and chap. iii. 21, we are not to understand the Divine method by which sinners may be made righteous, but a certain Divine gift of righteousness actually bestowed upon the whole race, and embracing every individual of it, whatever be his character, circumstances, or profession. All men, according to him, are from their birth justified and regenerated; and if this be so, it is not strange that the

ordinary expositions of chapters i. and ii., which have been held to teach just the contrary, required to be substituted by a new one. This wonderful view of the condition of mankind is plainly set forth in the passages that follow, which must needs be cited at length, lest our readers should imagine that we have misunderstood the author, or are experimenting on their credulity. The italics in the extracts, however, are our own:—

‘This “righteousness of God,”—this righteousness which comes from God,—which is the free gift of God,—which (as he will presently say) *God has given to the whole human race*, before and after the coming of Christ,—is being “revealed,” he says, that is, unveiled, in the Gospel. It is there already, in the mind of our Faithful Creator, in the heart of our Loving Father. The whole human race was redeemed from the curse of the Fall, in the counsels of Almighty Wisdom, from all eternity,—the Lamb was slain “from before the foundation of the world.” Adam and Noah and Abraham and David, yes, *the whole family of man, in the ages gone by, “good or evil,” “just or unjust,”* (in the ordinary sense of the words, though all were unjust in themselves before the eyes of the Most Holy,) *were yet “justified,” made just or righteous, dealt with as children*, before any clear revelation was made of the way in which that righteousness was given to them. The tokens of God’s favour have been shed abroad on the human race from the first. He “gave them rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness.” He wrought by His Spirit on theirs, teaching men everywhere to “feel after Him, if haply they may find Him, in whom they lived and moved and had their being, who was not far from any one of them.” But now in the Gospel is being revealed the secret of all this. There we are taught how God loved us in His Son, *in whose image we are all made*, who came in due time, as His Father’s Wisdom willed it, to take our likeness, and bear away the sins of the world.’—*Note 24.*

‘But, whatever may be Saint Paul’s exact meaning here, these words are at all events a foreshadowing of the full announcement which he makes in chapter v., namely, that the whole human race are partakers of the gift of life in the Gospel, of the blessing of righteousness, as they are of the “rain from heaven and fruitful seasons,” many of them,—most of them, indeed,—without knowing that these daily mercies, which they partake of, are signs to them of their Father’s Love, that the beauty of nature is the smile of God, and that every flower which grows beside their pathway speaks a word of hope and peace to them from Him, “who is not far from any one of them,” “in whom they live and move and have their being.”’—*Note 112.*

‘Hence, Saint Paul is not speaking here at all of young children, whether Jewish or Christian, or of heathens, who have no opportunity of hearing and receiving “the faith,” as it is in Jesus. *Many, indeed, of these latter, walking faithfully according to their light, may enjoy some sense of the gift of righteousness, may be “consciously justified,”*

may have some measure of peace within the heart, "in consequence of faith" in the Right and True and Good. *And all of them*, as Saint Paul plainly teaches afterwards, *are counted as righteous creatures, though they may not know it*, through the Grace of God, bestowed upon the whole human race in His own dear Son, *whom He has given to be their Head, and whose members they are*. And all will be judged alike, Jews, Christians, and Heathens, by the same righteous rule, according to their works, and according to the light vouchsafed to them, in that day when God shall judge the secrets of men by the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Note 120.*

'Thus then the "good tidings of great joy for all mankind" is this Divine announcement, *that the whole human race are looked upon and dealt with as righteous creatures, in Jesus Christ their Head. The curse of their sinful nature has been taken away altogether*—has been taken away from the first, though the fact is only now fully declared in the Gospel—by God's Fatherly Love. They are not looked upon as they are in themselves, but as they are in Him, in whom God Himself has loved and redeemed them. As by their natural birth from Adam they fell at once, as fallen sinful creatures, under a "condemnation of death," so by the free grace of God in Christ Jesus they shall receive, *every one of them*, a "justification of life." The gift of life, which all men possess, whether physical or spiritual, is itself a proof of this. They would not have had such gifts at all vouchsafed to them, if they had, indeed, been still lying under the curse, if they had not been redeemed, and made righteous. The present life, with all its blessings, is one portion of this gift of life, which all men partake of, through the grace of God declared to us in Christ Jesus; the resurrection-life, which they will all share in, is another portion of this gift. But, above all, the spiritual life, which all men now partake of, each in his own measure, is another sign of that "righteousness," which God has given them. He Himself, the Father of Spirits, is everywhere enlightening and quickening the spirits of men. Every good thought, which has ever stirred within a heathen's mind, is a token of that work, which God's good Spirit is working within him, as one of the great Human Family, redeemed by the Love of God in Christ Jesus, *and related all to the Second Adam by a second spiritual birth*, (of which Baptism is the express sign and seal to the Christian,) *as they are by their natural birth to the first Adam*. And God's Blessed Will, in bestowing this "justification of life" upon us, is this, that, making due use of that which is now vouchsafed to us, we may find His Grace still more abounding towards us, so that it "may reign through righteousness unto Eternal Life,"—so that the Christian, with his full light of the sun, and the heathen, with his feeble glimmering of daylight, it may be, yet each according to the grace bestowed upon him, "continuing patiently in well-doing," may receive the precious gift of "Eternal Life."—*Note 174.*

We have quoted largely, to preclude the possibility of mistake or misconception; and we might have extended even these

ample citations; for the author has a faculty of repeating himself almost equal to that of his friend (and, we fear we must add, master,) Mr. Maurice. But we will spare our readers the pain of further extracts, and assume that they are sufficiently in possession of the views of this most rash and confused thinker. Perhaps their first impression will be that he must needs use the words 'justification' and 'regeneration' in another and lower sense than that now generally affixed to them. But we regret to say, that the supposition is inadmissible. The only difference he recognises between the justified heathen and the justified Christian is, that the one knows himself justified, and the other does not. In one place he expressly states that Nicodemus, when he came to our Lord, was already born again; 'he had already received that second spiritual birth, though he did not know it;' (p. 9;) and when, in annotating on chapter v., he comes to speak of the privileges of Christians, he speaks of 'their actual realization and enjoyment of the state of grace in which they stand, (and not they only, but the whole human race, though as yet the mass of mankind do not realize and enjoy it.)' (P. 111.) No place is, therefore, left for the supposition that by 'justification,' as applied to all men, he means anything different in kind, or even in degree, from what is intended when the term is applied to adult believers. It is the full Christian blessing which is possessed alike by every son of Adam. It may possibly excite some surprise that if 'the previous close study of this Epistle for many years' had led the bishop to these opinions in England, his 'seven years of missionary experience' has not modified them. The tribes of Kafirs among whom he labours, he speaks of, in one place, as practising 'habitually, without any restraint, a certain gross form of vice.' 'They kill,' says he, 'for trivial causes, sometimes, apparently, for none at all;' (p. 53;) yet he believes them justified, born again, accepted in Christ, children of God, and we know not what more. But this we know, that a more marked instance of adherence to a theory in spite of facts, never came under our notice, and can scarcely be imagined. Nor can we imagine a surer method to turn the whole of our religion into ridicule, than thus constantly to maintain that some of its choicest blessings are bestowed upon liars and murderers. We take Bishop Colenso's description of the state of the heathen, and compare it with Saint Paul's. Writing to converted heathen, he describes them not as having been unconsciously justified, but as having been brought to hear the word,—to trust in Christ, and to be thus made partakers of the Holy Spirit. Their former state he describes as that of persons 'afar off,'—

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'children of disobedience' they were, and, therefore, 'children of wrath,' 'having no hope, and without God in the world.' As if to anticipate that very perversion of Gospel truth on which we are now remarking, he declares that no unclean person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God; and adds an emphatic caution, 'Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience.' (Eph. v. 5, 6.) And in these views he has the express sanction of Him from whom he 'received apostleship,' who sent him, not to bring into a state of conscious justification those who were already unconsciously members of Christ, but to 'open the eyes of the Gentiles, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, *that they might receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith.*' (Acts xxvi. 18.) When the Son of God had to do with liars and murderers, during His sojourn on earth, He spoke to them in language precisely corresponding to that which He afterwards used in speaking of them from heaven to the newly called apostle. No explanation can reconcile His awful words with the theory now under consideration. The liars and murderers who stood before Him claimed to be children of Abraham. They were such by natural descent, but He wholly disallows their claim, as far as any beneficiary interest is concerned. 'I know that ye are Abraham's seed, but ye seek to kill Me. If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham.' (John viii. 37, 39.) Unabashed by His reproof, they claimed to be children of God. Here was an occasion for the development of Bishop Colenso's view. Truth required that it should not be suppressed. According to him, the answer ought to have been, 'You are the children of God, justified and regenerated from your birth; believe it, and walk worthy of your high calling.' The answer actually was, not a denial of their natural, but of their moral, relationship to God,—the very thing that Bishop Colenso so strongly and repeatedly asserts. 'If God were your Father, ye would love Me. But now ye seek to kill Me..... Ye are of your father the devil.' Jesus declares that lying and murder are the works of the devil, and that those who practise them, though they may be the circumcised seed of Abraham, and the natural offspring of the Most High, are nevertheless children of the devil. He adopts, and even enlarges, the vituperative phraseology of John the Baptist, and denounces them as 'serpents,' and a 'generation of vipers.' His bosom friend, and last surviving apostle, applies the principle to all habitual transgressors, and furnishes the infallible test of regeneration

for all times and places. 'Every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him.....He that committeth sin is of the devil.....In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother. For this is the commandment that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another. Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother.' (1 John iii. 8-12.) Thus in every way, by the broadest affirmation, and the most specific instance, is the truth established. And it is not a little significant that the venerable writer re-echoes Saint Paul's caution on this point. Here, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, is a Christian bishop who has the temerity to teach that men, whom he describes as 'killing' one another 'for trivial causes, or for no cause at all,' are, nevertheless, members of Christ, and children of God. In prospect of such a monstrous delusion, the words which introduce St. John's declaration on the subject, and bring St. Paul's to a close, however humbling to our pride, are seen to be full of Divine wisdom. 'Beloved children, let no man deceive you.' What can have given rise to this delusion, and with what show of reason is it sought to sustain it? These are questions which deserve a serious consideration. The bishop's conclusion follows naturally enough from his premisses, and is of so revolting a character as to create, independently of a distinct examination, the impression that his premisses must involve some serious error. But we must now examine them *per se*. If the views put forward in this volume of the work of Christ can be sustained from the Scriptures, we must frankly yield ourselves, at whatever sacrifice, to the consequences involved in them.

A former quotation (Note 174, p. 15) will have exhibited these views in part, but it is due to the author to state them more fully. He holds and maintains in almost every possible form of expression, that our Lord's appointment to be the new Head of our race, and His assumption of our nature, has—not merely provided for—but resulted in, the actual removal of the curse from all whose nature He assumed; so that, except for conscious, wilful sin, no child of man is, or will ever be, under condemnation; but all are regarded as reconciled and restored through the Son of God's love.

'(1.) St. Paul here says that "*God Himself* set forth," exhibited, "His Son to us," &c. This is in exact accordance with what the Scriptures everywhere teach us, that "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ;" though it is a truth, which is painfully left out in so much modern religious teaching.

‘(2.) St. Paul says that “God set forth His Son to us as a *propitiation*,” that is to say, as something to make acceptable, as one through whom God will smile graciously upon us as our Father, notwithstanding all our own unfitness. In Him the Father was well pleased, and with us in Him. In His holy obedience unto death was that expression of perfect righteousness exhibited in the life of a Son of Man, which the Father beheld with entire satisfaction; and accepting Him, whom He Himself had made to be our Head and Elder Brother and Representative, He graciously accepted us all in Him.

‘(3.) St. Paul says that God sent forth His Son to us “as a propitiation *through faith in His Blood*,” or “as a propitiation through His blood, to be applied by faith” (*Vaughan*.) The general meaning of the passage is the same in both translations. It is by looking specially at the fact of our Lord’s Death,—at the fact that He, at His Father’s bidding, took our nature wholly upon Him without our sin, and in that nature, though spotless and innocent, was given over to share that death, which we must suffer because of our sin, that so He might be wholly one with us, taking part with us in all the evils which sin has brought upon us, except that tendency to sin which we all inherit,—it is by looking at the fact that He was “made sin” for us, was treated as if He too had sin in His nature, and, therefore, was under necessity to die as we are, though He knew no sin,—it is thus that we have the surest sign that our Father loves us, since “He spared not His own dear Son, but freely gave Him up for us all.”’...

‘The curse is taken away. Our Father in Heaven smiles graciously upon us, as He looks upon us in His Son, as one in Him, as one with Him, as made wholly one with Him by that crowning act of His life of obedience, the shedding of His blood. “His death was the central and complete act of the whole work of redemption. The death presupposes the incarnation, life of obedience and self-sacrifice, &c., and is the necessary prelude to the resurrection, ascension, intercession, &c. Thus it is at once the briefest and the most comprehensive term for the whole redeeming work of Christ.” (*Vaughan*.) Through that precious blood-shedding, the whole race has been redeemed from the curse. It is the bond of union between God and man, the sign that God loves us, loves the whole race, and will deal with them henceforth, even in His severest chastisements, as righteous creatures, not creatures lying under a curse, but creatures whom He has reconciled and restored to Himself through the Son of His love.’—*Note 114*.

‘This is our consolation, to know that He, the Son of Man, went down to the grave, as we must do, trusting in God, and God did deliver Him—Him, our great Head and Chief, our Elder Brother. This is our great comfort, the very ground of our hope, to know that a Man in our nature, a perfect Man, a pure, loving, and true-hearted Man, through the power of the Holy Spirit, granted to Him freely, without stint or measure, according to the greatness of the work for which He was sent into the world,—(and that same gracious help will be granted as freely to us, in our measure also, as we need it, in proportion to the work which God calls each one of us also to do for

Him in the world,)—was enabled to persevere to the end, trusting in God, as any one of us must do, and thereby, says the apostle, (Heb. ii. 13.) giving the plainest sign of His perfect oneness of brotherhood with us; to know that, at last, through the same Eternal Spirit helping Him, He gave up, in obedient faith, the mortal life, which He had taken for our sakes, in obedience to His Father's will, commending His Spirit into the gracious hands of Him who loved Him, with the cry, "It is finished!" and then, further, to know that, by raising Him thus from the dead, God has declared by a mighty sign to us all, that the work of our redemption is, indeed, completed, that as He had died with reference to our sins, so now He has been raised with reference to our justification.'—*Note 140.*

In a sermon on the Eucharist, appended to the Commentary, we read further in the same strain:—

'These two things together are set before us in the Scriptures as the ground of our Christian hope; and one without the other is not sufficient for us. His body and His blood—His life and His death—His *coming* into our nature to take part with the sons of men, to be our Brother-Man, with all the feelings of a true Man, full of love, and tender pity, and brotherly kindness, to us all, full of righteousness, and truth, and love before God, a perfect Man, in whom the Father is well pleased, and with us in Him, as the second Head of our race—and His dying in our nature, His being obedient even unto death, His yielding up his human life upon the cross into His Father's hands, as the crowning act of that "full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction," which He offered, as the Son of Man, for the sins of the whole world.'—Page 304.

Several years since an able writer remarked on a tendency of the age 'to shift the centre of Christianity from the atonement to the incarnation.' It was in connexion with certain developments of the High Church theories that this tendency was remarked; but it is now equally exhibited by Broad Churchmen. Bishop Colenso does not, perhaps, in express terms, deny the doctrine of the atonement; or load the orthodox view with those reproaches in which some writers have indulged. But he does not hold it; he puts forward a something else as the ground of our hope. He speaks in a tone and manner well adapted to mislead the unwary, and lull suspicion; quotes a few texts, and scraps of the formularies of the Church, as if to explain them, while in reality he is striving to build up another system, which the Scripture and the Church alike condemn, and which, under various names, divines have again and again refuted.

In the last extract, for instance, the death of our Lord is spoken of as 'the crowning act of that full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice which He offered as Son of Man;' a form of expression

which, being partly taken from the Communion Service, might leave the impression that the writer held the Church's doctrine, whereas, on careful examination, it appears that he holds a very different, and, in fact, opposite, doctrine. If we ask, What was the sacrifice of which death was the crowning act? the preceding extract will show: 'He was given over to share that death which we must suffer because of our sin, *that so He might be wholly one with us.*' And again more fully in Note 156: 'He sent Him *to take part in our death. And that death He shared,* not worn out with the decrepitude of age,.....but in the prime of life,.....under the most distressing circumstances, persecuted, betrayed, forsaken, rejected,—He the pure, the meek, the loving, and innocent, rejected for the outlaw, the man of insolence and blood,—condemned by an iniquitous judgment with bitter shame, contempt, and mockery, sentenced to suffer cruel pain and anguish;—and all this done, and His precious blood shed, by those whom He had come to bless and save.'

'This was *the sacrifice of faith and obedience* offered by One in our nature, and perfect unto the end, which our Father's loving wisdom had prepared. In this way our Lord *took part with that death* which sin had brought upon us all. As He came to take our nature, and *to become one with us*, whom He was pleased to call His brethren, it was needful also that He should pay the debt of nature,.....*if He was really willing to be a true Son of Man.*' Here the sacrifice is explained to be one of faith and obedience, and the real design of it to be a thorough identification of Christ with humanity. How different the doctrine of the Church is, the prayer which our author so unfairly quotes may serve to show. Having in the preceding exhortations stated most explicitly, that by His '*meritorious cross and passion alone* we obtain remission of sins,' and spoken of 'the redemption of the world by *the death and passion* of our Saviour Christ, both God and Man,' she invokes Almighty God as having given His only Son to suffer death *upon the cross* for our redemption, and declares, not that He there performed 'the crowning act of the sacrifice which He offered as Son of Man;' but, in full harmony with what has gone before, and with the whole teaching of Scripture, that He *MADE THERE*, by His *one oblation* of Himself *once offered*, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. According to Bishop Colenso, His sufferings and death were the complement of His incarnation; according to the Church of England, they were a 'satisfaction for the sins of the world.' 'The difference,' to use our author's own phrase, 'is infinite.'

'But what saith the Scripture?' We have a right to complain that the Church is misrepresented by one who is officially bound to defend her; but a much greater right to complain when the teaching of God's word is neglected and contradicted on a question of such grave importance. Bishop Colenso fixes his attention on a few texts, which he quotes apart from their contexts, with great perseverance, but a far larger number he passes by in silence. And for the best of all reasons. He has in frequent use two phrases from the second chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which speak of Christ's taking part with us in our flesh and blood, and being made in all things like unto His brethren; but he seldom quotes the remainder of the passages from which these phrases are culled, and which expressly state that in His incarnation He had an ulterior design. 'It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren,'—but why?—'that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest *in things pertaining to God*, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.' (Heb. ii. 17.) In like manner the earlier passage (verse 14) declares his death to be the very end for which His incarnation was effected: 'He took part of the same, [flesh and blood,] *that through death* He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage.' It is to these, and similar passages, that we must look for the true philosophy of the incarnation. St. Paul only echoes what his Master had taught figuratively, when He resembled Himself to the grain, which could only fructify by dying; and plainly, when, unfolding the typical character of the manna, He said, 'The bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give [to suffering and death] for the life of the world.' His participation of our humanity was complete, when these words were uttered, and long before; but not so His work of redemption. 'The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister;' and while we glory in His humiliation, we would fain 'follow the example of His great humility;' but He does not stop there, nor must we. It is His own avowal, and may well be our boast, now and hereafter, that he *came also 'to give His life a ransom for many.'*

But this doctrine is irreconcilable with the Platonic theory of a representative man,—a head of the race, in whom they are all to be henceforth regarded,—an archetype in which the great Framers of the universe can delight,—and must, therefore, be kept out of sight as much as possible. We have seen how the sacrifice of our Lord is explained away. His Priesthood, as far as we remember, is not once spoken of, or referred to, through-

out the entire volume; nor is the Epistle to the Hebrews often quoted, except as it may supply phrases capable of a Platonist sense and application. All that large class of texts which connect redemption with the *death* of Christ specifically, is treated in like manner; and we are told on the authority of Dr. Vaughan,* what we are never told by any apostle or prophet, that his 'death' is 'the central and completive act of the whole work of redemption; and is at once the briefest and most comprehensive term for the whole redeeming work of Christ.' It may seem to be, in fact, almost anything but what the Scriptures declare it to be, the sole propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of the world. But it is not by omissions merely that those who follow Bishop Colenso's teaching will be misled. He not only does not bring together the various indications of the 'mind of Christ' on this subject, which the Scriptures contain, but he perverts and misapplies those which he could not pass over. There occurs in this Epistle (iii. 21-26) the text to which many Christians have been accustomed to turn as affording a more full and exact statement of the doctrine of the atonement than is to be found elsewhere. But this is subjected to the most unsatisfactory treatment. We have inserted, on p. 19, the notes on the first clause of verse 25, and need not transcribe them again. Our readers will have noted that the word 'propitiation' is there explained away into 'something to make acceptable,'—an explanation which might apply quite as truly to a present, and overlooks altogether the specific connexion with sin, established by the usage of St. John; (comp. 1 John ii. 2; iv. 10;) and diverts the mind to a totally different idea, that of God's 'smiling graciously upon us.' When he comes to explain the words that follow, he is bewildered and contradictory, understanding the word 'righteousness' in two senses: first, with reference to that 'gift of righteousness,' which he holds to have been bestowed on all men from their birth; and secondly, as denoting a moral quality or perfection of the Most High. His words are:—

* It is with regret that we observe anything proceeding from this able and amiable writer pressed into the service of error. The phrases quoted in the text, if taken alone, might convey an incorrect idea of his doctrinal teaching. Elsewhere, Dr. Vaughan speaks more exactly. In his commentary on chapter vi. 3, for instance, 'Our union is with Christ crucified, with Christ not as man living upon earth before death, but as one who has died, and with distinct reference to His death. (See John xii. 24.) Before death He was a Teacher, death alone could make Him a Saviour.' With the explanation thus afforded, the extract above must be regarded as far less objectionable than in the connexion in which it appears in Bishop Colenso's note; but we should still point out that the phrase *completive act* implies that other *redeeming* acts had been going on up to that time, for which there is no scriptural authority. We observe, too, that, on chapter iv. 25, the resurrection is stated to be essential to the completeness of the atonement, which is not merely inexact, but in direct contradiction to the note on chapter iii. 25, cited in the text.

‘What he says, therefore, is that our Lord Jesus Christ was set forth (1.) with an indirect object in view, “unto the showing forth of that righteousness,” which God gave to the patriarchs, and to the Jews generally, and heathen also, in bygone days, and which He gives now, it may be added, to the mass of humankind, who do not yet know the truth as it is in Jesus, “with a view to the remission,” or letting go, (“forgiveness” is too strong a word to represent the Greek in this place,) of the sins committed in the days of ignorance, (“bygone sins,” St. Paul calls them, because he is thinking more of the Jews in former days, than of the Jews or heathen in his own and future days, to whom, however, the same principle of God’s “forbearance” applies,) “in the time of God’s forbearance,” when He “winked at” many things, which in the clearer light of the Gospel stand condemned. But, he says, (2.) God set forth His Son also, with a direct and special object in view, for the showing forth of that righteousness which He gives “in the present time” to all them that believe, “so as to be both righteous” Himself, (that is, true and faithful all along to His promises,) “and making righteous him who is of the faith of Jesus.”—Note 115.

It will not escape the reader’s attention that the bishop’s doctrine of a universal gift of righteousness precludes the requirement of any conditions preceding the bestowment of it; while this passage expressly states that the righteousness now revealed is a righteousness through faith, ‘unto all and upon all them that believe,’ without distinction of time, place, or person. Our expositor meets this difficulty by suggesting that this verse should be connected with the next, the verse running on: ‘It is *possible* that the apostle *may* be here speaking of all that believe as being still sinners, whether Jews or Gentiles;’ forgetting, apparently, that if this possibility be admitted, the former clause, ‘which is by faith of Jesus Christ,’ would still remain to contradict him: and then, as if conscious that the former suggestion would not commend itself to the judgment of any careful reader, he ventures on the astounding statement, that ‘the fact that those that believe receive the gift of righteousness, cannot be understood to exclude from it all those who do not believe,’ thus nullifying, at one stroke, all the conditions of the Gospel.

Nor can it be overlooked that what is called the indirect object with which the Saviour is set forth, as explained by the bishop, is not, in point of fact, accomplished. ‘The righteousness which God gave to the patriarchs,’ say, for instance, to Abraham, is expressly stated to be a righteousness of faith in the Book of Genesis, as in this Epistle. Nothing is added to the clearness of that statement by the revelation of Christ in the Gospel, which seems to be the sense attached to the words ‘set forth’

by our author, and concerning which we do not now stop to inquire whether it be correct or otherwise. 'The secret of their righteousness' is so far from being 'now explained,' that their case, as stated by themselves, is, in the very next chapter, adduced, to show how the righteousness of faith was enjoyed by ancient, as truly as it can be by modern, believers. The 'remission' of his past sins was a patent fact, which the psalmist published as certainly as the apostle could have done. How, then, if the word 'righteousness' is to be understood subjectively, as a gift bestowed upon them, is it made at all plainer by the revelation of its being 'meant for all men?'

Nor, finally, can we allow the bishop's explanation of righteousness, in the last clause of the passage, verse 26, as meaning truth and fidelity to promises; which would reduce the whole to a pointless truism, *q. d.*, 'to declare, I say, *at this time*, His truth,* that He might be true, and the Justifier,' &c. But what need of this? There were promises of free forgiveness in the law and the prophets,—the fulfilment of which to believers was as much a declaration of His truth in the days of Isaiah, as it could have been in the days of Jesus. Undoubtedly, the truth of God was pledged to the personal appearance of Messiah in due season; but the bishop's paraphrase will not allow him to fall back upon that thought.

There is yet one other clause in this passage upon which we must dwell, before we can escape from the weary task of pointing out our author's unhappy deviations from the truth. We are 'justified freely by His grace,' says the apostle, '*through the redemption* which is in Christ Jesus.' Bishop Colenso, after stating that the word means 'buying back,' asks, 'But what is this redemption? Redemption from what? What is the idea present to the apostle's mind?' One would have supposed that 'many years' close study of the Epistle' might have led him to an explanation furnished by the apostle, when writing on the same subject to another Church. He would then have found a very explicit statement of what Christ redeemed men from, and how He had redeemed them. It is true, that statement would not have harmonized with many things which the bishop has written; but it would at least have afforded St. Paul's own answer to the question concerning St. Paul's meaning. So simple a process, and one to which, moreover, he must have had

* We are glad to observe that the word is translated 'righteousness,' (though it is paraphrased as in the extract. God there is shown to be righteous, true to all His promises, &c., &c.) 'for the showing forth of His righteousness in the present season, to the effect of His being righteous, and making righteous him who is of the faith of Jesus.' But if it means 'truth,' why not translate it so?

recourse many times in his classical studies, not having been here followed, he must be content that his readers form their own opinion as to 'the reason why' it was abstained from. Justly, however, is he punished for the neglect or refusal, to follow the natural method of interpretation, by the absurdity into which he has fallen. We are redeemed, he tells us, from a personification ! We were almost involuntarily about to add, *Risum teneatis ?* but the subject calls for weeping rather than mirth ; so let us continue our extracts.

'What is the idea present to the apostle's mind ? He does not here unfold it. But in chapter v. he speaks of sin, *personifying it as a horrible tyrant*, who "reigns through death," who has power by nature to inflict death upon us all ; and so in Heb. ii. 15, the devil, *as it were the concentrated essence of sin*, is spoken of as having "the power of death." The accursed bondage in which we should all be held, by our mere natural birth, to this tyrant sin, is, as we shall see more clearly further on, the bondage or slavery from which our Lord has redeemed us.'—*Note 113.*

Pursuing the subject to Note 176, we find, first, a repetition of what is said above ; then, what follows :—

'Dropping the metaphor, the real truth thus meant to be expressed, is, that our death is a consequence of the sinful taint which we inherit in our nature,—that we must die because of our sin.'

From this it would appear that we are redeemed from the necessity of dying,—an absurdity too great even for Bishop Colenso, with all his amazing facility for believing strange things. He therefore struggles hard against it. But his struggles only plunge him into greater absurdities. That 'we must needs die' none can doubt ; that therefore we are *not* redeemed from the necessity of dying, (which is the interpretation, according to the bishop, of redemption from sin,) is the common-sense conclusion. But rather than accept it, the bishop chooses to assert at length, that we do not now die as accursed creatures.

'All we of the human race.....shall die indeed still, but we shall die as righteous creatures, freed from the curse, however they need to be chastened.'

Emboldened by the greatness of this venture, he goes further still. Not only do men die as redeemed, and not accursed, but death is not, and never was, any curse at all !

'That the mere pains of death, the faintness of spirit, the shrinking of nature, are no signs of the curse, we must believe, because we know that in ages long before man's sin, the innocent brute creation suffered as they do now. There is a mystery here, which we cannot explain ; but the fact is certain, that suffering and pain, and death itself, were

in the world long before man's sin, and therefore they have no necessary connexion with sin and the curse.'

The bishop might suppose that his readers either have never read, or are too enlightened to believe, the Book of Genesis. But to those who have read it, and who receive it as part of that 'scripture' which 'cannot be broken,' it will seem strange that he should drag the brutes into this question at all; and stranger still, that he should deny any necessary connexion between sin and death, when they remember that but for sin man would not have died, and that so sure was he of immortality, that, after he had sinned, means were taken to prevent his living for ever in a fallen miserable state. So much of necessary connexion between man's death and sin as is involved in a Divine decree linking them together, we must admit, if we will believe Moses in anything; or, if we will, admit that the devil is, as we have been taught on the authority of the Prophet like unto Moses, a murderer from the beginning.

Into what a quagmire has the bishop plunged by neglecting to quote, or declining to receive, the simple statement of Scripture! However closely we have followed him, we have failed to catch any precise meaning which he could attach to St. Paul's words, 'Justified freely by His grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.' We have numerous paragraphs on the general subject of sin, death, and the devil, in which the same phrases recur almost in the same order, and always with the same effect of disparaging what has hitherto been 'most surely believed among us,' but substituting nothing intelligible and consistent for what is set aside, or denounced. We do not wonder at this. The doctrine of redemption by 'the precious blood of Christ' is essentially irreconcilable with a theology, the cardinal doctrine of which is the fatherhood of God. It involves considerations destructive of Bishop Colenso's whole system. If men are under the power of evil tempers and passions, and if the devil has, in any sense, the power of death, it must be by Divine permission, unless we are prepared to contend that Satan is supreme; and if by Divine permission, that permission must have an adequate reason, which must be a judicial one, unless God is too weak to prevent our misery, or too careless to interfere, or too capricious to act according to law. But if that reason be a judicial one, and the misery and death which we see all around us, flows from the determination of a righteous Lawgiver and Judge, how is it possible that all men can have been justified and regenerate from their birth, unless we are to deny all meaning to words, and by consequence all sincerity to the sacred writers, and to Him who speaks by them? Men who

need redemption cannot be men in a state of freedom and blessedness, but must be in thralldom and under the curse.

It is objected against this view, that it involves the elevation of Satan to so much dignity, that, if we are really in bondage to him, the price of redemption is his due. But the argument has no force against those who believe that the power of the adversary is limited, and that he could exercise none except by permission, which could never have been granted him except on sufficient reason. The ransom is due, as we understand the matter, not to the inferior and subordinate agents of the righteous Ruler of the universe, but to Him under whose absolute control they live, and move, and have their being. It may answer the purpose of Socinians to distort the truth; and the language of some fervent, and not very exact or logical, preachers, may occasionally give them a triumph, by ascribing to Satan a power which he does not really possess. But after allowing for all exaggerations of poets and orators, and even for the poetry of Scripture itself, men have to be turned from *the power of Satan* unto God, to be delivered from *the power of darkness* into the kingdom of God's dear Son; and as their deliverance can only be effected by Him whom they have offended, the means necessary to secure it are properly called 'a ransom,' and the process by which it is secured, our 'redemption.' The redemption that is in Christ Jesus is His atoning sacrifice, through which all that believe are justified freely. To procure their enlargement was a work of infinite difficulty, and to our adorable Saviour of unspeakable sorrow; to them it is offered without money and without price; and they accordingly have 'redemption in His blood, even the forgiveness of sins: Who is the image of the invisible God.' (Col. i. 14, 15.) This justification is said, in the Epistle to the Romans, not only to be freely *bestowed*, but to be *provided* freely 'by His grace,' the undeserved and infinite kindness of the Father, who gave His Son for us all, and of the Son, who willingly took upon Him the whole work of our redemption as Mediator.

In this stupendous display of the love of God to a lost world we find the stable ground of our hope in this life, and trust to find the theme of everlasting praises hereafter. But we cannot conceive it needful to a correct appreciation of the love of God in the redemption of mankind to depart from the scriptural method of exhibiting or illustrating it, or to magnify one of the Divine perfections at the expense of all the rest.

God is still the righteous Governor of the universe, and none the less so that He is 'the Saviour of all men, and specially of them that believe.' His rights are not abated, nor His claims

waived, nor His law superseded, nor His administration of it impaired, by the provisions of the Gospel; but He is still what He was of old, glorious in holiness, 'a consuming fire, even a jealous God;' and these awful attributes are as impressively manifested by the plan of redemption, as those milder and more winning perfections upon which our author so constantly dwells. It is with deep regret that we note the defective and perverted views of the Divine character and government which underlie all the teachings of this book; and which are inseparable from, if they have not actually given rise to, the fallacious theory of a 'gift of righteousness' having been 'actually bestowed upon the race of man.' A hundred times over we read of a loving Father; as if all the relations which Jehovah sustains, and all the perfections He possesses, were comprised in these two words. But we have yet to learn that this is in accordance with the Gospel. In the passage on the exposition of which we have dwelt so long, we are taught that our Lord Jesus is set forth a propitiation, —the means of bringing Him to be propitious to us who would not, and could not, otherwise have been so, being obliged by His rectoral justice to visit upon sinful man the just penalties of His violated law. The propitiatory sacrifice of Christ, however, was such a demonstration of the righteousness of God as could not be surpassed. By it the law was magnified, and made honourable both in its requirements and its sanctions; and the inflexible determination of the Ruler of the universe to uphold it, received the fullest illustration that can be imagined, unless indeed the universe can be supposed to have contained some being superior to its Creator. That supposition being inadmissible, and the Divine righteousness having been thus exhaustively demonstrated, the Divine compassion and philanthropy is exercised without detriment or danger. The demonstration of righteousness makes way for the outflow of mercy, and God is seen in the character in which He had long before announced Himself 'a just God and a Saviour,' 'just and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.' Nor does the demonstration of righteousness end in the forgiveness of guilty men through the propitiation. The cross is at once the most impressive warning to sinners, and the most effective means and motive to holiness in believers. The renewing Spirit applies its virtues, and enforces its lessons, so that to the end of the world the experience of 'mercy' and the embodiment of 'truth' 'meet together;' the enjoyment of evangelical 'peace' will ever be accompanied by the practice of evangelical 'righteousness.' Thus grace reigns *through righteousness* unto eternal life.

We have thus endeavoured to bring out the true meaning of

the text, which our author has so sadly missed, because a right understanding of this one point will decide not a few more. Men, considered in their natural state as sinners, are either subjects of the displeasure of God, or they are not. If they are not, we must suppose the Governor of the universe indifferent to moral good and evil. If they are, He must either remit their sins arbitrarily,—and so give endless encouragement to vice—or not at all,—and thus overwhelm the creation with sorrow—or upon some consideration. That consideration we, according to the views just now expressed, find in the sacrificial death of the incarnate Son, who, 'being made a curse for us,' hath delivered 'from the curse of the law.' His voluntary submission to suffering and death on behalf of man brought upon Him unknown and inconceivable anguish. Dr. Colenso's theory fails to give any explanation of this, or, more correctly, overlooks it altogether. That our Saviour suffered, indeed, is undeniable; but that He suffered at the hands of God is a part of the truth which it is not at all convenient to bring forward. Yet how plainly is it taught in Scripture! 'It pleased the Lord to bruise Him: He hath put Him to grief.' 'The cup which My Father hath given Me shall I not drink it?' 'If this cup may not pass away from Me except I drink it, Thy will be done.' 'Why hast Thou forsaken Me?' In these awful words we hear the testimony of Christ to a far deeper truth than His brotherhood with our race, even to the wrath of God against sin and sinners, a wrath so stern, inflexible, and universal, that even the Son of His love, when He stood in the stead of sinners, must not escape it. What He suffered at the hands of His enemies is as nothing compared to this, and for this there is no accounting except upon the principle of judicial infliction. All the sentimentalism so often associated with the words Father and Fatherhood should shrink back rebuked from the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary. The Father was at least as truly the Father of Jesus as of men, nor could there be any comparison between the near affection of that Father for the only-begotten Son, and His kindness for worms of the earth. Yet the Father puts into His hands the cup of wrath which may not pass from Him. To lay down His life was a commandment which He received of His Father. (John x. 18.) Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered. (Heb v. 7.) We cannot imagine how the universe could be more impressively taught that the Judge is not merged in the Father, that unpardoned sin must be terribly punished, and that, whoever may be 'deceived' by 'good words and fair speeches,' God will not be mocked.

This punitive character of our Lord's sufferings, as it supplies the explanation of their peculiarity and intensity, establishes their vicariousness. For since of His own personal sinlessness there is no question made, it follows that if He did not suffer at the requirement of justice, He suffered in defiance of justice; and if in accordance with justice, then on behalf of others. 'The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all,' is the only solution of this awful mystery.

It is remarkable that no scriptures are specifically brought forward to disprove this view; and it is pitiable to see a bishop of the English Church fighting with weapons borrowed from the Socinians, the edge of which was turned two hundred years ago. Let the reader turn to *Grotius de Satisfactione*, and he will find a full and complete answer to Dr. Colenso's thrice repeated statement, that it is not God who is said to be reconciled to us, but we to Him.* Nor is it out of place here to remark on

* Having shown that there is abundant scriptural sanction for that view of our Lord's sufferings which we have taken, and that it alone furnishes the true explanation of the scriptural account of them, we are not concerned to follow our author into every separate passage in which he puts forward his view as the substitute for it, and denounces the orthodox doctrine. But there is one so remarkably bold, that to overlook it would appear unfair or negligent.

'Once for all, let it be stated distinctly, that there is not a single passage in the whole of the New Testament which supports the dogma of modern theology that our Lord died for our sins, in the sense of dying *instead of us*, dying *in our place*, or dying so as to *bear the punishment* or penalty of our sins. It is often said, that He died *for us*, He died *for our sins*; but the Greek preposition here rendered by "for" never, in any single instance, means "in our stead," but "on our behalf," as in this passage.' (Chap. v. 6, note 150.)

Here it will be observed that the sweeping assertion in the first sentence is narrowed in the second to the meaning of a certain Greek preposition (*ὕπερ*), which is used four times in three verses, Romans v. 6, 7, 8, and by our translators rendered 'for,' and by Dr. Colenso 'on behalf of.' Now, considering that one meaning of 'in behalf of' is 'for the sake of,' we do not see that the deniers of the atonement would gain much by the proposed change. But when the bishop assumes such a confident tone, we are led to inquire closely into the truth of what he says; and we find, first, that if he means that *ὕπερ* never in any single instance means, 'instead of,' he has overshot his mark. Every Lexicon will supply him with two undeniable instances to the contrary. 2 Cor. v. 20,—'We pray you in Christ's stead;' and Phil. 13,—'That in thy stead he might,' &c. We find, further, in relation to this very passage, a general agreement of expositors either to translate the preposition 'instead of,' or, if they use 'for' in the text, to paraphrase it by 'instead of.' Thus Dr. Hammond paraphrases v. 6, 'Christ vouchsafed to suffer *in our stead*;' Dr. Peile, 'Christ died *as the substitute* for an ungodly race.' Dr. Macknight, on v. 7, says, 'The dying for a just or righteous man is *evidently* a dying *in their room or stead*; and therefore Christ's dying for us hath the same meaning in v. 8.' On v. 8 he cites Raphelius as having established this sense of the preposition. Mr. M. Stuart is to the same effect. He says, 'The use of the preposition in v. 7 obliges us to understand it in the sense of *in our room or stead*. Even Rückert, he adds, concedes that the meaning here must be *loco nostro, vice nostrâ*. Mr. Holden says, the force of the expression, 'for us,' is, that he died in our room or stead. Messrs. Webster and Wilkinson have a valuable note on this passage, worth transcribing at length:—'*ὕπερ*, in behalf of, in favour of. The original meaning is,

the want of ingenuousness in selecting loose and popular phrases as the especial subjects of contradiction, rather than those more accurate definitions which orthodox divines have given of the doctrine in question. Many things are said currently among those who are agreed concerning the substantial truth, which in controversy would be modified by the very parties who say them, and for which, therefore, they ought not in fairness to be held responsible. In one of these disclaiming passages, however, the bishop uses a phrase found in a theological formulary; but he appears to forget that the phrase which he disapproves is taken from the Articles of his own Church.

The single Scripture text, upon a misapprehension of which it would seem that the entire superstructure of error found in this volume rests, is that which speaks of the free gift having come 'upon all men unto justification of life.' (Rom. v. 18.) Our author confounds that which is graciously made possible, with its actual realization; and puts no difference between the provisions of a constitution of grace, and the application of those provisions in different cases. In so far as he testifies to the universal benignity of Almighty God,—to the possibility of salvation for all men, notwithstanding the ruin brought upon them by the first father, Adam,—and to the supply of means, which, if duly improved, might issue in universal salvation, we, as evangelical Arminians, go heartily with him. But when, in one undistinguishing statement, he mixes up, as in Note 174, already quoted,

over or above. Lat., *super*. As if a bird hovering over her young warded off a blow from them, and bore it herself; if by this act she rescued them from destruction, at the sacrifice of her own life, we see how the thought of dying *over* them is merged in the greater thought of dying *instead* of them. Thus a shield suggests the thought of being over that which it protects, and of receiving the blow *instead* of that which it defends. The sacrificial relation of Christ to His people involves the full notion of deliverance and satisfaction by substitution. (2 Cor. v. 15.) This substitutional sense occurs repeatedly in Euripides, Plato, Demosthenes. Syr., "in exchange for." And cf. *λύτρον ἀντὶ πολλῶν*, Matt. 20, 28, Mark x. 45,—*ἀντιλότρον ὑπὲρ πάντων*, 1 Tim. ii. 6.' Here are more than 'seven men who can render a reason' diametrically opposed to the bishop's confident assertion. The reader will know how to estimate their worth, and by consequence the bishop's criticism. But, passing from these considerations, he goes on to argue that Christ could not be said to die in our stead, because He did not. 'The truth is,' he says, with his usual confidence, 'that our blessed Lord certainly, whatever He did, did not die *in our stead*. If it be spiritual death which is meant as the doom of our sins, He did not die spiritually at all,' which, as no one supposes that He did, it is merely beating the air to deny. 'If it be physical death which is meant, He did die that death for our sakes, but not in our stead; for we must all die that death still.' We prefer to reply to this supposed dilemma in the words of another bishop, whose reputation has stood the test of centuries, and is probably higher now than ever:—'Christ taking upon Him the nature of man, and offering Himself a sacrifice for sin, giveth that unto God for, and *instead of*, the eternal death of man, which is more valuable and acceptable to God than that death could be, and so maketh a sufficient compensation and full satisfaction for the sins of man.'—Pearson on the Creed, Art. X. (Ed. Oxon., 1833, i., 616.)

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(see p. 15,) the cause and its effect, the design and its execution, and declares that 'the whole human race are looked upon and dealt with as righteous creatures in Jesus Christ their Head; that the curse of their sinful nature has been taken away altogether, and from the first,'—so that they have only to continue patiently in well-doing according to their different measures of light, in order to receive the precious gift of eternal life; and when we find this statement repeated and reiterated as it is in these pages, we recoil from it with dread as from 'another Gospel,'—which, like every system to which that name may be properly applied, is 'not another,' seeing it is in effect no Gospel at all. We find it clashing at every point with the teaching of holy writ, and involving us in a confusion which words are scarcely adequate to describe, as well as entailing consequences which, though the author seems to have accepted them, will go far to revolutionize Christianity itself. Some of these have been mentioned; but it may be proper to recapitulate, and enlarge the statement.

1. Regarding men as still by nature and practice sinners, though redeemed and capable of salvation through a mediator, we see how truly and justly they are distinguished into believers and unbelievers, obedient or disobedient, the subjects respectively of promise or threatening. But if we are to consider them as universally partakers of a gift of righteousness, and related all to the second Adam by a spiritual birth, the distinction between the two classes, which so plainly appears in fact, and is so universally drawn in the Scripture, is reduced to a mere question of degree. All are children of God, but some know it, and others do not; some are more or less faithful, others wholly unfaithful. No question of state or relationship can arise between them, and no such difference exists as before their Maker. 'But what saith the Scripture?' 'Ye are all the children of God *by faith in Christ Jesus.*' '*He that believeth in Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed.*' (Gal. iii. 26; John iii. 18.) In these awful words we read what perfectly accords with the doctrine of general redemption and conditional salvation, but can never be made to harmonize with our author's view. Notwithstanding that 'God hath given to us eternal life' in His Son, (1 John v. 11, 12,) the actual enjoyment of the gift is, according to the apostle, restricted to believers: 'He that hath the Son hath life, but he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.' Does the bishop ever preach from this text?

2. Another consequence of this supposition of 'a gift of righteousness' actually bestowed is, to change the definition of sin;

and accordingly we find our author restricting it, even in reference to mankind at large, to conscious and wilful transgressions of a known law. Thus, as we have seen, (Note 27, p. 12,) he paraphrases ch. i. 18, as follows:—‘There is Divine displeasure for all acts whatever, by whomsoever committed, of known, wilful sin;.....for all sin which they commit with their eyes open to the evil of it.’ In the same strain he speaks throughout; (Notes 42, 133, 153, 175;) going so far in one of these places as to state: ‘How far the sins of any man, heathen or Christian, the sins of uncleanness, deceit, malignity, covetousness, pride, vanity, envy, selfishness, are sins of ignorance, or sins committed against light by those who know better, *we* cannot say. He only knows who knows the heart. The “sins of ignorance” God winks at.’ A comfortable doctrine truly; and, if a legitimate deduction from the doctrine of ‘a gift of righteousness,’ then a sure test of its falsehood too. For ‘what saith the Scripture?’ In this very chapter St. Paul teaches plainly that the heathen are without excuse, because they might have known, but did not; and that their growing blindness was the punishment of their unfaithfulness. Our author admits this, and labours hard to diminish the force of his own admission, by pleading that we cannot know *how much* of their present debasement is penal, and that in the case of the Zulus the moral guiltiness of their lust and murder is not to be measured by the high standard of pure Christianity; and so he comes round to his former assertion, notwithstanding the admission just spoken of. ‘As far as they were begun in ignorance of a higher law, and in obedience to those in authority who stood in the place of God, they are the sins of ignorance which God “winks at,” till His word is brought home to them,—not merely to their outward ears, by the stammering lips of a missionary, but inwardly to their hearts, by His Spirit teaching them to know and feel that such acts are evil in His sight.’ Thus the comment in effect contradicts the text. The text teaches that since their ignorance is itself a sin, and is the cause of other transgressions, they are responsible for that which they have done in consequence of it. ‘They are without excuse.’ ‘The judgment of God is, that they which do such things are worthy of death;’ and ‘we know’ that that judgment ‘is according to truth.’ Such is St. Paul’s teaching. His own case illustrates it further. ‘I was,’ he says, ‘a blasphemer, and a persecutor; but I obtained mercy,’—which, had he done it knowingly, would have been impossible,—‘because I did it ignorantly.’ So far was his ignorance from being winked at, that he represents the forgiveness of what he had thus ignorantly done as requiring and actually calling forth

a very special measure of Divine mercy: 'The grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant toward me, the chief of sinners.' (Tim. i. 13-16.) 'I wot that through ignorance ye did it,' was the language of Peter to those who had crucified his Master; and he follows it by an exhortation which can never be reconciled with Bishop Colenso's doctrine, that no guilt is incurred till the man is made conscious of sin. 'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.' (Acts iii. 17-19.) It is a fearful thing thus to debase the moral standard of the Scriptures: to argue that because we cannot judge what precise degree of guilt attaches to an offender, he is not to be judged except by his own perceptions; to confuse our inability to administer the law (which is no part of our province) with the right of the Lawgiver to require what He thinks fit. A great dishonour is surely done to the Supreme Ruler, when His law is thus bent and lowered to a human level; and a great injury inflicted on man, whose only safety lies in aiming at the highest excellence.

3. Nearly allied to this topic is the discrepancy between the views published in this volume and in the sacred volume on the punishment of sin. Death is, according to St. Paul, 'the wages of sin,'—that which a sinner earns at the hand of one above him, as his due reward. But our author explains this away as follows:—"That which sin will work in you for doing its will, is death." He adds a *Nota Bene*, that death is referred to the accursed tyrant, Sin, and not to the holy and blessed God. (Note 200.) This is a thought repeatedly insisted on, and as though it were of great moment; but when the author remembers that this accursed tyrant is a personification, some explanation is necessary. And we have it in the following comment on ch. vi. 7:—

'It is noticeable that St. Paul in this passage does not represent the necessity of death, which is a consequence of sin in our nature, as a doom which God inflicts upon the race—innocent as they must be, multitudes of them, babes and others, of all wilful sin. He carefully guards his words from this. It is sin, the tyrant, who inflicts it—not God, the gracious Father of Spirits; it is "the devil," who "has the power of death," who keeps "many all their life-time subject to bondage."

'Of course, this personification of sin is but a figure of speech. But, nevertheless, it represents to us a very precious truth. It implies that the death of the human race is a necessary *consequence* of the sin in their nature, according to the moral order of the universe, not a *doom*, which the Great and Blessed God, who is called in Scripture the "Faithful Creator," passes, as a judgment, upon His fallen creatures, however helpless, and innocent of real conscious guilt. It implies that when our Father permitted the human race to be propagated, so that it was brought, "not willingly, but by reason of Him who subjected it," under the inevitable necessity of death, as a sin-

tainted race, He, at the same time, in His eternal counsels, gave the gift of new life to us all. He did away with the curse, and converted that death, which we must all die, into a blessing.'—*Note 184.*

'The moral order of the universe!' Does Bishop Colenso mean that there is any such thing apart from the will of the Maker of the universe? If not, what is the force of his smooth words? Death is not a doom; O no, it is an appointment, according to the moral order of the universe. Might it not be said with equal propriety, that hanging is not a doom, but only a consequence of murder according to the civil order of England? If the moral order of the universe connects death with sin, and death is an unpleasant thing, why scruple to call it a doom, or a sentence, or a judgment? The bishop apparently perceives the folly of this, and strives to abate the importance of death. It is not a curse, he says; we make too much of it in these days. The separation from friends, and the endurance of pain, may all be dissociated from the idea of a curse. 'It is the devil who teaches us to connect the idea of a curse with death.' 'How utterly unchristian, how utterly contrary to the whole spirit and letter of the Gospel, is this notion of death as something to be dreaded,... for some idea of a curse attending it, as the carrying out of a fearful doom, a judgment from God, which Adam's sin has brought on his race!' These are bold assertions, but quite unproved; nay, disproved by many a reader's conscience, which cannot be charmed into welcoming death by any assurance that the curse is done away, except that which springs from a personal interest in the atonement of Christ. That fear of death, through which so many are, as St. Paul testifies, 'all their lifetime subject to bondage,' is the most reasonable of all the fears which men entertain: and the Scripture justifies it when it represents the peaceful departure of believers in the light of a victory; (1 Cor. xv. 57;) or, more fully still, when the absence of fear is represented as among the brightest anticipations in which the servant of God can indulge. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,' is a strain of triumph which betokens, with indisputable certainty, the place where the greatest evil was to be expected; just as the phrase, 'the second death,' testifies that the first is the greatest natural evil known to mankind, the very king of terrors. A 'Faithful Creator' is the phrase by which Bishop Colenso describes God, when he represents it as unlikely that He would doom His creatures to die. Did he never read that that Faithful Creator threatened death as the penalty of the first sin, or does he not believe it? Nay, more, did he never read how, not the Faithful Creator, but the Compassionate Redeemer Himself, threatens to inflict it as a

curse upon His unfaithful disciples at Thyatira? 'I will kill her children with death; and all the Churches shall know,' *i. e.*, evidently by this terrible token, 'that I am He which searcheth the reins and hearts: and I,' unmoved by that sickly sentimentalism which would dissociate punishment from goodness, as though they were wholly incompatible, 'will give unto every one of you according to your works.' (Rev. ii. 23.)

This solemn threatening from the lips of our Merciful Saviour leads us to think not only of death, but of His second coming. The Scripture connects them, and, as we understand it, invests death with a peculiar solemnity by such connexion: 'After this, the judgment,' from which there is no escape, and in which there is no partiality. But all this wears a different aspect in our author's eyes. He speaks of it with a levity which is perfectly shocking. 'Will it be said,' he asks, 'that after death still comes the judgment? *Why, yes, and before death too.*' We doubt if the theological literature of the English Church, vast and varied as it is, can supply a parallel to this passage. The bishop goes on to reduce as much as possible the importance of the final judgment, by representing our Lord as actually judging us 'from day to day, from hour to hour, in the ordinary week of common life, as well as on special great occasions.' 'In truth, however, the judgment after death is but the carrying on of that which is going on in life,—the manifestation of that which is now taking place, it may be, in silence and secrecy,—the revelation of that Lord who is even now daily and hourly taking account with His servants.' The reader will observe how this representation differs from that of the Scripture, which teaches us that, though the account may be taken daily, the formal and public reckoning is deferred till after the expiration of 'a long time;' and particularly how it differs from St. Paul's teaching, who, in his discourse at Athens, makes the certainty of a future—not the carrying on of a present—judgment, the great argument by which he enforces repentance, and in the second chapter of this Epistle declares that the justification, or condemnation, of men will take place '*in the day* when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to my Gospel.'*

4. But the full effect of this misleading theory of a universal

* The bishop's note on this text is instructive. 1. He endeavours to explain away 'the day.' 'Whenever Christ shall appear to visit and judge in His Father's name, now amidst the affairs of daily life,' (as if He ever did or could *so* appear,) 'as well as on the Great Day of future account, they shall be pronounced righteous;' thus diminishing the force by widening the application of the words as much as possible. 2. He expressly denies that it was *any part of St. Paul's Gospel*, or that he was sent to preach, that God would judge the world. This, he says, he had only to appeal to the consciences of men

gift of righteousness, by virtue of which men are no longer regarded, or dealt with, as accursed, but as righteous creatures, is not developed till we have gone one step further. Sin, death, judgment, do not well comport with the notion of a world of righteous men, all under the smile of a loving Father; and no pains are spared to reduce their importance, and alter their character. Sin is nothing except a man intends to commit sin; death is a blessing, not a curse; judgment but the continuation of a process now carried on:—all our previous ideas in reference to them are wrong, and require correction. The correction comes at last. Even to the wicked, as the bishop has previously defined them,—the wilful and persistent sinners, the men 'who have died hardened in impenitence,'—'even to such as these death itself has no curse attached to it. It is but the gate through which their Lord and Master calls them to Him, that He may pass the righteous sentence of His love upon them,—that He may appoint for them that degree of *purifying chastisement* which they need.' (Note 184.) Here is the doctrine in its fullest proportions. If a gift of righteousness has been bestowed upon all men from their birth, and the curse utterly taken away, how can they be finally accursed? The new and old ideas cannot be reconciled, and the newly adopted idea, consequently, prevails. Future punishment is the purifying chastisement of a loving Father, and nothing more.

In the Note on ch. viii. 21 (Note 261) our author has gone into this question at length, and stated not only his views, but the grounds of them. At first, he asks, whether, with St. Paul's words before us, we can say such chastisement may not be remedial? Then, having mentioned some matters which, as merely personal to himself, we need not name here, he professes his conviction that the word 'eternal' does not mean 'endless,' and that he entertains the hope (he calls it the 'hidden hope,' but in what sense it is 'hidden' we have no idea) 'that there are remedial processes, when this life is ended, of which we at present know nothing, but which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, will administer, as He in His wisdom shall see to be good.' After specifying his reasons for such a hope, and admitting that he may, after all, be mistaken,—'It may be so; we cannot assert to the contrary, whatever hidden hope we may entertain;'—(p. 216;) and declaring that he cannot any longer dogmatize on the subject, he goes on to speak, (in Note 327,) in somewhat more decided terms, 'that we have *ground to trust and believe* that a man, in whose heart there is still Divine life, will at length

for, and to the old Jewish Scriptures. 'The new message of the Gospel was, that this judgment shall be conducted by Jesus Christ,' as if that had not been taught by the prophets also. Can rashness go further?

be saved ;' and in the two next notes, he avows his new opinions with the utmost plainness. 'Though it may be through a long and sore discipline, the work will be wrought at last, and death and hell shall be cast themselves into the lake of fire ; and God shall be all in all.' (Note 328.) And finally, on ch. xi. 33 : ' Who hath known the mind of the Lord ? His plans and purposes,— the way by which, the end to which, all things are moving ? Yes ! thanks be to God, we do know the end,—

" That one Divine, far-off event,
To which the whole creation moves."

* We were willing to hope that the bishop had misunderstood the Poet Laureate, or made an unfair use of his words. But on turning over the volume again, we find what fully justifies his quotation. How can it be sufficiently regretted that so fine a work as *In Memoriam* should be used as a vehicle for the promulgation of anti-Christian opinion ? The refinement of feeling, the strength of affection, the felicity of delineation, the purity of diction, the subtlety of thought, the elevation of sentiment, which we recognise with so much pleasure on a renewed examination, only lead us to indulge a deeper sorrow at the author's ignorance or perversion of evangelical truth. Mr. Tennyson invokes the Son of God, and contradicts Him on the same dedicatory page. He yearns after 'the Christ that is to be,' and virtually ignores 'Him that liveth, and was dead, and is alive for evermore.' But if HE has indeed overcome the sharpness of death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, why these complaints about the darkness and uncertainty of the future ? What need is there to fall upon the great world's altar stairs,—

'That slope through darkness up to God,'

when our Saviour has said, 'I am the light of the world : he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.' If He has pronounced a special blessing on 'those who have not seen and yet have believed,' why complain that

'We have *but* faith, we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see ?'

This faith that teaches nothing, and leaves its votaries as ignorant and as much perplexed as the heathen, is certainly not 'the faith of God's elect ;' and if we are to take the Laureate's confessions as the practical embodiment of the teaching of Dr. Colenso and Mr. Maurice, it is very plainly seen that this 'other Gospel is not another,' but, as said above, no good news at all. Instead of walking in the light, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, its votaries are infants 'crying in the night,' and 'for a light,' and *with no language but a cry.* Instead of having a hope entering within the veil, sure and steadfast, as an anchor of the soul, they ask, 'What hope of answer or redress behind the veil ?' and cry out in vain to their deceased friends to tell them something. They 'faintly trust,' even to the realization of their own expectations. Where the true Gospel provides certainty, they are unable to rise beyond the vaguest and most ill-defined expectations. They 'trust that *somehow* good will be the final goal of ill ;' but beyond this they cannot rise.

'Behold, we know not any thing ;
I can but trust that good shall fall ;
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.'

And is this the most accomplished poet of the nineteenth century in Christian England ? Have the ages brought us nothing better than this ? Do Tennyson maundering, and Byron scoffing, and Maurice arguing, and Colenso expounding, all meet at a point ? Is the consummation of all our labours a possibility of one day 'sitting down with' Lucifer 'in the kingdom of God ?' Truly the Laureate has 'groped,' and gathered 'dust and chaff,' to good purpose at last.

To Him are all things, to whom be glory for ever and ever ! Amen.' (Note 320.)

We do not dwell here on the obvious exegetical impropriety of flatly contradicting the apostle ; but we have directed attention to these successive passages as showing that the author appears to have come gradually, and not without a struggle, to the conclusions he has reached, and is now prepared to defend them. The responsibility of his position appears to have been deliberately accepted, though not wholly without shrinking ; and a heavier one we find it hard to imagine.

When we come to examine carefully his reasons for his change of opinion, we find one which, in fact, underlies the rest, though it is far from being the first announced. The bishop holds that our own sense of what is right is to be the ultimate test of truth ; whatever disagrees with it, is to be rejected, from whatever quarter it may come. The light within is to correct the light from without. The words are : ' To the man himself there is but one Lawgiver. He that sitteth upon the throne judging righteously has set His own law to be a law of life within the heart of every man. Whatever contradicts that law, whether it be the word of man, or the dictum of a Church, or the supposed teaching of Holy Scripture, cannot, ought not to, be a law for him.' (P. 209.)

Perhaps there is an advantage in this bold doctrine ; it saves time, at least, and renders argument superfluous. Were the author alone concerned, all we could do would be to retire with a protest that this is not, as he intimates, that trying of the spirits which St. John enjoins. The slightest examination of the apostle's words will prove it. He does, indeed, suppose that his readers will withhold their belief from certain teachers, but not on the ground of any criteria furnished by their own minds. On the contrary, he proceeds to lay down, in plain terms, the test they were to apply. By the trial of the spirits, the apostle means subjecting them to an external test, supplied by revelation ; while Bishop Colenso means the trial of revelation itself, — ' even the words recorded to have been uttered by our Blessed Lord,' — by an internal standard. ' The difference ' — to use his own words in relation to another subject — ' is infinite.' (1 John iv. 1.)

But as it is not with the bishop alone that we have to do, it may be well to look somewhat more closely at this ' short and easy method ' with the Scriptures. It assumes that every man's perceptions of the righteous, the good, and the true, are accurate and undimmed, and is so far in palpable contradiction to the facts of history, and of daily life. Every man is assumed to have

an internal illumination, and to be competent to pronounce upon questions of this nature, although, in this very Epistle, the increasing downward progress of the mind and heart of sinners is so clearly and forcibly taught. No allowance is made for the light that is in us becoming darkness, though our Saviour asserts the possibility of it, and cautions us against it. Nor does this doctrine allow anything for the imperfection of man's knowledge, which must often materially affect his decisions as to right and wrong. Had it been stated with ordinary caution, we might not have deemed it necessary to dwell on the subject; as it is certain that the Divine Being cannot be unjust, and that justice in Him cannot be essentially different from what enlightened men generally understand by the term. But when the law of righteousness, truth, and love, is assumed to be written in every man's heart by the Holy Spirit, and that supposed law is pleaded in bar of a legitimate interpretation of the words of Scripture, the foundations of faith are thrown down, and the fountain of knowledge choked up; and we see how, as in reference to the great doctrine of general redemption, the truth may be as effectually perverted by over-statement as by any other method.

But is it true, after all, that justice is violated by the doctrine which our author denounces? He brings prominently into the consideration of it the case of the heathen,* and of those among ourselves whose circumstances in this life have been most unfavourable to goodness, and asks if it be according to justice to punish them in perpetuity? It is of no avail to reply that there are gradations in guilt, and that the measure of punishment will

* The perpetual references to infants, lunatics, and heathen, in these pages, seem designed to decide the controversy by considerations drawn from their respective cases or from the case of all combined. But this is a foolish mode of proceeding. Dr. Coleuso might know, and, since he undertakes to instruct the public on the subject, ought to know, that it is now generally admitted that all who die in infancy are, through the infinite merit of Him whose intervention they need, and whose offers they have never rejected, admitted to Paradise. The same remark applies to idiots and to lunatics whose lunacy is not criminal, as that which results from vice must be held to be. And as to the heathen, we know no class of writers or preachers who represent them as punishable *simply* because they do not know the Gospel and do not believe in Christ. A few ignorant or indiscriminating advocates of Missions may have held this view, as certain extreme predestinarians still follow Calvin in reference to the perdition of some infants; but the general conviction is, that their danger arises from the ungodliness and unrighteousness which are universally prevalent among them, and which, without the Gospel, they seem unable to overcome or amend. No one supposes that they will be called to account for talents which were never intrusted to them, or be judged by rules which they had no means of knowing. But, for what they actually know,—for what they might have known, if their actual knowledge had been duly improved,—and for their acceptance of the Gospel when made known, they are undoubtedly and righteously held accountable.

be proportioned with Divine exactness in every case. He rejoins, there can be no gradations in that woe which never ends. To this we think it sufficient to reply that the same argument would destroy the possibility of gradations in bliss, for which he contends. And returning to the Scripture doctrine of recompense exactly proportioned to desert, we maintain that no injustice can be substantiated against it on the ground that the recompense never ceases; for the recompense has respect to what men are at the close of probation as well as to what they were during probation. They might have been made fit for the fellowship of God and angels during their stay on earth; they were not, though some of their fellows were: and now they remain as they chose to be. If it be just to place men in a state of probation at all, which is not denied by our author, it cannot be unjust that the sinner should 'go to his own place,' and continue there while he continues to exist. On what principle of *justice* can it be contended that a second probation is due to those who have misused the first? Probably Bishop Colenso perceives this, and therefore argues in favour of some unknown and unrevealed 'remedial process' which is to be applied to lost spirits. A purgatory appears to him a reasonable supposition. Our human sympathies favour it, and certain passages of Scripture point in the same direction; but the Church of Rome has defined it too sharply, and laid down its administrative system with more exactness than can be justified. (Note 261, ix.) But when we come to inquire what the bishop would substitute for the Romish doctrine, we are much at a loss; all we can find is a repetition of the thought that the fire of hell may, as he says in one place, '*burn out the evil*' of those who enter it.

'Surely there is an Eternal or Everlasting Fire,—understanding the word Fire, of course, not literally,—but as a figure to represent the Divine Anger and Displeasure which always has been burning, and ever will be burning, with a living, permanent, unchangeable flame, against all manner of evil, so long as there is evil to be destroyed by it.'—*Note 261, ix.*

He goes on to say that 'we cannot conceive how this fire and this worm will act to produce their effect of clearing away all filth and corruption, that nothing unclean may remain undestroyed;' but that they will do so, he appears fully convinced, at length. So the difference between him and the Papist is really, that the Papist holds a middle state of purification before the judgment; but the bishop holds that the fire of hell is, substantially, a purifying fire. His remedial process is not framed for

devils; but the terms he uses are broad enough to admit them to its benefits. And it is impossible to see how, upon his principle, they are to be excluded; for if their probation was not unlimited in its duration, why should their punishment be so? Does he say that unlimited probation is absurd and impossible? We grant it, but the argument applies as truly to men. Does he say, they do not ask for or seek a reversal of their doom? How does he know that doomed men will? He argues from the history of the rich man, (Luke xvi.,) that some good had already been wrought in him by what he had endured, as he was less selfish than on earth. But his argument overlooks that those who hold that future punishments are interminable, do not necessarily believe the subjects of them to be all at once bereft of human sympathies, and to have attained the perfection of wickedness; and also that this very request is supposed to have arisen from a well-grounded fear of the companionship of his brothers,—a supposition at least as probable as that Dives had begun to grow better.

But we are weary of these 'perverse disputings' against the foundations of our faith, and would close our task forthwith, but for one insinuation which the bishop has chosen to put forth against the temper of those who still hold the faith which he has abandoned.

'What right have we,' he asks, 'poor, wretched, ignorant creatures of the dust, thus to limit the mercies of our God, to bind Him down to our narrow notions and positive interpretations of one or two passages of Scripture, when yet the whole tenor of the Sacred Book, and other separate passages, and our human hearts also, with their best and strongest utterances, are manifestly teaching us a different lesson?'—*Note 261, viii.*

We will not be tempted to imitate the tone of this passage, or of a still more objectionable one occurring in a later note; but will reply in all the seriousness which befits the subject, that as all our hope for our own salvation rests upon 'the mercies of our God,' nothing could be more injurious to our interests, and, therefore, even upon that lowest ground, less accordant with our wishes, than to place any limit upon them. Apart from all feelings of compassion and sympathy, we should shrink from the attempt, as dangerous, if not destructive, to ourselves. But for that very reason we are the more concerned to know whether God Himself has imposed limitations upon His own exercise of mercy. His right to do so none can question. The antecedent probability that in dealing with moral agents in a lapsed, sinful condition, He would do so, is equally undeniable. The fact that

He has done so is, to our apprehension, as patent as the exercise of mercy itself. That being the case, we hold that it does not become the recipients of mercy to criticize these restrictions. 'Our human hearts,' even if they were not 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' have by far too deep an interest in the question to be implicitly trusted even as witnesses, and still less as judges of appeal. But perceiving the harmony of these restrictions, when revealed, with all we have previously known of the Divine character and purposes, we ought humbly to adore Him who promulgates them, in words which, as at first uttered, had probably a reference to this very subject: 'Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight.' This is, so far as we are capable of understanding ourselves, our feeling on the subject; and we doubt not that it is also the feeling of the great body of those who upon serious conviction hold the same views.

If it is still insisted on that we misunderstand the revelation, we can only, while admitting the possibility, reply that, if so, we know not how to understand any document or communication whatever. And further, that so far from our convictions depending upon 'one or two passages,' (though we are not at liberty to despise, overlook, or contradict any 'word' of the Most High,) they rest upon the broadest possible basis of textual authority. We know of no doctrine capable of being supported by more cogent or more ample New Testament proof, unless it be that which, indeed, rests upon it as upon a basis, and is therefore consistently set aside by Bishop Colenso,—the vicarious sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ. That a second probation is in reserve for any class of men when this life is ended, is not only no where taught, but absolutely irreconcilable with the tenor of the sacred volume, and with the express words of Him who is the Faithful and True Witness. It is, in truth, from His teaching that we derive the fullest information on this awful subject; and, while recognising the fact, we admire the Divine wisdom displayed in the arrangement. No suspicion of a narrow creed, a harsh temper, or a hard heart can attach to Him. Yet is this doctrine inwoven in His discourses and conversations from first to last. He had a forerunner who had proclaimed Him not only as a sacrifice, but as a King and Judge, gathering the wheat into the garner, burning up the chaff with unquenchable fire. Did He disown or qualify the statement, as in all honour and truth He was bound to do if it were incorrect? So far from it that he on one occasion commends the speaker as equal to the greatest prophets, and on another emphatically says, 'Ye sent unto John, and he bare witness unto the truth.' (John v. 33.) How can we

reconcile with truth His warning His disciples to beware of the wide gate and the broad way, because they lead to destruction, if He knew all the while that they really conducted to life, only by a longer route, and with chastisement by the way? Or His warning them against apostasy by the parable of the branches which were to be broken off and burned, if He knew that the apostates would be restored by the Husbandman Himself? We find Him threatening the Jews in language which we cannot distinguish from positive falsehood, if the restoration hypothesis is well founded. 'If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins. Whither I go ye cannot come.' In the light of these words those of Abraham to Dives are plain and intelligible; and, if words have any meaning, they intend that the separation effected by death will remain throughout futurity. We do not speak of the passage in Luke xvi. as a parable; but there are at least two parables in which the extinction of hope at the day of judgment is clearly taught, not by secondary and, as it were, accidental circumstances, but by the very prominent features of the representation. The unforgiving debtor was delivered to the tormentors till he should pay all that was due to his lord. 'So likewise,' adds our compassionate Saviour, 'shall My heavenly Father do also unto you.' St. James's terse and pregnant sentence is the echo of his Master: 'He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy;' (ii. 13;) but what now becomes of the 'remedial process?' Can that be judgment without mercy? If we turn to the parable of the virgins, we find the door shut, and the master of the house besieged by entreaties to open it, but all in vain. They had brought themselves into darkness by their negligence, and in the outer darkness they must remain. If, after all, they sit down to the marriage feast, the kingdom of heaven is no longer like unto ten virgins, of whom five were wise, and five were foolish. Passing from the parabolic to the plain and express teaching of Christ, we find distinct affirmations which, though not avowedly treating of the subject of punishment, do in effect afford decisive information respecting it. The love of God is the theme in John iii. 16; but if the *perishing* which the gift of His Son was designed to prevent is but a temporary evil, and everlasting life is the inheritance of all, whether believers or unbelievers, the whole passage must be recast. It ought to read,—He gave His only begotten Son, that all men might have everlasting life in the end, and that those who believe might have it a little sooner than the rest. Neither Bishop Colenso nor any other Universalist can deny that this is what *they* mean. If *our Saviour* meant it also, why did He say something so very

different? In like manner we must recast the promise of eternal life to the sheep: (John x. 28:) it must convey the idea that those who do not hear the Shepherd's voice, nor follow Him, will yet have eternal life, the goats as well as the sheep; but that the sheep shall never perish in that temporary sense in which the goats will. The reader's heart may sink appalled, or rise in disgust, at these dealings with our Lord's sayings; but they are the strictly logical developments of the universalist idea, and cannot in truth and fairness be disowned.

Nor are they the worst. We have said that certain promises must be recast if this theory is admitted. But what can we say of certain threatenings? 'He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation.' (Mark iii. 29.) 'Good were it for that man if he had never been born.' (Mark xiv. 21.) 'He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.' (John iii. 36.) The only method of reconciling the two first of these sayings with universal restoration, is to believe that unpardoned sinners can enter heaven, and that unending happiness is not worth living for; but the third refuses to admit any alternative exposition, however absurd, and shuts us up to a flat and unqualified denial of our Lord in both clauses. Bishop Colenso must, if he will be consistent, teach that he that believeth not the Son shall see life at some period; and that the wrath of God will not abide upon him, but will be removed when the due amount of purifying chastisement has been inflicted.

Hitherto we have abstained from mentioning the texts usually resorted to in proof of this truth; and have shown how it pervades our Lord's teaching. But it is due to the depth and sincerity of our own convictions to advert to some, at least, of the former class. The variety of expressions employed by our Master, in reference to this subject, is solemnly instructive. The 'gehenna' was no doubt a perpetual burning, and, when the word was used to describe a future state, would convey to a Jew the idea of perpetuity; but it was after all but a localized and allusive term. 'The everlasting fire' is neither local nor allusive; but a question has arisen as to the precise force of the adjective. In anticipation of this a third phrase is introduced: 'the fire that never shall be quenched.' We need not dispute now about the meaning of *æon* and its derivatives. Our author's distinction between 'endless' and 'eternal' will avail him nothing here. Practically the words are shown to be synonymous. Whatever the etymological meaning may be, there is no difference, so far as the future is concerned. The everlasting fire will neither die out, nor be extinguished,

but burn on without ceasing. Nor is it possible to describe it in words better adapted to obviate vain subterfuges than those which have been now specified. One other mode of escape from the force of these words we have met with—we write it with grief and shame—in this volume. It is a suggestion that, though we admit an everlasting fire, we need not suppose an everlasting continuance in it to be necessarily implied. But our Saviour's expression, in His last discourse on the subject, when judgment and retribution are His chosen themes, not mentioned incidentally, but treated of expressly, seems designed to cut off this last retreat of error. After declaring that He will sentence those on His left hand to 'the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels,' he foretells the execution of the sentence in varied phrase: 'These shall go away,'—not to endure a merciful chastisement for so long a time as may be needed,—not to lie in the everlasting fire till the filth is purged away,—but 'into everlasting *punishment*:' a punishment lasting as long as the 'life into' the enjoyment of which the righteous shall 'go away' from the judgment-seat.

If we follow the subject into the writings of the apostles, we find an entire harmony with the views promulgated by their great Master. His teaching is the basis of their representations and appeals throughout. Not only do they refrain from any adverse or qualifying statements, but they confirm and apply, in various ways, the truth He had taught them, so as to preclude the suspicion of any material variation. They contrast 'them that are saved,' and 'them that perish;' so as to make the two classes entirely comprehensive, and leave no hope of both being ultimately fused into one. As if not content with the general declaration, that 'the unrighteous shall not inherit,' they expand it and individualize it into, No one such person 'hath *any* inheritance in the kingdom of Christ.' They speak of being 'punished with everlasting destruction,'—of the 'perdition of ungodly men,' who 'shall utterly perish in their own corruption,'—of 'foolish and hurtful lusts which' (O, horrible and fearful pleonasm!) 'drown men in destruction and perdition.' They announce a rest still remaining for the people of God, from which unbelievers are excluded by the oath of Him that liveth for ever and ever, and warn us lest we altogether come short of it. Awed by the solemn certainty of that recorded oath, they exhort: Let us fear, let us labour, lest any man fall after the ancient pattern of unbelief; let us look diligently lest we copy that profane person who, 'when he would have inherited the blessing, found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.' To indulge a hidden hope of remedial

processes when this life is ended, is to blunt the edge of all their warnings, and in effect to impute to them ignorance or duplicity. And what shall we say of the seer of Patmos, to whom the Son of man imparted 'the revelation which God gave unto him,' and 'who bare record of the word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw?' His utterances are guarded against addition or diminution by the most solemn and explicit threatenings. In his—the closing portion of the sacred canon, we first find the phrase so full of terrible significance, 'the second death,' which seems designed completely to extinguish all hope of the recovery of happiness on the part of those who undergo it. This is formally explained twice in the course of the book; and in a third passage the explanation is expanded by the introduction of three impressive circumstances: the subjects of it are said to be tormented in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb; to have no rest day nor night; to have the smoke of their fiery torment ascending for ever and ever. From this second death, thus explained by Himself, the Son of God promises exemption to him that overcometh. Can it be supposed that by this promise he means only an earlier and fuller participation of that everlasting life, which the cowardly, and unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, are ultimately to be admitted to partake? Or that all these classes are to inherit the new Jerusalem, though not quite as soon as 'he that overcometh?' Bishop Colenso may believe this if he will; and may reproach us with 'our narrow notions,' and with our attempts to 'limit the mercies of our God;' but we maintain—we hope not unkindly, we hope not proudly, but solemnly and firmly—that if there be truth in language, and common sense in man, if words are not to be instruments of concealing, but of expressing, ideas, and to be interpreted naturally and honestly, then we have here a revelation of limits which the great Author and Fountain of mercy has imposed upon Himself, and with which His creatures interfere at their peril.

Our space forbids us to pursue the subject further; nor will we advert to other topics which we had marked for notice, in order to enable our readers more fully to appreciate the author's claims to their confidence as a critic and a divine. Thus, in his Introduction, he has a long passage on the true sense of John x. 29-36, in which he denies that when our Lord said, 'I and My Father are one,' 'He was speaking at all of His substantial unity with the Father, but only of His unity of will and word with Him;' thus giving up to the Arians the great

weapon which was wielded with so much effect against them at the Council of Nice. And, still further, he asserts: 'It does not appear that our Lord ever confessed His Divinity on earth, or revealed His full name to His disciples, until that last evening, when He spoke of the "glory which He had with the Father before the world was."' In a similar strain he writes, (Note 140,) 'Let it be noted that the Scriptures do not speak of our Lord rising by His own inherent power from the grave, exerting His own Divine might to break the bars of death asunder.' If these are mere oversights, they are little to the credit of the writer; if they are not oversights, we need not characterize them. Nor will we enter upon the doctrine of the Sacraments put forth in this volume, in which 'the inward and spiritual grace given unto us' is expounded to be not any effect wrought upon ourselves; but 'the gift' of which we have heard so much already, and 'of which, in fact, all men everywhere are partaking.' The effect of the institution is thus explained away into the truth of which it is the attesting sign. (Note 180.)

But this is a topic especially for members of the Established Church, and by them it will probably be dealt with in due time. It is not to be supposed that the laudable zeal which has not merely condemned a negative theology in declarations, protests, and addresses, but has brought such of the teachers of it as were directly amenable to law, before the ecclesiastical tribunals to answer for their offences, and also brought them all before the still higher tribunal of public opinion, by formal replies, both individual and collective, will allow this volume to pass uncensured, or unchallenged. The author's peculiar position may present a difficulty in the way of legal action; but, if no existing authorities have jurisdiction in such a case, a legislative remedy for the defect should be sought and obtained. The publications of Mr. Heath, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Jowett, were sufficiently humiliating; but we are not aware that it was in the province of either of these gentlemen to receive subscriptions, and administer tests. With a bishop, the case is altogether different; and it cannot but be dangerous to the interests, not of the Established Church merely, but of all morality and religion, and therefore of all civil society, that persons should be habitually acting as the guardians of certain forms of opinion and belief, which they have themselves ceased to hold. We cannot imagine a scene better adapted to bring formularies and subscriptions into contempt than that which would be exhibited by a thorough disciple of Bishop Colenso receiving ordination and institution, and 'reading himself in.' If he should hold the doctrine of Christ's dying to reconcile men to God, but not God

to men, he must find himself contradicted in the terms of the second Article, as the bishop is. If he should hold that all men are members of Christ from their birth, he must be ingenious indeed to reconcile his view either with the Ninth Article, which declares that there is in every descendant of Adam that which 'deserveth God's wrath and damnation;' or with the 'Twenty-ninth Article, which states, 'The wicked, and such as be void of a lively faith,' are *'in nowise* partakers of Christ.' If, holding universal restoration, he can still reconcile himself to the Athanasian Creed, as the bishop appears to have done, by the consideration that the Papists receive it, and yet profess a belief in purgatory, there will still remain the difficulty that purgatory is denounced in the twenty-second Article as 'a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the word of God;' while masses, which are the logical complement of the doctrine of purgatory, are characterized as 'blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.' If the Litany and the Burial Service teach the eternity of future punishment, and the clergyman disbelieves it, is he to profess his 'assent and consent' to them in a non-natural sense? and if so, can it be an 'unfeigned' assent? Or may a man subscribe to the 'Form of Solemnization of Matrimony,' and promise 'always so to administer the doctrine, sacraments, and discipline of Christ as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church and Realm hath received the same,' and yet lawfully and honestly allow in certain cases the practice of polygamy, which neither the Church nor the Realm allows? These are grave questions; but we have not raised them, and those who have must abide the issue.

ART. II.—*Catalogues of the Royal Academy of Arts. 1800 to 1861.*

A GREEK sculptor or painter must have worked at his employment with feelings scarcely conceivable by a modern artist. If he were a man of power, his doubts concerning the moral relations and destiny of man could never so far distract as to disable him. Of any life to come, his mind could take but a feeble hold. Where his imagination broke through the veil of the material, it was not into more ample regions of the unseen and future, which awe and absorb the mind of the Christian. He might 'have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;' but Proteus laid no restraint upon his conscience. The gods of Olympus, if to men of vivid fancy in some dark hours a cause of nameless fear, must have been, on the whole, a gigantic and solemn amusement. Enough of the vague, the visionary, and the spiritual existed in paganism to meet that first demand of great art, a belief in what is unseen; but not enough to raise doubts that could alarm a tender conscience or affright a reverent fancy. A glimmering notion of the possibility of immortal life filled the mind with enlivening wonder; but its great uncertainty threw back the baffled imagination with tenfold force on what was material. Posthumous fame, with us an imaginative, was, to the artist of the time of Pericles, the only real, immortality; and a pathetic sense of the shortness of human life, and its contrast with the enduring works of man, must have nerved his hand and fired his brain to project along the future something which would preserve his memory, otherwise destined to perish like the autumn leaf. Whatever gave him an opportunity to exercise the chisel or the pencil he would watch with rapt attention. Shape and show were the anchor of his hope; and as he witnessed the swift sally of the gladiator, the twisted fury of the wrestler, or the stately pacing of the senator, he looked the more eagerly, because they presented him with the means of securing an everlasting name. In the fleeting elements of feminine beauty, attractive through all time, he saw his wealth of fame increased. With what intensity would he follow every motion of 'the white-stoled Tanagræan maids,' while listening to their 'plaintive roundelay,' to seize some gesture in which all the lines of the whole would flow together into a crested harmonious wave, caught just before its nodding fall, and fixed in eternal marble!

In the Greek statues that remain to us, every stroke of the chisel bears witness that those who wrought them had a settled conviction that their work was not running to waste; that

there was no need to hurry; that they did what was worth all their labour and sacrifice. The witness is no less clear that whatever incentive could come to them from their religion was felt in its greatest force. The gods approved when Phidias carved those hidden portions of the Theseus and Ilissus, on which the shadows of their sheltering pediment fell. A sacred impulse kindled his imagination, warmed his hand, and strengthened his heart. All things combined to help him: religious motive, hope of future remembrance, present acclamation, and substantial pecuniary reward. With the Greeks art was *life*, and the able artist lived among them like a demigod.

The advent of Christianity broke the spell of ages:—

‘From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius was with sighing sent;’

and the early Christians, so closely had art been associated with idolatry, would not admit into their communion anyone who practised it, though with unconscious inconsistency they carried in their hands lamps and vessels on which lyres, and palms, and lambs, and crowns were painted or embossed,—thus granting its essential principle. For this we readily excuse them. There are junctures in the history of human progress when the best things become so surrounded by evil associations that for a while great sacrifices must be made, even if advancement be rendered halting and slow.

After the revival of art under the auspices of the Church of Rome, and until it reached its culmination in the sixteenth century, the painter had nothing to complain of. There was little difference between the incentives felt by Raphael and by Phidias. The sphere of art was enlarged. The true immortality had been brought to light, and the key of it was professedly kept by the Church, whose policy it was to darken the eyes of the soul by glaring beams of external splendour. No privileges and immunities were greater than those enjoyed by artists who could embellish the church and support the Papal state. Michael Angelo could make free with the Pope; Raphael lived like a prince; and whatever rewards and encouragements could keep them interested in their pursuit were liberally showered upon them. Their work may be imperfect; but it bears no traces of languor or inward discouragement.

The Reformation burst like a storm on the crowned head of the genius of painting, and, though it did not annihilate,

it greatly enfeebled her. During the ages that have passed since then, her recovery has been slow.

One would think that the more pure the form of religion, the more complete would be the development of the entire range of human faculties. In science, in poetry, in general learning, Protestantism has justified this supposition. But over the subject of Art there yet rests much discouragement.

We ought, with such clear light, such increasing liberty, so much of all that can stimulate mind and elevate motive, to have works greater than have ever been produced in the world's history; yet, while science progresses with the strides of a giant, art, particularly that which is sacred, creeps along comparatively feeble and cold. Shall we conclude that this is because it is an idle, useless, or unlawful thing? or that while a pure religion encourages whatever appeals to the reason, and whatever busies itself with the mechanism of the universe, it finds no place or employment, and bestows no approval on that which educates the imagination and refines the taste?

There is on this subject more reason for regret than for doubt; and it is our wish to throw out some fragmentary suggestions which may tend to remove the scruples and questionings with which it is encumbered.

It is curious to contrast the unruffled delight of the growing boy and girl who is 'fond of pictures,' with the fretful and gloomy hesitation of the conscientious lover of art in our own day. Some of these are historical, others may arise out of the nature of the pursuit itself.

Could we conceive of the pure Christian culture of a mind strongly susceptible of the beauty of nature, (the true root of all delight in art,) unbiassed by the complex associations which since the days of the Reformation have entangled the question, we could scarcely imagine any perturbation to have arisen.

What then is the origin of those doubts which at times becloud the delight of Christians in a pursuit, to say the least, innocent, and hinder a more careful cultivation of that which when rightly used is so helpful?

Its great abuse in past ages originates the most weighty scruple of all. But what does man not abuse? He turns the very 'truth of God into a lie,' and continually 'worships and serves the creature.' Man has not perverted art more than he has perverted other things; but the perversion is lamentably obvious, because the instrument so misused possesses a terrific and an universal power.

The instinct of 'creation,' as it is called, is not peculiar to an

age or a race, but belongs, more or less, to all men and to all time. If a man 'set up his idols in his heart,' he has a dangerous ability to 'set the stumbling-block of his iniquity before his face,' and to multiply his sin a thousand and a million fold. That which is sinful as a thought, becomes horribly and conspicuously so as an idol. When the image of gold is raised high on the plains of Dura, it darts its impiety into a nation's soul. Nor can we wonder at the heat of the Divine indignation which, because of multiplied idolatries, waxed hot, 'vexing His-people with all adversity,' till after the Captivity in Babylon they were weaned from a mode of evil appalling in proportion to its power.

With the memory of the long sad histories of Israel and Judah fresh in our minds, we would deferentially regard the solemn watchfulness with which spiritual-minded men listen to those who take high ground on the subject of Sacred Art. But leaving for a while this mournful aspect of the question, and in order to clear a way to considerations which may exhibit other and better uses of art as a friend and teacher, it will be needful to speak with elementary simplicity of what it professes to be and to do.

Thoughtless people, whose tastes lie in other directions, frequently confound a fondness for pictures with a love for paint and canvass,—much as a Red Indian would at first take the European's delight in a book for a love of 'black and white;' as if pictures were the *end* of art, and not a bridge between man's mind and the great forms of nature. And we are not furnished, in our current literature, with instructions clear enough to show them just how the matter stands.

In reading the defences and complaints made by lovers of art against the opposition or indifference of the public, we are dissatisfied with the exceeding *generality* of their statements. We are irritated rather than enlightened: irritated by the strong claims made upon us, and bewildered by the obscure explanations given. A clear analysis would be a work of much labour; nor shall we systematically attempt even an outline.

The *root* of art is the love of natural aspects: a desire to dwell upon them,—a desire to communicate our impressions to others. The sky hangs over us like a dome—the oak is broad and gnarled—the birch pendent and silvery—Mont Blanc rises in buttress and plateau, peak and dome—Lincolnshire spreads level and low—man and woman walk in infinitely varied outline, size, and colour—the elephant tramps along with unwieldy ease—the tiger bounds lightly on his prey. How deeply is the endless variety of form which, from the molecule to the alp,

meets our eye, intended to *impress* by its aspect,—to become part of our mental furniture,—to create and administer to the evolution of moral influence,—to touch the springs of joy and awe? What speech or language is there in these things? How far, how deeply trenched, has 'their line gone out to the end of the world?'

Whatever may be told us by their *aspect*, of *that* the most exact reproduction possible to man is found in representative art, which is but the beholding of it as in a glass, instead of in its own substantial beauty.

Though the influence of the shows of nature is felt more or less by all, though it is the office of art to represent them, and though in some few respects art challenges comparison with its original, it is a mistake to suppose that it claims to be looked upon as the *rival* of nature. That to which it emphatically and boldly lays claim is its right to be compared with *any other mode of reproducing natural appearances before the mind*.

Painting has the power of holding the mirror up to nature in a sense which differs from literature, not only in degree, but in kind. Words are symbols. Pictures are imitations. Words *stand for* the things they describe, but in no degree *resemble* them. Pictures deal with the very qualities they profess to describe. As a face in a mirror, so far as *look* goes, is much the same thing as a face out of a mirror, so is it with a well executed picture; and painting approaches in influence the object itself just in proportion to the quantity of influential attributes it reproduces.

If Peter Bell sees nothing in 'a primrose by a river's brim,' he will be indifferent to a primrose from the pencil of Miss Mutrie; but if the eye that looks on nature is fed with gazing, by what process of objection can it refuse to receive, so far as they can be actually recalled and rendered permanent, continuous and reiterated impressions from an instrument which represents the very elements of the object it imitates, rather than from dark symbols that require to be replaced by mental images before they give any intelligence at all? There can be neither virtue nor sense in using a roundabout mode of acquiring knowledge or producing emotion when a more speedy and impressive one is at hand. Any denial of the *uses* of representation can be urged only by those who have never analysed the essential difference between imitative and symbolic methods of communicating knowledge, or by those who have some superstitious prejudice against it. Its directness, clearness, vividness, and the simultaneous way in which the whole and its included parts present themselves for observation, give to

it, within certain limits, an unspeakable power of impression. The fact, that pictures not only please children at an early age, but instruct them before they know the use of words, is not so much a proof that a love of them is a peculiarly childish pleasure, as that in pictures there is a direct and triumphant power of communicating knowledge.

There is, as has been already said, a sense in which painting challenges comparison with nature herself, as a source of interest and information. It does so in its unrestricted power of selection, which can enclose the loveliest or the grandest things, and exclude the ugly, the irritating, and the trivial; of generalization, which prevents the labouring mind from being overcrowded by multitude, or distracted by irrelevance; of relation, which can bring together in a golden chain what lies unlinked and distant over the field of the actual or possible; of quantity, which can weigh to a grain what the mind is able to receive with profit, and delight; and of emphasis, which can brighten into prominence what is best and foremost, and bury in shade, or diminish by distance, whatever would interfere with its main design. May we not say, that these powers are rendered more effectual by that quiescence which in some moods is so soothing, when compared with the changeful restlessness of the loveliest things in nature; and that permanence, one of art's most noble attributes, which must have been present to the mind of the monk, who said to Wilkie in Spain, as they looked on the glowing walls: '*They are substance, it is we who are the shadows.*'

In order to judge how far these qualities may be rendered subservient to the teaching of sacred truth, we ought to know how far it has pleased God to present that truth to the mind of man by appealing to his power of observing and conceiving of the forms of nature.

To the reader of the Bible this appeal is so constant, that he can scarcely read a page without having the mind filled with lively images, as distinguished from dry statements. It would lead us too far to recal and describe them in the slightest way, from the pastoral sublimity of the Book of Genesis to the obscure suggestive magnificence of the Book of Revelation. We cannot think of the Parables without a gush of picturesque conception. We have all seen, or the parable has not answered its intended purpose, our own sower on the slopes of Tiberias, the flash of the flying seed, and flutter of the thronging birds. We have seen, how often, how vividly! the eager departure of the prodigal son, his worn and weary return; and, as if we had known him, the scowl, the folded arms and bitter lip of the

elder brother, sulkily watching the sweep of the best robe in the curving dance.

Have such thoughts we must, if we read the parables. Then what, as distinguished from their 'moral,' is the value and influence of these vital forms with which our minds are swarming? Are we, thus furnished, having our imagination teeming with richly-associated images, less likely to profit by them in proportion to their *distinctness*? If we could take our pencil and, when their exceeding beauty or tenderness invited to expression, exhibit them in an outward life of their own, no longer solely ours, and, opening the chambers of sacred imagery, make our generation share and echo our own thoughts, and be moved by our own emotions, how can it be shown that their utterance would make them futile or evil? The essence of idolatry is not *embodiment*. The same law that would condemn a thought outside a man would condemn its presence within. To say the least, such 'large utterance' would be innocent; and there still remains its inexhaustible *power*, which is surely neither lessened nor profaned by being employed in giving clearness and force to our ideas of Divine truth.

The partial jealousies and groundless comparisons made between painting and poetry, language and form—as if the advantages of one mode of instruction must imply the degradation of the other—have helped to retard both mental and moral progress. Whatever modes of acquiring knowledge precede the use of this instrument will still remain; for the life of art interferes in no way with the province of letters. It rather enlarges its borders. He will use words most forcibly who sees images most clearly, and literature and art must unite before the human race help itself to balanced wings in the pursuit of knowledge and truth, and give full play to all its available faculties and gifts.

If its lawfulness, as a means of communicating instruction and impression, be admitted, what promise of succour and illustration can art give to religion?

There has been much intemperance on opposing sides in answering this question. An exaggerated estimate of its powers on the one hand, and an unreasonable contempt and indifference on the other, have caused a contention far too long and bitter.

By one class it has almost been confounded with religion itself; by another, with the enemies of religion. The truth is, that Divine power is no more inherent in this than in other modes of mere expression and communication. In the forms of art, as with the mere letter of Scripture, 'the flesh profiteth nothing.' It is a vivid and forcible way of setting forth what it undertakes to exhibit, but the good or harm of its influence lies

much deeper than itself. A right-minded painter, writer, speaker, out of the good treasure of his heart will bring forth good things; an evil one evil things, while the method of expression remains the same in both cases.

There are two main conditions which must be complied with, in order to the usefulness of art to sacred ends. The first, which it has in common with other kinds of art, is the reproduction of *essential facts*.

There are certain necessities of art which make it more difficult than literature in those respects. One of the foremost of its difficulties is that in whatever it undertakes to exhibit it must define and decide its component parts. In *writing* a landscape, the pen of Milton slips easily over 'russet lawns and fallows gray.' The painter's lawns must be russet, his fallows must be gray, but he must also account for every visible rood of them, show where they rise and fall, and whether they are divided by hedges or hurdles. It is not enough to imagine mountains in the abstract, with clouds resting on their barren breasts: he must know the incline of their crests, the rounding of their domes; and every cloud-wreath must be defined on the windward side, kindled exactly where the sunlight ought to strike its summits, retreating in arcades of shadow, where the beam does not search it, suffused with its proper colours, tender as pearl, quick as the eastern fires.

It is not enough to tell us, in the general, that 'shield, helmet, man, pressed helmet, man, and shield.' What *sort* of helmet, good painter? had it a vizor, or a nose-piece? and what was the device that held its plume? and was the shield round or square, long or short? If the golden greaves of Sir Lancelot glisten among the barley, how did he tie them on, and what objects did they reflect, and how did they fit round ankle and knee? and, if they are 'splashed with drops of onset,' how does a thin coat of dried blood look on a gilt ground?

What an author does not know, he need not tell; but a painter *must*. Let the reader only consider the enormity of the demand thus made on the artist, and he will concede that it is too much to expect every kind and mode of visible truth in the representation of imaginary facts. Said a friend, 'I see it so plainly in my mind's eye, that if I were a limner I could paint it.' 'I am not so sure of that,' was the reply; 'is his right arm up or down?' He was not prepared to say. 'What has he on his head?' He did not know. 'What is the shape of his beard?' but he could not tell, nor whether it reached to his waist, or fell only six inches below his chin. He was confusing awakened emotion and imperfect conception with clear and accurate knowledge. Our actual acquaintance with the commonest things shrinks

before any catechetical inquiry to a measure vexatiously small; and it is well sometimes to put our *positive* knowledge to the test. Most of us think we know how a cow looks in profile. We know, negatively, that a cow is not a horse, but that is not direct knowledge of the aspect of a cow. In what precise curve does the neck recede from behind the horns to the shoulder, and what line would conduct us from the top of the neck to the end of the nose? Could we even get between the horns? A slate and slate pencil, used to answer such questions as these, will help to teach us to look about a little more.

One of the most discouraging things the artist meets is the intolerance and dulness which is manifested for want of sympathy with the nature of this difficulty. Yet let us not plead for inexactness, or want of naturalness. Let all that is introduced be *natural*; let it harmonize with the sentiment of the subject. And we ought, if the work bears internal evidence of sincerity, to be content, though the dresses are not exactly those of 'the period,' though the plants and flowers did not, and, perhaps, could not, grow in Palestine; and though the physiognomies be not so true to the teaching of ethnological science as we might conceive possible.

Bible stories are not mainly dependent for their force on these things. The Bible is a book for the world, and for all time; and, provided the broad, consistent elements of humanity and true faith be not wanting, we can afford to dispense with mere archaeology. What person of any feeling or apprehension starts back in contempt from Rembrandt's 'Nativity' in the National Gallery? Does it not rather throw such a spell of the 'blessed season' over him, as the sound of carols, faint in the frosty moonlight, twines with his dreams, spreading before his eyes in a vision the happy, angel-haunted pastures of Bethlehem? The shepherds are Dutch shepherds, it is true, and come into the dim-lighted stable with broad-brimmed hats and horn lanterns; but do we not feel that there is stronger seizure of the universal boon, 'Unto *us* a Child is born,' than in those more laboured attempts which look but at the outside of things, and in what is called 'correctness' lose the essential truth that these things did not occur for Palestine, but for Man? So in that sublime sketch of 'Jacob's Dream' in the Dulwich Gallery. Who with ordinary insight thinks or cares whether that strip of lonely heath faithfully represents an Eastern desert, or that tattered sleeper, the exact portrait of Jacob the exile, while, beholding, he is carried far into the essence of the story—desolate night-gleam beyond the earth's low mounds—silent hovering of ghostly plumes below the abysmal glory?

But from the sacred painter, of all others, we have a right to ask that infusion of the sacred *spirit* which alone can make his art the handmaid of religion. No man will ever paint well what he does not deeply feel: and in nothing does the inward temper of a man declare itself more plainly than in what he paints. See how the spur and plume of Sir Peter Paul Rubens clank and wave among the divinest mysteries! His pictures show no evidence that the habit of his soul was that of either penitent fear or adoring love. But if we gaze at that wondrous face of the dead Saviour, by Francia, in the National Gallery, how can we fail to conclude that at least the pathos of the subject had been completely realized by him? If Correggio did not feel all the divinity of his main subject in the 'Ecce Homo,' he felt sympathy with the pangs of the fainting Virgin when the sword pierced through her soul: how else could he have given the strange, seldom-seen quiver of the lip, and droop of the eyelid, than which nothing more touching has ever been reached by the pencil? Before Sacred Art can become a thing directly profitable to the *souls* of men, it must be executed out of that abundance of the heart which alone will waken responsive echoes. How is it to be expected that the conscience can be reached by men whose own conscience is callous or perverted? Without a devout heart and an enlightened mind, joined to adequate capacity for the execution of their mental conceptions, artists will never become really helpful to the cause of true religion.

And, moreover, in undertaking sacred subjects at all, without, at least, the safeguard of right motive, they are in great danger of sacrilege. The flippant, in many cases the insolent, way in which sacred subjects are made a theme for the use of the pencil, is frequently not less than horrifying. Let any painter, before he undertakes them, ponder the following considerations:—First, that, according to its own statement of its functions, all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for correction, reproof, and instruction in righteousness; and that whether it be illustrated by words, or by lines and colours, the illustration ought to accord with the *intent* of the men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Secondly, that where that intent is altered, it will not be easy to show how the mere fact that the utterance is pictorial, can free any man from the liability of those who add to, or alter, Scripture. Third, that a work of art, and the more in proportion to its excellence of execution, has usually as wide an influence, though it be silent and unrecorded, as anything else produced by man. When it

leaves the hands of the painter, then begins that solemn reflex action which goes on for three or four hundred years. If it be exposed to public view, who can compute the amount of mind which it affects? Swarm after swarm of men, hour after hour may pass by it, and in a few glances its influence is exerted on them, consciously it may be, or unconsciously, for good or evil. In numberless minds that image which entered through the outward eye can never be effaced. It will dawn upon the inner eye that lives on the mysterious wealth of the mind; and the soul will be moved by it again and again. Long after the hand that produced it is turned to dust, the thought of the heart will work as freshly as ever. The painter who unthinkingly takes up such a subject, for example, as 'The Woman of Samaria,' and, instead of the true sentiment of the scene, fills his foreground with the salient earthliness of an academy model, should pause before he send it out to the eyes of the world, either to affect the spectator with indifference, or to divert his imagination into tracks of evil by associations which even the nominal presence of the Saviour cannot sanctify.

We would fain dwell upon that which has already been produced in England in the department of Sacred Art. But a rapid review of its products will convince us that very little has yet been done.

Except two or three portrait painters, England had no native art till the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It would be tedious to follow in detail the history of modern painting; but let the lover of it turn to the list of English masters since the days of Reynolds, and enumerate those who have risen above mediocrity. Let him separate the painters who have touched the subject of Sacred Art at all, and then compare the number of their sacred pictures with the number of their secular subjects, and he will be surprised to find how few they really are. We confess to a peculiarly humbling feeling on making the survey for ourselves.

The sacred subjects of Reynolds were very small in number, and not very subduing. The Infant Samuel is a sweet little modern praying child. The Holy Family is a remarkably fine study of composition, colour, and execution, but with no depth of sacredness. Contemporary with Reynolds was Benjamin West. West was not the contemptible painter that by some he is held to be; nor, considering the small amount of mind employed in the higher walks of art, is there much warrant for the scoffing tone in which writers of criticisms dismiss the claims of a man who will retain his hold on the general public to a large extent, in spite of the disrelish of the few. There are

good heads in the 'Christ healing the Sick,' in the Vernon Gallery,—a good head of a blind girl, for example, leaning back; and the expression in the sick man's face, in the foreground, with his glassy eye and glistening features, no doubt moves many a heart to deep feeling. The picture may be tame; but, on the whole, it not only does the unlearned no harm, but gives immense pleasure and profit. Critics are much too apt to consider the effect of a picture on themselves alone, and cannot, or will not, contemplate the vast number of personalities beside their own, to whom pictures address themselves, and who will persist in being pleased in spite of canons, of which they are, on some grounds happily, ignorant.

After Reynolds, came Northcote, who, when he did his best, was just a respectable painter. Being fond of animals, he painted Daniel in the Lions' Den, and made a good study of lions gaping and growling. The fate of the disobedient prophet also furnished him with a good lion and ass. And Balaam, met by the angel, gave him a first-rate opportunity to make the most of Balaam's large ass in a panic.

Another venerable link between Reynolds and our own days was Stothard. When Reynolds died, Stothard was thirty-eight years old. His mental and moral qualities fitted him in the highest degree for the appropriate illustration of sacred subjects; and to no artist, unless it be Angelico, could we point with more satisfaction and security, as an exemplification of what art can do, in giving that feeling of serene and sacred equanimity which seems to pervade his designs. A skilful mental use of Stothard's work is a secret worth learning by any one looking for elevation and refinement in the domain of art. To enjoy it, and profit by it, it is not advisable to take too much at once, so as to feel the satiety produced by his 'manner;' but, with judicious use, the pastoral reed of poetry cannot soothe and calm the spirit more than the sight or memory of some of his little idylls. Let the reader recal the 'Jacob's Dream,' with the right foot raised slumbrously, as if climbing the ladder of the skies; and 'The Boaz and Ruth.' Benignity, gentleness, stainless purity, flow from the mere memory of them. Meek Ruth stooping among the 'alien corn,' hearkening in soft surprise to the words, 'The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust,' as Stothard has set her before the eye of the world, breathes a quiet blessedness on all who look on her. There is a sense in which, in one direction at least, we might rest content with the mark Stothard has reached as to mode, and say, 'Here we have found the province and the utility

of sacred art.' With great knowledge of drawing and composition, there was such an absence of parade, and such a profound and settled tranquillity pervading all his work, that even when he is not treating scriptural subjects, the mind recognises a scriptural charm. 'The peace which passes all understanding' seems to brood over his professedly sacred works; and, even when treating classic or mythologic subjects, tends to drive away all unhallowed associations; and if it does not suffuse them with a hue specifically Christian, it brings back the innocence and unbroken quiet of the fabled golden age. Stothard died, full of years, in 1834; and by that time William Hilton had attained the age of forty-seven. Unfortunately the British public is not generally acquainted with those few pictures of his which best illustrate scriptural subjects; but those who have seen his 'Crucifixion,' in the Town Hall at Liverpool, remarkable for grand and solemn feeling; his 'Raising of Lazarus,' in the church at Newark; his 'St. Peter delivered from Prison,' lately exhibited at the British Institution, will feel that when he died, faintly recognised by his countrymen, they lost a man of high powers, who, if stimulated by due encouragement, would have left works of a very noble kind, to instruct and impress his nation. In looking at the single specimen of a scriptural subject, by Hilton, exhibited in the Vernon Gallery, 'Rebecca at the Well,' a strong regret is aroused that it is the only sample of his powers in that direction before the public. Compared with the pictures above mentioned it is weak, though bright and laboured, and has much the air of being painted under such a depression as five-and-thirty years of neglect will hang upon the spirit of a man, however brave and true.

If ever a human being made great assumption of power in a pursuit for which he was eminently disqualified, it was Haydon, when he entered with his contentious and sarcastic spirit upon the production of pictures of a religious order. No one will deny him the credit of possessing great artistic abilities, such as knowledge of drawing and anatomy, and its relation to expression, with considerable feeling for colour; but neither in 'The Judgment of Solomon,' nor in 'The Resurrection of Lazarus,' do we see the reverent temper, or the conceptive power, required for great success in subjects so ambitious. The unearthliness and masterly realization in the figure of Lazarus himself, make it one of the finest things in art, though it is more like a baleful and defiant apparition, come from the grave to rebuke and to denounce, than the Lazarus whom Jesus loved. Haydon is much more at home in the figure of Nero, with his gladiator's sullen neck, leonine brow, and cropped hair, harping

behind the bristling sword-fence of his guards; while the flames of Rome soar to embrace its rich pediments and tottering triumphal columns. It will strike an interested observer to see how few subjects of a religious kind are presented in the two galleries of modern British painting made free to the public. In the Sheepshanks gallery, Mulready and Leslie are richly represented; but by these masters there is not an attempt at a sacred subject. In the Vernon gallery, besides the Hilton, lately named, how little do we find! There is a mild influence in Eastlake's 'Christ's weeping over Jerusalem,'—with its Gospel suggestions of the lamb and the dove; the hen that gathers her chickens under her wing; the axe laid to the root of the tree; the lily; the good seed; and the white-walled city, nestling in its groves below,—which has always made it a favourite with the public, and which must convey a large and profitable influence into the minds of the tens of thousand spectators who from time to time traverse those delightful rooms.

Among our contemporaries Dyce has shown great skill and serious feeling; a little hardened, perhaps, by that indescribable 'High-Church' stiffness, at once ascetic and ornamental, which we conceive to be adverse to the true Protestant spirit in art. But, on the whole, as we review the entire efforts of the British school after Sacred Art, in pictures of any magnitude or elaboration, does it not become apparent that we could almost count them on our fingers?

The pre-Raphaelite movement has been as startling and influential on English art as the Reformation on religion. At present its objects and aims are but little understood by the general public, or even by many lovers of painting. Its accidents are mistaken for its essence. There can be no doubt that the executive qualities of the British school have improved greatly since it first announced itself; and that a more pure and earnest love of Nature has been kindled in many minds. Some of its individual products have been of transcendent merit; as for example, the picture of 'The Huguenot,' which, on behalf of 'The Brotherhood,' was an achievement as significant as the taking of the Malakhoff. To Millais belongs the honour of planting the standard of pre-Raphaelism suddenly and high in a position of triumph; and, so far as mental qualifications go, we conceive that Millais himself is a prince in the realm of art. Whether he will ever do full justice to his powers in the future, remains somewhat doubtful. A sort of wilfulness, and at times an unpleasant—we had almost said sinister—action of the imagination, is in danger of making his works but little profitable to the mass of observers; unless advancing years mellow and

subdue his fancy, and direct his great powers. In many respects Rossetti is the man of highest faculty in that small band of hard-working and daring men; and yet, to make the assertion good, would require more extended opportunities of referring to his pictures than his habits and practice permit. If any painter requires, on the first approach to his works, a skilful interpreter, it is Rossetti. There is a curious mixture of intense realism with intense idealism, and both greatly complicated with a quaint, grotesque, and scholarly old-world spirit. It is impossible to tell whether, in such inexplicable pictures as the 'Tune of the Seven Towers,' and the 'Marriage of St. George,' he is in solemn earnest, and intends to teach mysteries; or whether, out of their wizard shades, his face does not peer in sly laughter at the baffled, inquisitive wonder of the spectator. In the 'St. George' the Dragon, coloured like an illuminated, waggish, old dragon on vellum, and apparently quite agreeable to be caught and killed for the good of society, always seems to be asking out of his droll, dead eye, 'Do you really believe in us all? Don't you see that this picture business is only an excellent piece of fun?' Most of his works have been such as would fail to be relished by the public, because of the refinement, subtlety, and remoteness of their intention; but by their originality, depth, and splendour, no one acquainted with nature, art, and poetry, and capable of feeling their occult pathos, could fail to be profoundly impressed.

Of Holman Hunt it is impossible to speak but with entire respect and high admiration. To an acute intellect, and great, though slow-working, imagination, he joins moral qualities which will make his name a name of honour to all generations. The amazing laboriousness, patience, and perseverance which he has shown, through the whole course of his career,—conquering all difficulties, and undismayed by danger or by opposition,—make him quite a Wellington among painters; and he has contributed to the world's wealth at least two pictures of the sacred kind, of which the influence can never be anything but beneficial to the highest interests of man. It is chiefly among this select band that we must seek for the sacred art of our own time; and the pictures, though few, which have been produced by Hunt and Rossetti, are not only among the best of *modern* times, but among the most genuine and profitable of all time. To begin with Hunt. When his pictures of 'The Light of the World,' and 'The awakened Conscience,' were first exhibited, they who watched near those two canvasses, and observed not only the pictures, but their effect on the spectators, must have been greatly interested. The very repulsion which they gave to a cer-

tain class was one of their commendable features. When, after the high-coloured and gay subjects which formed the mass of the exhibition, the eyes of some rested on that low-toned and grave picture in the plain Gothic frame, where the Divine Watcher knocks at the door, to which the ivy clings so closely, closed so long, it was in many instances evident that the arrow had reached its mark. A hush, a solemn unconscious look, stole over faces the most trifling and worldly; and it was often some minutes before the recoil came which sent them, apparently in vexation and disgust, from that questioning face, shadowed by dark locks, wet with the dews of the night, and which seemed to be uttering those infinitely awful words, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.' Can any one, well acquainted with its details, think with aught but musing profit, and restrained tempers, of all that that picture proclaims? Those mystic complex lights,—grey moonlight, red glare of the lantern, which aptly symbolizes the law, given in smoke, and fire, and thunder,—mild luminous disc, which, behind the budding crown of thorns and kingly coronet of gold, stands, like the Sun of righteousness, 'shorn of His beams;' that weedy and foul threshold out of which the bat—type of thoughts more foul—flitters dimly; and that dreadful closed door, the human heart, deaf to all appeal? Where is the shortcoming of this immortal picture? What false or unprofitable lesson does it teach? What superstition does it uphold? What doubt does it originate? It speaks not only to the imagination but to the heart,—not with the petulance of superstition, doubt, or fear, but only with patient distinctness, that the mild, long-suffering Watcher may enter in. Since it was given to the world, there has appeared the still more elaborate design of the 'Finding in the Temple.' We will attempt neither description, analysis, nor criticism of it, as it is so well known both through the exhibition and the press. In the hearts of tens of thousands, its teaching is already safely embalmed. Again and again, in years to come, they will see the face of the Divine boy, His hair tipt with heavenly light like a nimbus; the melting eagerness of the mother; the dead-eyed Pharisee, whose ignorance of all spiritual truth can never be sounded; the young flouting Levite, with his lip of scorn, and the sly corvine face of the stooping Elder, with his rough, red beard; the family in the distance, traversing the temple to the sacrifice, beneath the wings of flying doves, and between radiant columns, plated with gold of Ophir; while on the threshold sits the blind mendicant, with his bleating cry and open palm. They will often recal the pre-

pared corner-stone and goodly pillars in the court; and, beyond, the city of David sleeping under the amber light which broods sweetly over all the hills, and fades upward from the cypress as it waves in the evening breeze.

The sacred subjects of Rossetti are little known to the public, and have been usually of small size. One large and important work, however, has recently been placed in the cathedral of Llandaff. It is in three compartments. In the wings, David as shepherd, and David as king, is represented. In the centre, the Seed of David. The Virgin Mary—whose face is designed on an unwontedly thoughtful type—is holding in her hands the infant Saviour. A shepherd kisses His hand, a king significantly kisses His feet, an angel kneels before Him, and round about, a crowd of musing, angelic faces wait ‘in order serviceable.’ The central compartment is conceived with a Titianesque stateliness, simplicity, and richness, and the lesson it conveys is of unmixed profit. This picture is at once allegory and history, and teaches the grave evangel that while the Gospel is the Gospel of the poor, it brings lowly hope to the mighty and the rich, though they be less highly favoured than those who as a class are emphatically called to be ‘rich in faith.’ We have seen no infant face more attractively sweet than that of the child Christ in this picture. It beams with innocence and love, and is of itself a precious image on which, amidst the care and temptation of life, the purified imagination may dwell. Another of his designs, which we should like to see reproduced on a large scale, represents the threshold of Simon the Pharisee, with Mary endeavouring to force, with penitent violence, her way past temptation, and scoffing, and resistance, to the presence of the Saviour, whose face, holy and compassionate, is seen through a small opening in the wall of the house. In one corner of the picture a fawn is cropping the tender vine-shoots which climb round the window where ‘the True Vine’ is seen, an incident which gives indescribable softness and grace to the whole painting. It is necessary to approach it with some memory of the early schools of art. It bears no trace of having been done on the banks of the Thames in the nineteenth century, and has, perhaps, a little of that bushy-haired and *outré* look which has been the sign-manual of pre-Raphaelite art; but when fairly seen, candidly weighed, and received into a loving mind, it is felt to be a work of endless beauty and pathos. We have heard much of the picture which represents St. John and the mother of our Lord, when having entered his home she first begins her kindly household service by lighting the lamp. The lamp is suspended over a window, through which, against the declining crimson

light, three empty crosses are visible. The pencil sketch we saw was touching; but no doubt the colour and lighting add greatly to the sentiment. A slight sketch in outline which was shown to us, also promises, if only painted out, to be a profoundly impressive work. Under a rustic porch, Joseph with a small bunch of hyssop, in compliance with the Jewish law, sprinkles the lowly lintel; Mary, in the foreground, gathers bitter herbs; and the child Jesus—the very Paschal Lamb—holds with innocent grace that crimson bowl which foreshadows the New Testament in His blood,—an occurrence which is exceedingly likely to have taken place in that obscure period of the history of Christ of which we possess no record, but which is an appropriate subject for the reverent imagination of the believer. In referring to these designs, we hope we may be pardoned for describing what has not yet been presented to the public, as they afford almost the only examples of a treatment of sacred themes by English artists, where the thinking goes below the surface of the Gospel narrative, following home, so to speak, the suggestive history, and devoutly imagining what must, or might, have been. In this domain the riches are inexhaustible, to painters possessed of the faculty of invention; yet few will care to enter into this good land but those whose hearts are tuned to their grandeur and beauty, and swayed by a full belief in their reality.

There may be other artists with whose works we are unacquainted, who have partaken of the impulse under which Hunt and Rossetti have wrought, and who may have ability equal to the expression of their thoughts. But as much time has been occupied in a review of the English school as our limits warrant. Sufficient, we hope, has been said to show not only that the power necessary for the production of sacred pictures is not dead amongst us, but that it is mainly under our very eyes that it has begun to live.

But, if it is to grow and flourish, it will need encouragement, peculiar in kind and degree. We have no need, in this day, to complain of the want of appreciation of native art. The days when collectors were held in the thrall of the old masters, and bought black and unintelligible pictures for high prices, because they had attached to them names venerable under the praise of centuries, are past; and now, no artist of real power, taking up such subjects as Leslie, Mulready, Landseer, and the many superb landscape painters of whom we may be reasonably proud, have treated, need fear to find a remunerative market for his work. The case is somewhat different with pictures really sacred. Before the very few men, who in the

present state of artistic religious feeling are able and likely to turn their attention to sacred subjects, adopt that course, a market must be found for their works on grounds *antecedent* to their fame. They must be bought on motives higher than the inducement of adding something to the status of their possessors, a motive which seems to have too much weight with many purchasers, and leads to an exaggerated success on the part of those who have already won a name, and to prolonged and bitter struggle on the part of those whose works, however excellent, have not become widely celebrated. The preference of wealth to more important social claims, the tremulous caution of the members of one circle of society as to their intercourse with those immediately below them in rank, the exaggerated weight attached to all signs of outward prosperity too characteristic of English society,—while they do not prevent the success, cannot fail to influence the character of art. It is not so much that in looking at the best productions of the English school they are seen to consist of gay and amusing, rather than serious or instructive, subjects, there is ground of complaint,—because, amidst the cares and labours of life, the provision of an innocent and liberal amusement is a very legitimate object of the painter,—but that so little sympathy is felt with thoughtful and earnest, much less with sacred, productions, as to induce scarce any capable men to turn their thoughts in that direction. However earnest and devout a painter may be, he cannot stand alone. The more principle he has the more he will see the necessity of honest citizenship, and of turning his talents to that which will secure him an adequate provision. Adventure on important subjects of any kind involves far more than those persons would imagine, who have never seen a picture produced from beginning to end. Good pictures are by no means ‘struck off.’ A very ordinary *conception* of the genesis of a picture is, that a man with a peculiar gift sits down before a large canvas, and, under the influence of inspiration, paints it out of his own head. A more frequent *history* is, that, after rejecting a hundred subjects, and finding one that will serve his purpose, he makes sketch after sketch; and, when the general idea of composition and arrangement is settled, begins to make studies from nature (for nothing is ever done by a really capable man without immediate reference to the life). To *find* appropriate models is often a tedious, harassing, difficult, and expensive process. When found, a thousand hindrances may arise from accidents, such as their inadequacy, their want of punctuality, the unfitness of light, and weather, and mood,—not to speak of the failure of his own hand, or materials, which make it necessary to begin a head, or a limb,

again and again ; so that to get all things into that happy coincidence, which will accomplish a good day's labour, seems often as difficult as a critical move in a game of chess. For the production of an important work, months of labour and a heavy outlay of money may be required. If the painter be a man of fortune, it is almost certain that he will never encounter the difficulties of production ; if he be not, he will be cautious on what subjects he invests capital so precious as time, and thought, and health, and property. It is, therefore, necessary to his action, that adequate remuneration should await him ; and when, as in the case of Hilton, one unsold picture after another is turned gloomily to the wall, no wonder that the light dies out of his imagination, and the power fades from his hand. It has often been said, that no truly good picture fails to meet at length with a purchaser. The remark, though true, brings no consolation to many an able painter. The sense of almost certain reward is needed before a man can *produce* a truly good picture. The heroic and protracted toil of Holman Hunt to obtain recognition requires a strong frame and a lion heart. The cool advice of the connoisseur to the young and nameless aspirant, 'not to be sordid in his views,' has a humorous bearing only perceived by those who understand the appliances needful for the successful issue of a really excellent painting.

But the pressure of these remarks does not now apply, as in the early days of Wilkie, to secular subjects of an amusing or graceful character. There is a good and ready market for light and beautiful fancies well set down on canvas ; but for the due encouragement of sacred art, with any depth of purpose in it, the co-operation of the religious and wealthy parts of the community is necessary. As a rule, the only buyers of pictures really devout and spiritual in their tone will be themselves devout. Men will not hang constantly before their eyes what condemns, or reproves, or exhorts them. Pretty pictures, sweet in colour, and without earnestness in sentiment, may pass current ; but *preaching* pictures, like 'The Light of the World,' can never long please any who are not willing to be taught as well as to enjoy. It may not be an easy task to persuade the religious man of ample means that he does well to invest his money in works of art at all. Nor would we attempt it in the case of those whose surplus funds are applied to things more important. In the present dark state of the world, the great work of recovery demands the utmost effort. To those who, like John Howard, make their life and their property subservient to the direct relief of the more crushing wants of men's bodies and souls, no remonstrance would be appropriate. However

reasonable the claims of art, the claims of misery are greater. That which should awaken earnest protest is, not that those who are at once wealthy and religious devote their substance to the direct spread of the Gospel, instead of encouraging the arts of their country; but that, while in some cases a liberal support is given to religion, the remainder of their wealth is expended on objects far less noble, beautiful, and useful, than good works of art. If this could be shown, then, the same reasoning which demonstrates the superior value of good art will apply still more emphatically to sacred art, in proportion to its specific power to forward the welfare of mankind. For the investigation of the question there is no paucity of material. Within the last half century, the government of our country has acknowledged the claims of art with increasing liberality, in the establishment of a National Gallery and the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. With this instance before his eyes on a large scale, the private patron is furnished with means for observing its actual effects. What repayment does the paternal provision made by our nation for its children gain in the establishment and support of a National Gallery? Setting aside the question, whether the state ought to do more than govern, what is the actual result of the experiment made in Trafalgar Square? A bookseller, when he sells his shilling book, professedly offers a shilling's worth. The theatre, for a single night's entertainment, affixes a price to what it has to offer. Is it possible to make a modest guess at the pecuniary value of such things as National Galleries? There is an intelligent working man with an afternoon to spare, on whom the experiment may be tried. He enters the rooms careworn and jaded, needing diversion, and looking for it here. After the first bewilderment, he sits down before the work which arrests him most strongly. Suppose him to select the cheerful glow of the lately acquired Paul Veronese, near sixteen feet long. Out of the dull grey streets he has come into the presence of a new, noble, and chivalrous race of beings. While his body rests, his mind is filled with entertaining and suggestive thought. For half an hour he is informed, and soothed, and strengthened. He then turns to whatever in the six hundred and sixty-two pictures suits his taste and fancy best. Now, without attempting to analyse what is the exact kind and amount of his enjoyment or improvement, let us ask whether he has obtained any which, compared with a book, or a natural scene, or a play, or any other mode of instruction or amusement, for the sight of which people are content to pay, is worth a small sum of money to him. Let us put it at a low figure, and say that the nation in presenting that amount of innocent amusement and instruction

has conferred a benefit upon him equivalent to the small sum of twopence, and we shall not be accused of rating the result too highly. The latest returns state that in the course of a year the number of visitors has amounted to a million; and if we grant to each visitor only two pennyworth of intellectual and moral profit, the yearly result at this rate is calculable, and the amount will be seen to be startling. This may seem an odd, perhaps comic, method of calculation; but is it not, so far as it goes, a fair one? The benefit is indeed *incalculable*, though not traceable without some close thought.

Following a similar method of computation, the buyer of a picture may easily compare one part of his expenditure with another. There is his own amusement, exhilaration, and instruction, that of his family, and that of his friends, so long as he holds it. There is both mental delight and moral improvement to be gained;—as by the painter, in endeavouring after a truthful conformity to nature, so also by the observer, either in the exercise of detecting fallacy, or discovering the amount of truth which has been realized; and as every touch of a picture, and the spectator's observation of every touch, presents the opportunity of this exercise, it may be made greatly serviceable in promoting the habit and the love of truth, irrespective of the specific lesson taught by the subject of the picture. And in relation to expensive pictures, it may be observed, that the force of the impression produced will be usually in proportion to their excellence, and the completeness with which their ends are attained. The buyer of a picture does not purchase one, but a thousand things; for every portion of it is alive with thought and motive. From these sources what advantage does the possessor receive and confer, in comparison with those other objects on which he willingly expends large yearly sums of money,—his dress, his equipage, his furniture, his entertainments? What is the final *yield*, when all is expended, of these things relatively and respectively? The effect of large expenditure in these directions is rather to embellish state, and to separate one order of men from another, than to promote the improvement or enhance the joy of the beholder. It is the mistake of ignorance to class pictures with mere embellishment or furniture, except on the same grounds on which books may be so classed. Though it is true that no furniture is more directly ornamental, yet there is no picture of any value which does not also constantly awaken thought and convey instruction, and no *good* picture which does not do so with a large accompanying delight. Knowledge and joy pour from it in a silent stream, wherever there are eyes to behold. When we sit down to brood over the gorgeous furniture

of a drawing-room, or plant ourselves in earnest thought before the family plate on the buffet, or solemnly contemplate a carriage and four, what are the great lessons we learn from a serious study of them? These things have their advantages, but it requires a great amount of unselfishness to expend large sums of money on that which tends rather to instruct and delight others than to signalize the owner. An ornamental footman in plush and powder does not as a rule improve and please the lad who waits for an answer, more than an entertaining hall-picture. A blazing mirror, or gaudy wall paper, without a voice, does no service to the morning caller, or evening visitor, or abiding guest, a thousandth part so great as a square yard of canvass covered with a glowing moorland or a shady stream, which may work on him with a spell like the voice of the black-bird on the girl in Wordsworth, amidst the clash and roar of the dusky city:

'She looks, and her heart is in heaven; she sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Sees volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And the stream murmur sweet in the vale of Cheapside.'

This is not to be understood as special pleading on behalf of art, as compared with science and benevolence. Until that day when the earth is at rest, and is quiet from sin and sorrow, it is the duty of the good to forego to some extent the most fascinating and ennobling mental pursuits, for the sake of rescuing the world from its miseries. These are doing a great work with busy trowel and glittering lance,—'from the rising of the sun till the stars appear,'—raising the city of God from its ruinous fall. And whatever may be said for art in respect of importance, may be said for science. They who, by taste and opportunity, are devoted to the advancement of learning and knowledge, are in other ways forwarding the same ends as those at which the artist aims. The 'fairy tales of science' are too thrilling and satisfying to leave room, in the present life, for many other forms of thought and delight. By whatever avenues the mind enters the temple of the universe, whether to survey its order and construction, or to contemplate the final result and crown of its perfectness in beauty, the life of the mind is increased, and so far as it is sanctified by right intention, the glory of God is promoted. Art and science may not do for our race *all* that it so deeply needs, but certainly *nothing meaner* can; and it is on things far meaner and more perishable that the wealth of this nation is squandered year by year. In many a rich man's home, while the table groans with unwholesome food

and heady wines, and cumbrous help, and servile attendance, the walls gape blank and ghastly, sending back no kindling to thought, no suggestion to joy; cabinets are empty of the treasures of nature; shelves, which ought to be filled with well-used books, are bare or wanting; and rising families, among whom 'wisdom and knowledge and joy' ought to be leading them daily nearer to the angels, are daily 'growing coarse to sympathize with clay.'

However soberly true this may be, its force is felt only by those who themselves are in some measure emancipated from the thralldom of ignorance. And among those who are prepared by general education for the encouragement of human progress, there is a very disproportionate preparation for the recognition of the claims of art. The only way in which proper instruction on this subject can be given, is by the intervention between the artist and the patron of a race of men of whom we have hitherto had few, viz., the enlightened critics. But these must be men of peculiar gifts. In mental constitutions there are endless shades of intermixture; and some who no doubt sufficiently alternate between art and literature, like Garrick between tragedy and comedy,—men fit to form 'the missing link' so sorely needed.

Interpretation must not be expected from the artist himself. The requirements of art are sufficient to fill all his powers, and occupy his whole life. The objection of Reynolds to 'talking painters' is well known, and ought to be kept in mind by every artist desirous of great progress in his profession. The medium of communication between himself and the world is surely clear and vivid enough. His tongue and pen may be silent, if he speak in his own language with powerful lines, glowing colours, and the mysteries of light and shade. But, for the critic, literary capacity of the highest kind is indispensable. He has to talk in words, of images silent in the region 'where footless fancies dwell.' The logic of art has a special difficulty, arising from the fact that it is not based on the familiar foundation of words; and, like an interpreter in a court of justice, if the critic be not familiar with both tongues, the judge and jury will grow testy, the evidence confused, the verdict uncertain, the appeals from court to court endless and vexatious. *Capacity* for art, at least, must be assumed. The seeing eye, quick to discern the relations of form, colour, and aspect in general, so as to recognise them whether in nature or art; that perception of beauty and of fitness; that sensitiveness to the emotional qualities of representation; that power of mental transfusion, by which the critic is enabled to see from the artist's station point; that catholicity which does not limit excellence to one, or to a few modes of conception or execution; and that coolness, serenity, and self-

restraint, which is wary against the rapture of first impressions, and the disgusts of over-heated contemplation, must all be his. To capacity must be added extensive and appropriate knowledge. The knowledge before all things primary is knowledge of nature. If this is the especial province of the painter, it is, in some considerable degree, required by the judge. The lines of a picture ought to be the expression of contours which exist in the world around us. Its colours, if true, are the echoes of similar facts in the earth or sky. Not one of the constituent phenomena of a picture, but its prototype has flitted in the clouds, or flushed in the woods, or gleamed in the waters, or moved with the motion of man or beast. True art is not a wilful product of the teeming brain, but a reproduction, stern or gentle, hasty or careful, of existing realities; and imagination, if true and pure, is just as amenable to the relations of lines and colours, either actual or conceivable, on what a professor of perspective would call the 'original plane,' and may be defined as 'the realization of unseen fact.' Passages in Pliny, quaint quotations from Latin writers of the Middle Ages, archæological acquaintance with the rise and progress of the arts of design, ever so minute a knowledge of Vasari and the historians of art, are carefully to be distinguished from the faculty and the knowledge by which a man is qualified to pronounce on the merit of a painting. The shoemaker who criticized the sock of Apelles was on the right road to criticism in just one respect,—that he knew how to cut it out, and how it was tied on the leg; and he had as perfect a right to draw his conclusion as Payne Knight himself. His power lay, primarily, in his knowledge of the thing represented, and his repute in not going 'beyond his last.' To insist strongly on a knowledge of mechanical methods, however helpful or interesting, is not necessary. If, whether through the stippled transparency of Mulready, or the solid oil paint of Ward, he is able to discern that a fact on canvas corresponds, in its measure, with the fact of which it claims to be the representative, we must not ask from the true critic that he should know, in all respects, 'how it was done.' But, in order to be a just and discriminating judge, he must at least know the *limitations* of art; that which it *does not profess* to do, and that which it is *unable* to do. He who assumes that the painter challenges absolute comparison with nature, and does not rather see that at most it is a kindly converse with his fellow men *about* nature, and he who does not know enough of the materials of art not to expect from Turner the actual dazzle of the mists, through which the sunbeams tremble, instead of that encrusted pigment, which at best is designed to be something between a symbol and a representa-

tion requiring sympathy for its right unravelling, has yet to learn the first questions of the catechism of art.

But, in order to become an enlightened exponent of that branch of art which is called sacred, additional demands must be made. He should be not simply a critic, but a Christian. Before we can listen with perfect reverence and confidence to any man who attempts to solve the problems above suggested, we must have assurance not only that he acknowledges the claims of Christianity, but also that he has deep sympathy with its spirit. If these requirements be equitable, the position of the critic will ever be exalted, responsible, and rare; but it will be one of incalculable service to those minds in which doubt has arisen, whether a serious pursuit of art, or a serious study of its products, can take its place among those helps to progress, legitimate for a soul deeply imbued with a sense of moral responsibility, and habitually influenced by 'the powers of the world to come.'

To all lovers of art-literature it will be needless to say, that at least one critic has appeared in our time, who combines more of these qualifications than any single man who ever took pen to write on these subjects. No one denies the subtlety of Ruskin's intellect, the brilliancy of his imagination, or the vast extent of his general learning. That of which the public is less cognizant is his proficiency in that kind of knowledge on which representation is based. He is gifted with what is called 'the painter's eye.' He can *see*. He knows how things *look* in their subtlest changes of aspect. His reasonings on facts of appearance lose much of their force to those who cannot follow him to the fountain-head of nature; but to those who can, his works open up endless treasures of improvement and delight. He is thoroughly earnest, fearless, reverent, and simple; sometimes, perhaps, *too* fearless, if he consulted his own comfort and peace. There is no more delicate and subtle drawing by any of our painters than he has done, from time to time, in the course of his studies; and where his elucidations of nature and art are controvertible, it arises far more from the imperfection of words than from the uncertainty of his statements. There is no single man to whom art in England owes so much. He has given vexation enough to artists, it is true; but he has done them material service, not only in the way of suggestions applicable to their own practice, but in the vastly enlarged interest which his works have awakened in the mind of the reading public, and which have made the artist's life greatly more easy. For one person interested in the subject in 1845 there are ten who are interested in it now,—ten who talk of it,—ten who care for it,—

perhaps ten who will buy pictures. Let artists be assured that they have no truer friend, nor any who has done, and is doing, so much to make life come pleasantly to them. When that noble and gentle spirit has done its work and vanished, it will be seen that he has given such an impulse to one department of human progress, as will never die out to the end of the world, unless unlooked-for convulsions should throw back the nation into barbarism.

The most that we can hope to have done in the course of an essay like this is to have suggested some topics of inquiry to those whom it may concern. In the minds of a few the arguments in favour of sacred art are many, are understood, are clear, are convincing, and the desire to see them propagated glows like fire. To mediate, however, between the painter of subjects *specifically* sacred, and the public in its present condition, is almost impossible. To show the good man to whom wealth is entrusted what service he is to do his kind by fostering that species of art which can be *attractive* only to the good, though it may be awakening and instructive to the thoughtless and the sinful, is hard. It has been shown that little has been produced. So far as that little is patronized it may lead to more. By slow leavening the world may be improved so far as art is responsible for its improvement. It has been before said or implied that the only hope of the world's regeneration lies in the Gospel. All science, all politics, all art, all literature must lie low at the feet of religion, pure and undefiled, before they will find their true place and use. This grand condition being fulfilled, an entire emancipation of man's faculties will take place. It takes place in the individual even now; and if the race accepts the Gospel, it will do so with the race. Not to dwell on the prospective glories of science and literature, there can be no more blissful hope of mental elevation than in the right use of 'the vision and the faculty divine' brought to bear on the true 'Theoria,' the excellent beholding of God in all His doings throughout the universe. The devout landscape painter will sit (as Seddon did, with his heart full of love and awe, before ZION, marking its towers and bulwarks) by the shady wood with its hyacinths, or where silver streams wander through the place of stones,—before the precipice steadfast in strength, or the meadow in its transient bloom,—not questioning the validity of his employment, or dissatisfied with its tedium, but understanding and receiving his reward, alike in his own contemplative joy as in the kindly response of many thousand hearts to his own. The painter whose temper and habits fit him to watch, like Edouard Frère, the gentle or humorous ways of men, will see

that to give a mere innocent joy like the instinctive skipping of the young lambs in the fields of spring is an acceptable service in the eyes of Him who designs a completed happiness for men ; and he whose reverent heart, serious mind, and cunning hand love to linger over the truth of revelation, will find wealth in its minutest details. No one knows, who has not seen it tried, how the pencil may be made subservient to the simple understanding of the Bible. In the Gospels almost every word suggests a fair, an awful, or a touching form. An illuminator in his quiet study, free from the bonds of superstition, loving the 'truth as it is in Jesus,' and desirous of understanding the successive details of the sacred narrative, pausing at every new aspect, and in lines more or less careful, according to the relative importance of the subject,—here a head, there a figure or small group of figures,—trying to bring before his mind the aspect of the recorded incidents, would find an aid to conception and comment inconceivably potent and satisfying. He would have a power of making combinations only readily possible to this form of record :—the prophet—the prophecy and its fulfilment, each radiating into fresh records, till on a particular point of history a focus of light was thrown illuminating a whole subject,—being thus made readable at a single glance, and capable of indefinite enlargement by new combinations of interpretation.

In speaking of Sacred Art, the notion of elaborate pictures has been chiefly intended. It is by no means certain whether in *this* form the highest usefulness is attainable, unless such completion set before us facts so correctly, that our imagination suffers no loss by the limits which clear definition imposes ; and it becomes an interesting question how far the aim of the artist should not be to discover the best medium of slight though powerful *suggestion*. Even in the rude woodcuts of Albert Dürer's successive scenes in the Life of Christ, there is perhaps more true Gospel power enfolded than in many brilliant pictures, the result of months of toil. Of work done in that spirit, with a little more refinement of execution, we could not have too much. What moving turns and changes are there in the Gospel narratives, of which we should be glad to have the ideas of a hundred different devout artists added to our own ! Magdalene, alone in the dawning—Magdalene running to tell John and Peter—Magdalene telling John and Peter of the rising of the Lord—the disciples running in haste to the sepulchre—Peter the last, lagging, perchance, through fear to see, living or dead, the Master he had denied. Those histories are so full of images, various, tender, and solemn, that there would be no fear of exhaustion to the end of the world. To the question

why Sacred Art has been of so little service hitherto, the answer is that nearly all the Art, so called, has not been sacred. The facts of the Bible have not been much dwelt on. Saints, but Rome-made—Martyrs, but not Stephen, or he who perished between the porch and the altar—Virgins in blue, and pink, and gold, but not the handmaid of the Lord—Child Christs with gilt nimbi, but not ‘the Babe who hath redeemed our loss’—Christs, as He was in manhood, innumerable, but He is meeting Peter in a tradition, or appearing to St. Francis in a vision. It is as though a spell had been on the old masters, and their eyes were closed, and their ears dull of hearing. The Bible was a sealed book to them, and they scarcely ever painted directly from it. And before any one can do this, he must not only know, but love it. It must be his meditation day and night; his heart, as well as his imagination, must catch fire at a name, and those long, sweet histories must ‘flock to, and inhabit’ the hallowed shrine. Otherwise, he not only will not, but *cannot*, paint it. But if those who love the Bible be few, fewer still have the pictorial power requisite to produce desirable results; so that we must look far along the ages to see the slow aggregation of what we so much long to behold. Among our English artists to whom must we turn? We have already named Hunt and Rossetti as men serious, earnest, and capable. But where is the Bible a *familiar* book with our artists? Who among them has drunk into its spirit, and who, being so prepared, has the additional capacity to reproduce, either on canvases bright with the temple colourings of Hunt, or sober in the dark, pathetic lines of Albert of Nuremberg, the things he has learned to love? If we knew this, we should have the measure of our expectation and hope. If our expectation be embarrassed, and our hope faint, let the true lover of art not relinquish them. If its progress be slow, it will not be retarded, at any rate, by the increase of knowledge and holiness. It may not, after all, be so much a lever to raise man from the fall, as one of his enjoyments when he *has* arisen. Even now, the pure will find it pure to them; though in their low estate the sinful can scarce touch anything they do not pollute or abuse. Whether this mode of contemplating the works of God be a part of the intellectual joy of *that other world*, or whether it be superseded by modes more efficient and satisfying, is little matter; but let the believer not waver in his assurance that it will one day, to at least a section of restored humanity, be a part of the heaven of *this*.

- ART. III.—1. *Chemische Analyse durch Spectralbeobachtungen.* Von G. KIRCHHOFF und R. BUNSEN. POGGENDORFF'S *Annalen*, b. cx., s. 161. (Translated in *Philosophical Magazine* for August, 1860. Fourth Series, vol. xx., p. 89.)
2. *Untersuchungen über das Sonnenspectrum und die Spectren der Chemischen Elemente.* Von G. KIRCHHOFF. *Aus den Abhandlungen der Königl. Academie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin.* 1861. Mit 3 Tafeln.*

IN the year 1609, as we read, it came to the knowledge of Galileo, that a Dutchman, placing two lenses at a certain distance apart in a cylindrical tube, or *trunk*,—so they then called it, —was able to see distant objects as if they were near. The power of a single lens, or transparent globule, to increase the apparent size of near objects, had been familiarly known even to the ancients. In the sixteenth century many elaborate works had been published, minutely describing the properties of a magnifying glass. Yet an entirely new property had accidentally turned up; and the celebrated astronomer, at the hint, became aware that the noblest use of the lens was now to be developed. In a short time he had completed a telescope, and pointed it to the heavens. There 'he perceived what no mortal eye had ever seen: the surface of the moon, like that of the earth, bristled with high mountains, and ploughed with deep valleys; Venus, presenting, like the moon, phases which prove her rotundity; Jupiter environed with four Satellites, who accompany him in his course; the Milky Way, the nebulae; in a word, the whole heavens bespangled with a countless multitude of stars, too small to be even perceived by the naked eye.'

Even in a similar manner, scarcely a couple of years ago, some felicitous hint, turning the attention of two German professors to the nature of the coloured light which heated substances give out, has opened a field of inquiry somewhat comparable in its extent and interest with that which Galileo first explored. From the time of Newton's admirable researches it had been known that any common beam of light, whether white or coloured, when refracted, or bent from its course by passing through glass, water, or some dense transparent substance, is spread out into a series of bright colours, whose existence would not have been suspected in the original simple ray. Thus it is that a sunbeam falling upon the drops of a shower of rain is

* A translation of this important paper has just been published by Macmillan of Cambridge. It is accompanied by impressions of Kirchhoff's map of the sun's spectrum, from the original lithographic stones.

separated into the colours of the rainbow, which Newton considered to be seven in number, namely, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. In later times the separation of light into its component colours has been more and more perfectly effected by passing the ray of light through prisms or wedge-shaped pieces of the purest glass. It is thus found that sunlight, for instance, is separated into innumerable varieties of coloured rays, and that any other ordinary coloured light, being similarly refracted, gives a certain series of coloured rays distinctive of itself.

The happy discovery of Kirchhoff and Bunsen, which we are about to consider, consists in showing that the composition of a beam of light gives surprisingly certain information as to the source from which the light comes. Those who look at a coloured flame through a prism of glass furnished with certain telescopes and other fittings, are able to tell at once what are the substances which give colour to the flame. So, to ascertain the nature of many compound substances, it is sufficient to place a bit of it in a colourless gas-flame. A certain colour is given to the flame by each of the elementary substances or chemical elements thus introduced. To the naked eye all these colours appear mixed, and, perhaps, not at all apparent. Viewed through the prism the distinctive colours are all seen separately, and the observer may write down the list of substances whose presence he thus sees proved. Nor is the ease and certainty of this method of *spectrum analysis*, as it is called, so remarkable as its extreme delicacy. The presence of one millionth part of a grain of a substance can often be proved, and of one particular element, Sodium, the base of common salt, even the 180,000,000th part may be detected!

But this method is not restricted to terrestrial chemistry. We may apply the prism to light from the sun, from a comet, or from a fixed star; and as we recognise substances in this earth, so may we recognise their presence in astronomical bodies countless millions of miles distant. Truly this is an extension of our field of accurate knowledge comparable with that which the telescope effected.

Before considering these discoveries more particularly, it is necessary to understand clearly what is the *spectrum* of a ray of light; for those who have not been engaged in experimental optics may not very readily apprehend it. A compound or ordinary ray of light, then, being refracted or bent from its course by passing through a prism, is somewhat opened out, like the framework of a fan, into a series of various coloured rays of light. This arises from some of the simple rays being bent more

than the others. In fact, each simple ray has a refrangibility, or power of being bent, peculiar to itself; so that a blue ray is always bent less than an indigo ray, a yellow than a blue one, and a red than a yellow one. The same difference is observed between any rays differing, however minutely, in tint. Now the possible gradations of tint are infinite in number. Pure white light which streams from a white hot body contains all possible rays, so that when a narrow beam of such light is passed through a prism and spread into a spectrum, we have an unbroken series of colours, fading undistinguishably into each other. A coloured light, however, will give a spectrum in which most of the coloured rays are absent; the others will appear as bright bands of coloured light placed at certain measurable distances. Light from another source, not visibly different, perhaps, to the naked eye, will probably produce a spectrum in which the various coloured bands are obviously different, either in number, comparative brightness, or distance from each other. And the variety and minuteness of detail which any light will exhibit when thus analysed with good prisms seem to be quite unlimited. Thus in the spectrum of sunlight, which has naturally been much examined, some thousands of different rays, separated by narrow dark lines, called Fraunhofer's lines, have already been distinguished and described.

Now the discovery of Kirchhoff and Bunsen consists in proving that every chemical elementary substance, when so strongly heated as to become a luminous vapour or flame, gives off light, in the spectrum of which a definite set of coloured rays will be seen. And, conversely, whenever we notice light which contains this definite series of coloured rays, we may know with certainty from what luminous substance it comes. Thus we may compare the spectrum of a substance to the *tartan* or plaid which each of the Highland clans adopts as its distinctive costume. Each tartan is marked by a certain arrangement of coloured stripes; and, of course, by varying the width, colour, and distance of these stripes, the number of possible tartans would be unlimited. Omitting the cross pattern of the tartan, and also the repetition of the same pattern, one length after another, we may say that the spectrum of each substance is its *tartan*. A person accustomed to observe the spectrum of a substance, will recognise the presence of that substance by its spectrum, as easily as a Scotch Highlander would recognise a fellow-clansman by the pattern of his plaid. But if in a tartan each single thread were of a peculiar hue, size, and character, the pattern would not in the most remote degree compare in

complexity with that of sunlight, or, in fact, with that of most coloured lights when accurately analysed. And it is this infinite variety in the object, which renders the study of the spectrum so unlimited a field of fresh discovery. We shall show that these various bright lines of light, numerous as the stars, are equally pregnant with information. Not only will they reveal the existence of substances previously known to us, they will disclose the existence of substances so scarce that we never before had hint of them. We know not how many substances are thus to be found, when sought for in the spectrum, almost as we should seek a new nebula in the heavens. And as we have already said, what we may find close at hand, we may probably find in any self-luminous body of which the light reaches us with sufficient intensity to form a spectrum.

Kirchhoff and Bunsen, the joint developers of this method of discovery, are respectively the professors of natural philosophy and chemistry in the university of Heidelberg. Older, with one exception, than any other university of Germany, that of Heidelberg is venerable for the five centuries during which it has existed. From periods of adversity it is advancing to a high point of prosperity and celebrity; and the possession of such talented and energetic professors as those above named, goes far towards making it the best existing school of physical science. Kirchhoff is a profound mathematician and an able experimenter, but his researches have not hitherto been of a kind to be popularly appreciated. Bunsen is well known in every scientific circle, as perhaps the most talented and successful of those chemists who are yet acquiring a reputation. He has carried chemical operations to a degree of nicety which strikes despair into the heart of every ancient bungler. The analysis and manipulation of gases especially, he has brought into an admirably systematic condition.* His examination of numberless specimens of primary rocks, granitic and basaltic, has led almost to a new science of chemical geology. And a research which he performed in conjunction with Professor Roscoe, has established a method of measuring the chemical power of light, so sensitive and elaborately exact that we fear any ordinary observer dare not attempt so delicate and beautiful a process.

The first publication of this method of spectrum analysis was in Poggenдорff's *Annalen*, and a translation of the paper soon appeared in the *London Philosophical Magazine* for August, 1860. This paper is the joint production of Kirchhoff and Bunsen. It describes, in the first place, the apparatus

* See Bunsen's *Gasometry*. English Translation. London. 1857.

used for observing the spectrum of any light. This consists of a prism and two telescopes, so arranged that the coloured light for analysis shall fall through one telescope upon the prism, and after refraction shall pass through the other telescope, magnified some four times to the eye of the observer. The light is derived from a flame of gas, so mixed with air that, when burning alone, a strong heat, but extremely little colour, is produced. Only when some salt or earthy substance slightly volatile is introduced into the flame on the point of a wire is a coloured light produced. It is the spectrum of this light viewed through the eye telescope, which indicates to the experienced observer the whole composition of the substance placed in the flame. At the same time it should be noted that a broad beam of light, if passed through the prism, would make nothing but confusion in the spectrum. Each part of the flame would have its own spectrum, and an indefinite number of similar spectra would all blend together. A very narrow beam of light is therefore alone admitted through a slit; and the narrower this slit is made, the minuter are the details which may be discovered in the spectrum.

The spectra of any two different kinds of light can be compared together, with the utmost facility and accuracy, by admitting two beams of light into the apparatus at the same time, so that each shall occupy half the field of the telescope. The one spectrum will then be seen alongside the other, and it will be obvious whether their bright or dark lines are coincident and similar.

According to the procedure of strict science, the professors first show that their method is certain. The same elementary substance is proved to give the same coloured light, whatever be the nature of the flame by which it is rendered a luminous vapour. 'As the result of these somewhat lengthy experiments,' they say, 'the details of which we here omit, it appears that the alterations of the bodies with which the metals employed were combined, the variety in the nature of the chemical processes occurring in the several flames, and the wide differences of temperature which these flames exhibit, *produce no effect upon the position of the bright lines in the spectrum, which is characteristic of each metal.*'

Thus it is, theoretically speaking, indifferent in what company or circumstances an element is found. When sufficiently heated and vaporized, it will give out its own light. Practically, however, we must choose a somewhat volatile compound of the element, so that an ordinary flame may be sufficiently hot to vaporize it; and we must exclude, if possible, such substances

as by giving out much light would confuse or overpower the spectrum we wish to observe.

In the paper now under consideration, the professors treat only of six metals or elements, viz., sodium, lithium, potassium, strontium, calcium, barium, which are the bases of the substances soda, lithia, potash, strontia, lime, and baryta. The details are exceedingly interesting, but somewhat technical; so that we can only describe them briefly.

Sodium is more easily detected than any other element. The most minute quantity of it gives a strong yellow light, which, being viewed through any ordinary prism, is apparently not separated into any spectrum at all. Only a strong yellow line is seen in the field of the observing telescope, apparently the same as the narrow beam of light before it falls on the prism. Sodium light is, therefore, said to be homogeneous, or of one kind and colour only. Good and powerful prisms and telescopes, however, resolve this single line into two lines very close together. Kirchhoff and Bunsen have proved in a very simple way that the 180,000,000th part of a grain of soda is sufficient to give a yellow colour to a flame; so that, by the prismatic apparatus, the presence of sodium may be detected. It happens, too, that sodium, in the form of common salt, is always floating in the air, because three-fourths of the surface of the globe are covered with seawater, and the wind constantly bears away a minute dust of salt. Hence it is, that the flames of all lamps and candles give more or less a yellow light. The professors suggest that this presence of salt in the air may prevent the spread of contagious diseases. It would thus, they think, be worthy of inquiry, 'whether the alteration of intensity in the yellow line produced by the sodium in the air, have any connexion with the appearance and direction of march of an endemic disease.' In this they are perhaps a little over sanguine.

Let us pause to consider the extreme delicacy of perception which this method bestows upon the organ of sight, already so constantly recognised as a salient instance of the Creator's perfect skill. Assume the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, men, women, and children, to number thirty millions. Take as much common salt as may be held on the point of a dinner knife, and give an equal share to each of those thirty millions of people. Each will receive six times as much as the quantity which Bunsen would be able to detect, or literally to *see* in his testing flame! The achievements of the best microscope ever made are exceeded a hundredfold. The intellect cannot comprehend matter so minute. We are accustomed to deal with matter in its gross appearance, and cannot easily follow it into such subdivision as this.

But when the professors remark, 'that the chemist possesses no reaction which in the slightest degree will bear comparison as regards delicacy, with this spectrum-analytical determination of sodium,'* we take exception. In this respect that less noble organ the nose is superior even to the eye. It is credibly stated † that a portion of musk or amber will go on diffusing an appreciable or strong odour for years without any sensible loss of weight. Now scent is known to be a material effluvium or vapour emitted by the odorous substance. For the sake of estimating the *weight* of the effluvium, suppose a portion of musk to lose one grain in weight in five years, and enough of the effluvium or scent to be drawn into the nose during one second, to render itself sensible there. The weight of matter thus detected by the nose would be one 154,680,000th part of a grain, or a little more than the quantity of sodium-salt which Kirchhoff and Bunsen are able to detect by the spectrum. But since musk, in place of losing a grain, is said to suffer no appreciable loss, the sense of smell in this case is incomparably more delicate than the sense of sight in the spectrum experiment. The weight of musk scent, and probably of many other scents, is incomprehensibly small; and we should remember, that the olfactory organs of many animals,—especially beagles and bloodhounds,—are far more delicate than those of man.

Returning from this digression, we proceed to the professor's description of the lithium spectrum. Lithium is an element which was discovered only in the year 1809; it was only known to occur in some half dozen rare minerals, and was then rightly considered to be extremely scarce in nature. But a very small quantity of lithium gives a beautiful carmine colour to a flame, and the spectrum of such coloured light consists of two sharply defined lines,—a brilliant red one, accompanied, at a short interval, by a weak yellow one. So distinct a mark of lithium do these lines form, that the one 70,000,000th part of a grain of a lithium salt may be detected by their appearance. Many minerals only require to be held in the flame for a few moments, in order to obtain a satisfactory proof of the presence of lithium. And by a numerous series of experiments the professors have proved that lithium, although never occurring anywhere in large

* If it appears that we must learn science from our German friends, at least, let us have it translated into our own good language. We strongly object to such a horrible Germanism as 'spectrum-analytical determination of sodium.' Why not say, 'detection of sodium by the spectrum,' or 'spectrum test for sodium?'

† For instance, by Dr. Carpenter. *Human Physiology*, Fifth Edition, p. 697. In spite of some search, however, we have been unable to discover any original authority for the statement.

quantities, is to be found in almost all bodies. It has even been detected in the ash of human blood and muscular tissue. As we believe that lithia has been lately found of use in medicine, it is possible that spectrum analysis will here prove practically valuable. By its aid we shall always be able to select the materials for preparing lithia with the greatest ease.

We pass rapidly over the spectra of the remaining four earthy or alkaline elements. Potash gives a violet colour to a flame; but the spectrum is widely extended and continuous, containing only two characteristic lines,—a red and a violet one, separated very far apart. Strontium gives a strong red colour to a flame. Its spectrum contains six remarkable lines, namely, six red, one orange, and one blue line. Yet among a quantity of strontium it is possible to detect lithium by the superior power and distinctness of its single red line. Calcium, the base of lime, is best distinguished by a broad green band, but it has also a powerful orange-coloured line, and many others less notable. Barium has a still more complicated spectrum, but is recognised by several bright green lines. These four elements are not detected with such extreme delicacy as sodium or lithium, but yet with much greater delicacy than by any ordinary chemical method.

The elements of which the spectra have so far been described are six in number, while the number of elements known to exist is nearly seventy. The investigation seems to have been conducted upon these six elements first of all, because they are at the same time most easy to treat by spectrum analysis, and most difficult to detect by the ordinary modes of chemistry. Many of the other elements are gases which it is difficult to render luminous, and others are solid metals which are vaporized only by a most intense heat. The electric spark, as it is produced by Rhumkorff's induction coil, has been employed by the professors for observing the spectra of these other elements; and we shall have to refer to some results thus obtained when, considering Kirchhoff's researches into the sun's spectrum. Although it is nearly certain that the spectrum may be used to detect any existing element, it remains doubtful whether the facility and certainty of the process will be such as to secure its practical adoption in the case of *all* elements. We notice, indeed, that a French chemist has very lately made a communication to the Paris Academy, asserting that he has succeeded in applying the process to the elements by aid of the electric spark. But whether the spectrum process supersede the common procedure of qualitative analysis, or not, there can be no doubt about the inestimable value and interest of the discovery as to theory. Those who

understand the laborious nature of these researches will not wonder that the greatest part of the work remains to be done.

From the researches continued only thus far, the professors are able to suggest some results to be expected. Thus they say: — 'By the application of this method to geological inquiries concerning the distribution and arrangement of the components of the formations, the most valuable results may be expected. Even the few random experiments already mentioned have led to the unexpected conclusion, that not only potassium and sodium, but also lithium and strontium, must be added to the list of bodies occurring, only indeed in small quantities, but most widely spread throughout the solid body of our planet.'

At the same time they suggest, by a natural generalization, that there may be elementary substances found in such small quantities in the rocks and bodies around us, that only the delicacy of spectrum analysis is likely to detect their existence. The professors had indeed discovered a new element by this means; and, in a sequel to their paper,* they give a complete examination of two new elements. Of these the first found was named *cæsium*, because two splendid blue lines in its spectrum, situated close together, and nearly coinciding with the blue line of strontium, led to its detection. This new substance is as yet found to exist in very small quantities; but, by aid of spectrum analysis, it is proved to exist in not a few rocks or mineral waters, generally associated with sodium, potassium, and another new metal, *rubidium*.

This last elected member of the chemical society, as we may call rubidium, is not unlikely to possess some practical importance. Although overlooked in all previous modes of analysis, it seems to be by no means a scarce metal. Most salt springs contain a perceptible quantity of it, and the mineral, known as Saxony lepidolite, from which Bunsen prepared a specimen, contains about one quarter per cent. of oxide of rubidium. Similarly to *cæsium*, rubidium was christened by its discoverers with reference to its spectrum, which contains a beautiful red line. It is peculiarly distinguished as being the most strongly electro-positive of all metals; that is to say, it has the strongest possible affinity for forming alkaline compounds. The metallic rubidium, on coming into contact with water, burns with greater fierceness than even sodium or potassium.

We should notice here that Mr. Crookes of London has established the existence of yet another element. It is not a

* Translated in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, November, 1861.

metal, however, so far as he has ascertained, but probably belongs to the group of elements containing sulphur and selenium. A green line of extraordinary brightness led to its detection, while a certain seleniferous deposit, from a sulphuric acid manufactory in the Hartz mountains, was being examined by the spectrum method. Mr. Crookes as yet has obtained only two grains of the substance in a separate condition. If finally we add the new metal *dianium* lately discovered by the German chemist Kobel, by the ordinary methods of chemical analysis, we shall have had four new additions to the list of elementary substances in a year or two. There was a time—the age of our grandfathers for instance—when any person of ordinary education might reckon on his fingers the number of known elements. Now, like Red Indians, we may throw up both our hands a great many times to express a number that we cannot bear in mind.

Looking over the long list of the elements, it is natural to inquire firstly, how many future additions to the list may we look for? And, secondly, may we not effect a new analysis of the elements, and reduce this great variety of substances to combinations of some fewer and simpler kinds of matter? From the rapid multiplication of the scarcer elements which late years have witnessed, no one will now hesitate to allow that the number even of discoverable elements may be much greater than we commonly reckon upon. The spectrum closely examined seems to promise numerous additions, and it is impossible to deny that hundreds of the fine lines in the sun's spectrum may be due to many elements now unknown. And, discover as many as we will, we can never assert that innumerable more elements may not exist in heavenly bodies whose light is too faint for analysis. Bright bands have been seen in the spectra of certain stars, but no telescopes and prisms which we yet possess can carry the analysis of starlight far.

And, after all, the eyesight aided by spectrum analysis is limited in power, and, as we have shown, is far surpassed by the sense of smell. In the crust of the earth, then, may always lurk many substances so rare as to be imperceptible even in the spectrum.

As regards the second question, but little doubt exists in the minds of most chemists that the so-called elementary substances are really composite. A multitude of facts in the science of chemistry hint at this conclusion, but it chiefly rests on certain relations between the proportional weights of the atoms of elements. It is well known that in accurately analysing chemical compounds, any two elements are found to combine in some fixed proportion, or in multiples of that proportion. Thus the weights of hydrogen

and oxygen which form water are as 1 and 8; but there is a kind of super-oxygenated water, called peroxide of hydrogen, in which the proportion is as 1 and 16. So the equivalent weights in which any of the elements, carbon, nitrogen, sulphur, oxygen, and hydrogen, combine, are exactly as the numbers 6, 14, 16, 8, and 1, the last being a common measure of all the rest.

Again, in the burning of the three metals, lithium, sodium, and potassium, 8 parts by weight of oxygen will be found to combine with about 6.43 of lithium, 22.97 of sodium, and 39.00 of potassium. Here the weight of sodium is almost the mean of those of lithium and potassium. What must be added to lithium to make sodium, being again added to sodium will make potassium. And the gradation of qualities of these alkaline metals confirms this supposed community of elementary composition. Several other similar series of elements are familiarly known to chemists.

Yet these apparently compound elements are for all purposes elementary; wherever we meet with them they act as elements, and no chemical method or force yet at our command appears capable of breaking them up. What we wish now to suggest is, that spectrum analysis, when fully studied, will be our most hopeful method of further resolving the elements. Light is an undulation of *an elastic something*, probably unknown to us, except from the phenomena of light, and the other physical forces, but which philosophers choose to call *an ether*. The undulations of this ether are undoubtedly excited by the vibrations of molecules of matter. Upon the rapidity and length of the undulations depend the colours and the refrangibility of the light. A white-hot solid body gives light of all degrees of refrangibility and colour; the elementary particles fixed by cohesive attraction indiscriminately at all distances from each other, vibrate with all degrees of rapidity. But the particle of a gaseous substance is freed from all cohesive ties; the vibrations can be only those of its own elementary atoms among themselves. The first law of spectrum analysis is, that each luminous gaseous element gives out its own characteristic rays independently of all other elements present. Hence we must allow that its vibrations are those of the components of its own elementary molecule. Suppose the proximate atom of an element to be formed of only two ultimate atoms A and B, thus ($\overset{A}{\text{---}}\overset{B}{\text{---}}$) the light-vibration of this atom we believe to arise from A and B alternately approaching and receding from each other like a pair of cannon balls, if they were united together by an elastic tie. Such an atom would have only one period of vibration; it would produce light only of one colour or degree of refrangibility; the spectrum would have only a single coloured

band. No such element is known to exist; for sodium has the simplest known spectrum, and has at least two lines very close together. Suppose, however, that the proximate atom consists of three ultimate and unequal atoms, as in (\therefore), tied together by certain attractive and repulsive forces. The periods of vibration of the ultimate atoms would all be different; the spectrum of the substance would have at least three bright bands. Suppose, lastly, a much greater complication of ultimate atoms tied together to form a proximate atom; the periods of vibrations would become extremely numerous; and it is thus not difficult to see why some elements like iron have an almost infinite number of lines in their spectra. The complexity of the spectrum is some index to the complexity of the proximate atom. To deduce from the spectrum of an element the exact nature and disposition of the elementary atom, is a problem for the mathematical physicist, far too difficult to be attempted at present, but sure to be solved in due time.

And then there are many minor facts recorded by spectrum observers, which will in time acquire separate importance. Thus sodium is stated to give a spectrum with only two lines close together; but when the sodium light is very intense, traces of diffused yellow light appear on either side of the definite lines, like the beginning of a continuous spectrum. Potassium, which is closely related to sodium, actually has a widely extended continuous spectrum, in addition to two definite lines. Then it will be curious to inquire why the lines in a spectrum usually differ in breadth; for, theoretically, each line should be infinitely narrow, supposing the ray of light falling on the prism to be infinitely thin. On this view a broad line should be resolved by a sufficient refracting power into several thinner lines. But it is quite possible that the light-undulations which produce each definite line in a spectrum, are not absolutely of the same length and refrangibility. This might point to the fact that no gas is perfectly gaseous; that the separate atoms do somewhat affect each other's vibrations; and that there is always a slight tendency to the production of the continuous spectrum, such as we derive from a white-hot solid body. Again, Kirchhoff and Bunsen have already drawn attention to the remarkable variation in the comparative brightness of lines in any spectrum, as the heat of the luminous flame, or other source, is varied. 'In general,' they say, 'an obscure line grows in brightness upon increasing the illumination, more rapidly than does a brighter line; but not to such an extent that the obscure line ever overtakes in intensity the

brighter one.....This fact appears to us of importance, and we intend on a future occasion to examine it in detail.'

It will also be interesting to inquire whether any coincidences exist between the spectra of different elements, so that a line in one spectrum shall be exactly the same as a line in another. Now this is not unfrequently the case to all appearance; and many such coincidences are indicated in Kirchhoff's map or tables, afterwards to be described. But the professor, with proper caution, remarks that more perfect instruments may show many or more of these to be casual coincidences. If our view, indeed, of the production of light by the molecule of a luminous gas be true, the coincidences will, we think, prove casual.

But the most curious question has been raised by some English observers. In a lecture on the spectrum, at the Royal Institution, Dr. Tyndall brilliantly exhibited, by means of a powerful electric lamp, the spectra of several of the alkaline and earthy metals. Among the others was the beautiful spectrum of lithium, described by Kirchhoff and Bunsen as containing only a splendid red line, and a weaker yellow one; but there now unexpectedly appeared a blue line of surpassing brilliancy. Many of the audience accordingly thought that the lecturer had made a mistake either by applying the wrong name to the salt used, or by employing lithium which was not free from strontium. On subsequent repetition,* however, both by Dr. Tyndall and Dr. Frankland, it was placed beyond doubt that this blue line occurs in the spectrum of lithium when such an intense heat is used as that of the electric spark; at lower temperatures, such as that of a gas flame, no such blue light is apparent. The strangest fact is added† by Professors Roscoe and Clifton, of Owens College, Manchester. It occurred to these gentlemen to compare the electric spectrum of lithium, with that of strontium, by the simple means already described on page 84. Not only was the interloping blue line of lithium found to coincide with that of strontium, but two fainter blue lines, previously unseen, appeared, corresponding to exactly similar ones in the spectrum of strontium. The observers cautiously avoid asserting at present that the coincidence of these lines is perfect. A powerful arrangement of prisms may produce some separation, and the least separation will falsify the surprising conclusions which might otherwise be drawn. Such a coincidence, if perfect, would indicate no less than a decomposition of

* *Philosophical Magazine*, for August, 1861, p. 151; and December, p. 472.

† *Ibid.*, for January, 1862.

the elements lithium and strontium into some third and simpler element; a result which we have already said was most to be hoped for in the investigation of the spectrum. It is quite possible that, in the intense heat of the electric spark, substances may be resolved into a simpler state, which cannot be maintained at any lower temperature. Spectrum analysis is the only means of examining substances in such extreme circumstances.

Again, although the professors fully establish the fact, that each element produces all its characteristic rays of light, whatever other elements be present, we do not notice that they assert no additional rays to be produced from the meeting of elements. Does the spectrum of sodium, added to the spectrum of chlorine, give the whole spectrum of chloride of sodium, or are there any additional lines due to the union? If not, it would seem to establish that, in luminous or strongly heated gases, there is no chemical combination at all. This would be a verification of the general law, that heat tends to dissolve chemical unions.

We have said enough to show how powerful a method spectrum analysis furnishes for investigating the composition of our own earth; and how much importance it may some time have as to the molecular theory of matter. It is time that we extend our gaze abroad, and consider what additions Kirchhoff has made to our knowledge of the sun's constitution, as stated in his paper addressed to the Berlin Academy. In this he appeals only to the composition of sunlight, to the infinite variety of different coloured rays which it contains; and his argument consists in showing how far these rays of light correspond with the rays given off by the various chemical substances which we meet in the earth's crust. His first task is to obtain a reliable and minute map of the sun's spectrum, showing the relative position or distance, brightness, and breadth of all the lines which the best apparatus of prisms and telescopes will exhibit. Bringing each line in succession into the centre of the field of his telescope, he measures the distances between each two lines, by means of a micrometer screw, which gives an angular movement to the telescope. Then, just as a surveyor, after measuring the distance of objects along a straight road in chains and links, plots them down on paper, Kirchhoff lays down the parallel lines in the spectrum. At the same time he classifies the lines into six degrees of breadth and six degrees of brightness. All the distances, breadths, and brightnesses of the lines are accurately represented on the plan of the spectrum which he has produced, and of which a lithographic copy is

appended to the paper. This lithograph is itself a masterpiece of skill, which, probably could not be produced except in Germany, where the lithographic art was discovered, and has been chiefly cultivated. The lines are laid on from six separate lithographic stones, in order that the degrees of brilliancy may be indicated by the tint of the ink. Yet the impressions are superimposed one upon the other with such accuracy, that the eye can detect no error.

At the same time, to prevent the possibility of mistake, a table accompanies the engraving, in which each line of the sun's spectrum is defined, as in the following small fragment of the table:—

COLUMN 1.	2.	3.	4.
1621·5	1	<i>b</i>	
1622·3	5	<i>c</i>	Fe
1623·4	5	<i>b</i>	Fe
1627·2	5	<i>b</i>	Ca
1628·2	1	<i>b</i>	
1631·5	1	<i>g</i>	
1634·1	4	<i>g</i>	Mg

Here, in column 1, each line is shown by its *number*, which defines its distance from the two adjoining lines. In column 2, the darkness of the lines is shown by the scale of numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, the last number showing the greatest darkness. In column 3, is similarly shown the breadth of the lines in the scale *a, b, c, d, e, f, g*, the last letter indicating the greatest breadth. The symbols Fe, Ca, and Mg, indicate, as we shall soon describe, the elements iron, calcium, and magnesium, as the cause of these lines.

The whole number of lines thus accurately laid down by Kirchhoff is, we find, 676. But it must be understood that the work is only completed for a very small portion of the spectrum, namely, that between the very prominent dark lines which were named D and F, by Fraunhofer. The professor has been unfortunately checked in his labours by the injury which his sight has suffered by continual observation through the telescope of the prismatic apparatus.

It must be understood that this survey of the sun's spectrum is not in the least final. As the groups of stars and nebulae which are laid down upon our astronomical maps may, by

increased telescopic power, be made to reveal almost infinite details, so there is no dark or light part of the solar spectrum which may not be resolved into minuter detail of dark and light lines, when increased refracting and magnifying power is used. Kirchhoff considers that the technical art of the optician is sufficiently advanced to increase very greatly the detail which might even now be observed. With truth he adds: 'The resolution of these nebulous bands appears to me to possess an interest similar to that of the resolution of the celestial nebulae, and the investigation of the solar spectrum to be of no less importance than the examination of the heavens themselves.'

We have described how the light from the flames of the various chemical substances gives spectra consisting of a few or of a great number of bright coloured lines placed at various intervals, apparently arbitrary. But in comparing the spectrum of a chemical substance with the spectrum of the sun, which may easily be done, as described already, the singular fact is often observed that the bright lines of the chemical substance correspond exactly to certain *dark lines* in the sun's spectrum. Thus the most prominent of all the dark lines, called D, by Fraunhofer, is found to correspond with the very bright line of sodium; so that if sodium yellow-light were added to sun-light in proper quantity, it would exactly fill up the dark line in the yellow part of the sun's spectrum. The same holds, however numerous the lines of the element; iron has a very complicated spectrum, and in Kirchhoff's diagram, or in his table, it is shown that at least sixty lines in the sun's spectrum, so far as it has been observed, coincide with iron lines.

We shall not undertake here fully to explain why bright lines from a chemical flame are represented by dark lines in sunlight. Kirchhoff has accounted for it on abstract principles with the highest ability, and the details of the investigation are given in the 'Philosophical Magazine.'*

In co-operation with Bunsen, he has experimentally verified the conclusion, and the law thus established is one of sterling interest and importance. It is shown that, although a gas when sufficiently heated gives out certain definite rays of light, it is equally ready to stop and take up similar rays of light of greater intensity than it is giving off. Any luminous gas is opaque to rays of its own kind,—just as, for instance, a man who gives information of a particular kind is equally ready to receive all information of the same kind when it exceeds what he already has. Now, it is

* Mr. Balfour Stewart has also investigated this subject independently, and has arrived at the same conclusion.

well known that any *solid substance* may be sufficiently heated to become *white-hot*,—that is to say, it gives off white light, containing rays of light of every possible colour and character. The spectrum of light from a white-hot solid body is continuous, or without bright or dark lines; it is bright throughout with all the colours of the rainbow. But if we pass such light through a vapour not so strongly heated as to give any powerful light, the vapour will take up or stop the particular rays which belong as it were to itself. The spectrum of the light thus modified will exhibit dark lines where the missing rays would have been.

The conclusion which Kirchhoff rightly draws from these researches is obvious; it is also unsurpassed in scientific precision and interest. The sun must be a white-hot solid body, surrounded by an apparently transparent atmosphere. So intense, however, is the heated condition of the sun, that its atmosphere contains the vapours of various metals which we have hard work even to fuse in the most powerful of our furnaces. These vapours intercept part of the light and heat given off by the central body,—namely, those particular rays which belong to the spectra of these vapours; and the light which finally leaves the sun will thus show, by its deficiencies, the vaporous elements which exist in the sun's atmosphere. Suppose, now, that we admit into the spectrum apparatus both light from the sun and light from iron vapour ignited in the electric spark. The sun's spectrum and the iron spectrum are thus seen one above the other. It then becomes most apparent that every bright line in the iron spectrum exactly coincides with a dark line of the sun's spectrum. The number of these coincidences, already quite established, is sixty; and, from the breadth of the lines observed, it is easy to calculate the probability that these sixty coincidences should have taken place by mere chance. Kirchhoff assumes that the iron lines, from their apparent breadth and number, occupy *half* the length of the spectrum. Putting, then, the sun's spectrum alongside the iron spectrum, it is *as likely as not* that a dark line of the former will fall into a space occupied by a bright line of the latter; the probability is said to be one-half. But to get the probability that each of the sixty lines shall fall opposite a space similarly occupied in the other spectrum, we must multiply sixty one-halves together. The probability thus comes out more than 1,000,000,000,000,000 to 1, that the coincidence of the sixty lines is not the result of mere chance. Almost with perfect certainty, then, we state that the sixty dark lines in the sun's spectrum have the same cause as the lines in the iron

spectrum,—that is, iron vapour existing in the sun's atmosphere. And as the number of lines observed and the accuracy of observation is increased, this probability will likewise be indefinitely increased. The wonderful result of such reasoning is, to render the existence of iron in the sun almost as certainly known as that the sun itself will rise to-morrow morning!

The presence of *one* terrestrial element in the solar atmosphere, continues Kirchhoff, being thus determined, and thereby the production of a large number of Fraunhofer's lines explained, it seemed reasonable to suppose that other terrestrial elements might also be found there, and, by exerting their absorptive power, produce other Fraunhofer's lines.

'This is found to be the case with calcium, magnesium, and sodium. The number of the bright lines in the spectrum of each of these metals is, indeed, small; but those lines, as well as the dark ones in the solar spectrum, with which they coincide, are so uncommonly distinct, that the coincidence can be observed with very great accuracy.... The lines produced by chromium, also, form a very characteristic group, which coincides with a remarkable group of Fraunhofer's lines; hence, I believe that I am justified in affirming the presence of chromium in the solar atmosphere. It appeared of great interest to determine whether the solar atmosphere contains nickel and cobalt, elements which invariably accompany iron in meteoric masses. The spectra of these metals, like that of iron, are distinguished by the large number of their lines. But the lines of nickel, and still more those of cobalt, are much less bright than the iron lines, and I am, therefore, unable to observe their position with the same degree of accuracy. All the brighter lines of nickel appear to coincide with dark solar lines; the same was observed with respect to some of the cobalt lines, but was not seen to be the case with other equally bright lines of this metal. From my observations I consider I am entitled to conclude that nickel is apparent in the solar atmosphere! I do not, however, yet express an opinion as to the presence of cobalt.

'Barium, copper, and zinc, appear to be present in the solar atmosphere, but only in small quantities; the brightest of the lines of these metals correspond to distinct lines in the solar spectrum, but the weaker lines are not noticeable. The remaining metals which I have examined, viz., gold, silver, mercury, aluminium, cadmium, tin, lead, antimony, arsenic, strontium, and lithium, are, according to my observations, not visible in the solar atmosphere.'

Silicium is also said not to exist in the solar atmosphere—not, at least, in any appreciable quantity.

In such terms, with just that mixture of bold assertion and cautious reticence, which the true inductive process of reasoning demands, does Kirchhoff announce to us facts wholly new, both to chemistry and astronomy. Never, we believe, since Bacon

described, by anticipation, the experimental questioning of nature in its method and results, has a more decided and satisfactory answer been returned.

It is with anything but satisfaction that we pass to the last portion of Kirchhoff's paper. In this he tries to explain the nature of the singular dark spots, and other markings on the face of the sun, which have puzzled philosophers since the first discovery of the telescope. We are glad to say that Kirchhoff's speculations on this subject have not the remotest connexion with the truths which he has established concerning the composition of the sun's atmosphere. The researches, which we have already described, proceed on the most rigorous and purely inductive principles. There is no truth of science more satisfactorily established than that iron exists in the sun's atmosphere. Kirchhoff's assertion, however, that the black spots on the sun are black clouds, is founded upon a very weak and, as we believe, a very erroneous chain of conjectures. The professor is a mathematician whom, on mathematical subjects, the best mathematicians might hesitate to contradict. But, like other mathematicians we could name, in stepping in to subjects beyond the present reach of mathematics, he becomes a mere schemer.

In the atmosphere of the sun, says Kirchhoff, phenomena must occur similar to those which we find to take place in our own. A local diminution of temperature must there, as here, produce a cloud, of very different chemical nature from a terrestrial cloud, but still a cloud. By intercepting the heat emitted from the sun's surface, the atmosphere above the cloud will be cooled; the cloud will increase in thickness and coldness, and become opaque. At the same time, in the higher parts of the sun's atmosphere a second layer of clouds will probably be formed, somewhat as we see higher and thinner layers of cloud in our own atmosphere. The opaque lower cloud is the nucleus of a sun spot, and the higher layer forms the penumbra, or shady border, which almost invariably accompanies the nucleus. In the middle of last century the English astronomer Wilson observed that when a sun spot is viewed obliquely, the border, or penumbra, of the nucleus is, by perspective effect, seen to diminish on one side, and increase on the other. Kirchhoff explains that his lower dark cloud, when viewed obliquely through the higher one, will similarly appear at one side of this lighter cloud, which he considers to be the penumbra. This is so far agreeable to Wilson's observation; but Kirchhoff candidly allows that, if viewed still more obliquely, the nucleus should be seen quite apart from the penumbra. He adds, that

it is difficult to decide whether this latter phenomenon is ever seen. We allow that ordinary drawings of the spots will scarcely decide the question ; but we have not the slightest doubt that such a phenomenon, if it ever occurred, would not have escaped Wilson, Herschel, Secchi, Chacornac, and many other keen-eyed observers, who have watched sun-spots in all stages of their progress across the disc.

Apart from many separate and fatal objections which we think might be raised to Kirchhoff's theory, there is the general objection that it totally ignores all the descriptions and statements of those who say that they *see* the sun-spots to be hollows. Sir W. Herschel entertained not a doubt on the subject, and he has been fully supported in late years by M. Chacornac, who employs the splendid instruments of the Paris Observatory, and describes a hundred minute particulars about these chasms in the sun's cloudy covering. This observer says, that the spots are *openings* through a series of cloudy layers, and that he can make out its ends in spite of the obscurity, which, from some cause yet unknown, hides the lower parts of the openings. And then, it is apparent that Kirchhoff, in stating the sun-spot to be a black cloud, ignores the opinion of almost all who have examined the sun, that its whole surface is a vast continuous cloud, in such a state of agitation as can occur only in an elastic material. To explain the darkness of the spots, Sir W. Herschel supposed the existence of two cloudy atmospheres, the upper one luminous, the second one so opaque and reflective as to prevent the light and heat of the upper layer reaching the solid, or liquid, surface of the sun. Kirchhoff, indeed, shows this scheme to be absurd. The heat of the higher layer would be sure in time to penetrate to the surface. But we do not think that astronomers, in general, have been accustomed to regard Sir W. Herschel's theory as more than a *representation* of what he observed. And so it may remain till some cause is assigned for the darkness of the spots.

We have not stated half the objections we might urge against Kirchhoff's conjectures. In doing so we should fill a hundred pages more, and it is obvious that this subject has not the slightest reference to that considered in the foregoing pages. The observation of total eclipses, the long-continued registration of solar spots, their accurate examination by powerful telescopes, the important deductions of Sabine concerning the sun's magnetic influence, the able and sound speculations of Waterston and William Thompson on the source of the sun's heat, the lucky observation, by Carrington and Hodgson, of a sudden outburst of light on the sun's disc, and, lastly, the excel-

lent inductions of Kirchhoff himself concerning the chemical composition of the sun's atmosphere, have added largely to our materials for judging of the sun's constitution. But we hold that only contradiction and error will be met by those who venture at present on conjecture. Especially is it to be regretted that with the beautiful researches of Kirchhoff on the sun's spectrum, should be joined his groundless speculations—the worse appended to the better.

ART. IV.—*Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the One System of God.* By HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D. Cheap Edition. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co. 1862.

DR. BUSHNELL has, within a year or two past, come to be extensively known and much admired in this country, as a writer on religious experience, and on Christian influence and duty, especially within the circle of family relations. In the United States he had attained a considerable reputation half a score years ago. On this side of the Atlantic, there is, perhaps, some danger of his becoming just now the object of excessive admiration, being a 'prophet' out of 'his own country.' In America his antecedents, as a writer, render the public somewhat more cautious and discriminating in the reception of his books. It is, indeed, impossible, in reading his writings, to be insensible of the freshness and charm, both of thought and style, which characterize them; moreover, he has brought out to view in some of his books, especially in that on 'Christian Nurture,' truths of the highest practical importance, which have been very greatly overlooked, and has illustrated and enforced them with peculiar beauty and persuasiveness. Still, it would be a great misfortune if Dr. Bushnell were to be listened to with too great deference, when dealing with the deepest questions of theology; and if it be true, as we hear, that some young theological students are disposed to make this American Doctor their oracle, we should wish them to know that he is hardly qualified to take rank as an 'Angelical Doctor,' or a 'Master of Sentences.' In saying this, however, we have no desire to abate from his real merits, which, in some respects, are high, or to insinuate a doubt that, even as regards the profoundest questions of theology, he is a writer who, whatever may be his rashness here, or his negligence there, and whatever the grave defects of his doctrinal views, is entitled to respectful consideration, and has even contributed something towards the solution of the difficulties which,

especially at this day, seem to environ the faith of the curious and searching student.

The first publication of Dr. Bushnell's, of which we have any knowledge, appeared in 1849, or possibly in the latter part of 1848. We have not ourselves seen it; but, through the kindness of the Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, now of Paris, the learned and accomplished American translator of Neander's *Life of Christ*, we are enabled to give some account of it. It was entitled, 'God in Christ: Three Discourses, delivered at Newhaven, Cambridge, and Andover, with a Preliminary Dissertation on Language. By H. Bushnell, D.D.' The appearance of this volume led to a controversy of some length. The author was charged with holding erroneous, not to say heretical, views respecting the Trinity, and with being unsound on the doctrine of atonement. The truth is, that the creed of Dr. Bushnell at this time seems to have been precisely such as the strict followers of Coleridge would recognise as their own. The criticism of Dr. M'Clintock, written at the time, describes his faith respecting the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as Schleiermacher's *Modified Sabellianism*, as 'no real' doctrine of the 'Trinity.' He taught that 'the Trinity results of necessity from the revelation of God to man;' in other words, with his master, Coleridge, he reduces the doctrine of the Trinity to an 'idea,'—a 'regulative idea.' He also apparently rejects the orthodox doctrine of vicarious sacrifice. The Incarnation would seem to be regarded merely as a manifestation of the life of God, whose end it is to quicken or regenerate the human character. The sacrificial and ritualistic view of Christ's death is represented as the 'Divine form' in which God designs the feeling of the world to find its object.

In the same volume, also, Dr. Bushnell writes against dogmatic theology, and teaches that theology cannot be a science. This position has all along been maintained by the broad or rationalising school of English divines, as the contrary position, moderately stated and duly guarded, had ever been defended by the orthodox, until, in an evil hour, Mr. Mansel came forward to maintain views identical, as to this point, with those of the Coleridgean school.

We are quite disposed to believe that, since 1849, Dr. Bushnell has advanced towards orthodoxy in his doctrinal views, as we have reason to believe that he has greatly matured and come nearer the true centre in his evangelical sympathies and in his Christian experience. But we are not aware that he has, in any of his late writings, retracted or modified, either expressly or by implication, the teachings of his former volume. As respects the mystery of the Holy Trinity,

the language used by Dr. Bushnell in his latest work is not inconsistent with the views which, as expressed in his *God in Christ*, brought upon him in 1849 the charge of Sabellian heresy. By themselves, indeed, his expressions might not be sufficient to warrant the charge of Sabellianism, but they indicate no change in his doctrinal views as respects the point in suspicion. 'Christ and the Spirit are complementary forces, and both together constitute a complete whole.'* 'There is, in short, no intellectual machinery, in a close theoretic monotheism, nor any such thing as a work of grace or supernatural redemption. In the Christian Trinity, this want is supposed.....Having these instruments of thought and feeling and faith toward God, and suffering no foolish quibbles of speculative logic to plague us, asking never how many Gods there are! nor how it is possible for one to send another, act before another, reconcile us to another? But, assured that God is one eternally, however multifarious our conceptions of His working, how lively and full and blessed is the converse we get, through these living personations, so pliant to our use as finite men, so gloriously accommodated to the twofold economy of our salvation as sinners!'† Such language as this indicates, as we think, no change in Dr. Bushnell's views respecting the mutual relations of the Father, Son, and Spirit. Far be it from us to wish to cast a stigma on an eminent and pious man, or to brand him as a heretic for what appear to us to be defective views on this most mysterious subject. We are aware that the speculations even of the great John Howe respecting 'the modes' of Divine manifestation approach very nearly to Sabellianism, that Dr. Watts held similar views, and that they have been attributed to Dr. Doddridge, at least in his earlier life. But we think it important that Dr. Bushnell's position as a theologian should be understood, and that young students in particular should know what are his speculative tendencies, and to what school he belongs.

We have looked in vain also through the works Dr. Bushnell has written since that which is set down at the head of this article, for any evidence that their author has attained to more explicit evangelical views as respects the cardinal doctrine of vicarious atonement. In regard to the Christian character, Christian influence, and a Christian life, there is much beautiful, refreshing, and instructive writing in the volumes on *The New Life* and *Christian Nurture*; and there are some pages of somewhat questionable speculation on 'The Power of God in Self-Sacrifice;' but there is no adequate exposition of the great and

* *Nature and the Supernatural*, page 270.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 274, 275.

central doctrine of the gift of the Son by the Father for the sins of the world. Dr. Bushnell's writings evade the grand text, 'He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' The position which he holds, in respect of evangelical theology, cannot perhaps be more exactly defined than by saying that he, as an American, represents very accurately the hazy theology, and at the same time the evangelical sympathies, of which in this country the late Archdeacon Hare was the chief exponent. It may be added that, whilst not to be compared to Hare for learning, and far inferior in genius, he has studied in the same philosophical school, and shows somewhat of the same subtlety of insight into human nature, in its sympathies, its influences, and its perversions, which so singularly characterizes the most distinguished among the disciples of Coleridge. Moreover, having, it may be presumed, greater leisure, and being apparently as indifferent, as Hare was careful, respecting finished purity of style and fulness and accuracy of documentary proof or historical illustration, Dr. Bushnell has been able to complete a scheme of thought and argument, embracing the widest possible range of speculation, and to present something like a complete view of 'Nature and the Supernatural,' of 'God in Christ,' of the 'New Life,' and of 'Christian Nurture.'

There is another deceased, and we may add lamented, English clergyman, with whom we may compare Bushnell. In temper, sympathy, and general cast of mind—not certainly in style—he bears more resemblance to Hare; but, as respects his theology, he may perhaps be yet more strictly identified with Robertson. As the theological position of Mr. Robertson has recently been defined in the pages of this journal, we shall not think it necessary, after this general statement, to dwell any further upon the grave and dangerous defects of Dr. Bushnell's theology, especially as regards the vital doctrines of vicarious atonement and of justification by faith. Suffice it to say, that the Gospel doctrines of guilt and ransom are left out of Dr. Bushnell's theology.

No one who is acquainted with the writings of Coleridge can read his American disciple without being frequently reminded of the master: in the treatise on 'Nature and the Supernatural,' especially, we recognise, in the matter of it, the influence of the 'Aids to Faith;' and, as to its style, the mixture of Coleridgean words and phrases, and of somewhat barbarous imitations of the English philosopher's peculiar coinages, with vigorous Americanisms, and Emersonian German-Americanisms, produces a curious result, such as readers of English divines would not have expected in a treatise on so high and profound a subject as

'Nature and the Supernatural.' Nevertheless, the staple of Dr. Bushnell's style is fresh and racy English, full of animation, though deficient in exactness and finish.

We are bound to add that, as respects the development of his theology, Dr. Bushnell is far more nearly orthodox than his English master in philosophy—or even, on some points, than the leading English theologians of the school. In his general views as to miracles there is not very much to which exception can be taken; they seem to agree nearly with those of Dean Trench. As respects prophecy, he is favourably distinguished, not only from Coleridge, but from Maurice, Kingsley, and Robertson, inasmuch as he does not eliminate, but accepts, the proper predictive element and character in the prophecy; and indeed, in general, his views respecting biblical and prophetic inspiration seem to be far superior to those of the English Broad Church, not only of the Oxford, but pantheistic, but of the Cambridge, or Platonizing, school.

Much may be learnt by a comparison with each other of the various writers of the Coleridge school. To a large extent the doctrines of this school have been esoteric. Coleridge hints at views in his *Notes on English Divines*, which he confesses himself not prepared distinctly to explain, and half whispers utterances which he did not venture to articulate aloud. His *Aids to Faith* was confessedly but a preliminary and preparatory work, a mere introduction to the depth and expanse of his philosophy or theology, intended for the use of neophytes. Little by little, here and there, the actual developments of his esoteric doctrine have been cropping out, in the writings of his disciples, since his decease. He spoke what he would not write; and in conversation he pointed the way to views which, in their full distinctness, he scarcely deemed even his most advanced disciples prepared to receive. In his family, and among his intimate friends, a tradition of his doctrine has remained, which has been gradually diffused among his school. Part of this has been put in writing by his accomplished daughter, the late Mrs. Sara Coleridge, and by his friend and admirer, Mr. Green, but part of it also, as we have found reason to conclude, has never been otherwise embodied in writing than in the works of his disciples, nor perhaps even so has as yet been fully expressed. Very remarkable is the strict harmony between the hints and leading ideas of Coleridge's scheme of doctrine, whether we call it philosophical or theological, and the system of Mr. Maurice, as unfolded with some superficial completeness in his *Kingdom of Christ* and his *Essays*, and as more fundamentally set forth, with respect to its principles, in some later works; and we have no hesitation in saying, that Coleridge's complete theology must be learnt very

mainly from the writings of his disciples, Maurice and Kingsley. But, after all the attention we had bestowed upon their writings, there was one point of their theology which remained to us obscure, on which, as we think, the last work of Dr. Bushnell casts some illumination.

Coleridge discarded all faith in a personal Satan. His Satan is the personified, not personal, spirit of selfishness and evil. It might have been expected that his followers would agree with their master in this particular. Indeed, a belief in the personality of Satan is plainly inconsistent with a creed such as that of Messrs. Maurice and Kingsley, which resolves heaven and hell into mere subjective states, belonging as much to the present life as to that beyond the grave, and which denies the doctrines of the general resurrection and the final judgment. Nevertheless, in his *Essays* and in some other of his writings, Mr. Maurice does seem, in various passages, to teach in the plainest possible terms the existence and agency of a grand personal Arch-Tempter and Spirit of Evil. A critic in the *National Review*, who seemed to have the clue with which to thread the intricacies of Mr. Maurice's theological labyrinth, nevertheless speaks of him as 'pushing the claims of a diabolical being far into the evil phenomena of our nature;'^{*} and an accomplished gentleman of advanced rationalistic views, who printed a few years ago for private circulation a paper on Mr. Maurice's theology, which was originally prepared with a view to insertion in the *Westminster Review*, closes his critical essay by intimating his expectation that Mr. Maurice must ere long find himself compelled, in self-consistency, 'to give up his belief in a Spirit of Evil.' In the supplementary notes, however, to his *Modern Anglican Theology*,[†] Mr. Rigg has, after an extensive collation of passages, arrived at the conclusion, for which he gives his reasons *in extenso*, that Mr. Maurice does not believe in a personal Satan as the one master spirit of evil. Sometimes, when he seems to speak of an evil spirit, he does but personify particular dispositions or principles, as when he says,—

'The world has its own spirit too, or rather a legion of spirits, which fulfil its commands and take possession of its servants. All those tempers which lead men to worship what they see, or to worship themselves, or to pursue some vision of selfish glory or happiness, are such spirits; mighty over our feeble wills, but not so mighty as the Spirit of God,' &c.—*Epistles of St. John*, p. 228.

Sometimes, by an evil spirit he appears to mean no more than

^{*} *National Review*, October, 1856.

[†] Pp. 202–207. Second Edition.

the evil will, or the spirit in evil activity, of the individual man, as when he says,—

‘Whatever form a lie happens to take, *the lie itself is spiritual*, and not material, *the product of a bad spirit*, and to be denounced in that character.’—*Ibid.*, p. 224.

As respects subordinate ‘devils,’ he finds them on earth and in flesh and blood as well as in the invisible world. ‘A person,’ he says, ‘who has lived with Christ, and been a minister and apostle of Christ, and yet sinks into a separate self-existence, answers to the Scripture definition and idea of a devil.’*

But when he speaks absolutely or generically of ‘the Evil Spirit,’ his reference, as esoterically interpreted within the circle of Coleridgean adepts, must be understood to be to the personified Principle of Self and Self-seeking, which degrades a man to ‘a condition of separate self-existence,’ and which, to use Mr. Rigg’s words, ‘as one and alike in all men, and as necessarily awaking, sooner or later, within every intelligent creature, as a consequence of his personality, to tempt him to live to himself and not to his Heavenly Father, to live to himself and not for his fellow-creatures, is insulated and bodied forth as the common tempter of mankind, and is thus conceived to have tempted, and to have been vanquished by, the Blessed Lord Himself.’ ‘The use of the personal pronouns *who* and *he*, in reference to such a personified principle, is, indeed,’ continues Mr. Rigg, ‘harsh and misleading. But Mr. Maurice would allege that this principle or spirit, yielded to, *becomes* the man himself, passes into his own personality, and becomes identified with his own individuality, and that then the personal terms which apply to the man, may be applied to the spirit which possesses him.”

In his *Epistles of St. John*, Mr. Maurice often speaks of ‘the Evil Spirit,’ under the specific designation of ‘Diabolos, the Accuser,’ or as ‘the devil who accuses God to man, man to God, and man to man.’ By this designation he would have us to identify the spirit of selfishness, the devil in us which degrades us to ‘a separate self-existence,’ with the disposition which leads or tempts any man to deny or doubt of either his own interest or that of any other man in the love of God, either his own vital union or that of any other man with Christ the Word, the Original and Saviour of mankind.

Mr. Kingsley’s teachings as to the existence and agency of evil spirits may, with advantage, be collated with Mr. Maurice’s

* *Gospel of St. John*, p. 204.

larger expositions (if those may be called *expositions* which savour so much of *imposition*). Respecting the character and position of Satan, we do not remember anything distinct or decisive in Mr. Kingsley's writings. He can talk, indeed, roundly of the devil, of his promptings and doings. But this of itself is nothing: so also can Mr. Carlyle. As to 'evil spirits,' however, Mr. Kingsley seems to speak out plainly enough. He declares distinctly that 'evil spirits are persons,' and that 'vast numbers' of them are continually tempting man. The only thing is, that he really seems to go too far to mean all that he says, at least in its obvious sense. He teaches, apparently in strict seriousness and literalness of meaning, (as we had occasion several years ago to observe in this journal,) that particular evil spirits tempt to each particular sin: one to worldliness, another to filthiness, others to falsehood, to pride, to covetousness, to cruelty under the name of law, to idleness, to meanness and unfairness in trade and in controversy, and so on. Of *these* spirits he says, 'These are the devils which haunt us Englishmen—sleek, prim, respectable fiends enough; and truly *their* name is Legion.*' Such extensive demonism as is here set forth reminds us of the climax of Mr. Kingsley's well-beloved Alexandrian school, when the Neo-Platonic philosophy, as represented by Proclus, while thoroughly pantheized, included notwithstanding a boundless faith in spirits and genii, and, so to speak, personal essences—a chaos, rather than a kingdom, of invisible agencies.

Perplexed and bewildered as we are among the disingenuous and paradoxical subtleties of our English Coleridgean school, we are glad to welcome any light which may be thrown upon this portion of their theology by the teachings of their more evangelically disposed American contemporary.

Mr. Rigg commences his extended note on 'Mr. Maurice's idea of Satan, the Selfish Spirit or Principle of Evil,' by the two collateral queries, 'Is his Satan a mere personified principle? or is Mr. Maurice a Manichee?' and he concludes finally that, if Mr. Maurice's fullest and most elaborate statements as to the Evil Spirit have any meaning whatever, he must be held either to be a believer in an uncreated personal Spirit of Evil, an Ahriman opposed from eternity to the good God, or to believe in Satan no otherwise than as the personified principle of selfishness and sin, in the sense already explained.

The following extract from Dr. Bushnell strikingly illustrates the precision of the alternative as put in that note, and strongly

* See his sermon entitled 'Hell on Earth,' in his volume of *Village Sermons*.

corroborates the conclusion at which its writer has arrived; and we commend it to the consideration of those of our readers who may hitherto have been misled by the phraseology which Mr. Maurice, in his popular or *exoteric* teaching, is in the habit of employing, or who may not understand how a man can be a boundless believer in devils and evil spirits, whether in or out of the flesh of our humanity, and yet not believe in Satan or hell or damnation.

'There is still another point, the existence of Satan or the devil, and the account to be made of him, which is always intruded upon discussions of this nature, and cannot well be avoided. God, we have seen, might create a realm of *things*, and have it stand firm in its order; but, if He creates a realm of *powers*, a prior and eternal certainty confronts Him of their outbreak in evil. And at just this point we are able, it may be, to form some just or not impossible conception of the diabolical personality. According to the Manichees or disciples of Zoroaster, a doctrine virtually accepted by many philosophers, two principles have existed together from eternity, one of which is the cause of good, and the other of evil; and by this short process they make out their account of evil. With sufficient modifications, their account is probably true. Thus, if their good principle, called God by us, is taken as a being, and their bad principle as only a condition privative, one as a positive and real cause, the other as a bad possibility that environs God from eternity, waiting to become a fact, and certain to become a fact, whenever the opportunity is given, it is even so. And then it follows that, the moment God creates a realm of powers, the bad possibility as certainly becomes a bad actuality, a Satan or devil *en esse*; not a bad omnipresence over against God, and His equal—that is a monstrous and horrible conception—but an outbreking evil, or empire of evil in created spirits, according to their order. For Satan or the devil, taken in the singular, is not the name of any particular person, neither is it a personation merely of temptation or impersonal evil, as many insist; for there is really no such thing as impersonal evil in the sense of moral evil; but the name is a name that generalizes bad persons or spirits, with their bad thoughts and characters, many in one. That there is any single one of them who, by distinction or pre-eminence, is called Satan or devil, is wholly improbable. The name is one taken up by the imagination to designate or embody, in a conception the mind can most easily wield, the all or total of bad minds or powers.'—*Nature and the Supernatural*, p. 88.

Two pages farther on Dr. Bushnell expresses himself very tersely to the same effect. 'Satan, then, is a bad possibility, eternally existing prior to the world's creation, becoming or emerging there into a bad actuality, which it is the problem of Jehovah's government to master.'

Our American Doctor in Divinity, let it be observed, no more denies or doubts of the existence and agency of evil demons, of 'bad spirits,' than Mr. Kingsley. Only, whilst fully admitting this, he, like Mr. Maurice, finds himself compelled by his philosophy to reject the idea of a personal Satan. The following passage has at least the merit of liveliness, and is very suggestive as to the spread and effects of 'spiritualism' in the United States.

'I am well aware of the modern tendency to resolve what is said on this subject in the Scripture into figures of speech, excluding all idea of a literal intermeddling of bad spirits. But that there are bad spirits, there is no more reason to doubt, than that there are bad men (who are in fact bad spirits), and as little that the bad spirits are spirits of mischief, and will act in character, according to their opportunity. As regards the possession of foul spirits, it has been maintained by many of the sturdiest supporters of revelation, and by reference to the words employed in one or two cases by the evangelists themselves, that they were only diseases regarded in that light. Others have assumed the necessary absurdity of these possessions without argument; and still others have made them a subject of much scoffing and profane ridicule. For the last half century, and contemporaneously with our modern advances in science, there has been a general gravitation of opinion, regarding this and many other points, toward the doctrine of the Sadducees. Which makes it only the more remarkable, that now, at last, a considerable sect of our modern Sadducees themselves, who systematically reject the faith of anything supernatural, are contributing what aid they can to restore the precise faith of the New Testament, respecting foul spirits. They do not call their spiritual visitors devils, or their demonized mediums possessed persons. But the low manners of their spirits, and the lying oracles which it is agreed that some of them give, and the power they display of acting on the lines of cause and effect in nature, when thumping under tables, jolting stoves, and floating men and women through the upper spaces of rooms, proves them to be, if they are anything, supernatural beings; leaving no appreciable distinction between them and the demoniacal irruptions of Scripture. For though there be some talk of electricity and science, and a show of reducing the new discovered commerce to laws of calculable recurrence, it is much more likely to be established by their experiments as a universal fact, that whatever being, of whatever world, opens himself to their visitation, or invites the presence of powers indiscriminately as respects their character, whether it be under some thin show of scientific practice or not, will assuredly have the commerce invited! Far enough is it from being either impossible or incredible; and exactly this is what our new school of charlatanism suggests, that immense multitudes of powers interfused, in their self-active liberty, through all the abysses and worlds of nature, have it as the battle-field of their good or malign activity, doing in it and upon it, as the Scriptures testify, acts super-

natural that extend to us. This being true, what shall be expected, but that where there is anything congenial in temper or character to set open the soul, and nothing of antipathy to repel; or where any one, through a licentious curiosity, a foolish conceit of science, or a bad faith in powers of necromancy, calls on spirits to come, no matter from what world—in such a case what shall follow, but that troops of malign powers rush in upon their victim, to practise their arts in him at will. I know nothing at all personally of these new mysteries; but if a man, as Townsend, and many others testify, can magnetize his patient, even at the distance of miles, it should not seem incredible that foul spirits can magnetize also. This indeed was soon discovered in the power of spirits to come into mediums, and make them write and speak their oracles. It is also a curious coincidence that no one, as we are told, can be magnetized, or become a medium, or even be duly enlightened by a medium, who is uncongenial in his affinities, or maintains any quality of antipathy in his will, or temper, or character; for then the commerce sought is impossible. Beside it is remarkable that the persons who dabble most freely in this kind of commerce, are seen, as a general fact, to run down in their virtue, lose their sense of principles, and become addled, by their familiarity with the powers of mischief.—*Nature and the Supernatural*, pp. 82, 83.

Dr. Bushnell's expressed reason for disbelieving in the personal existence of Satan is as follows:—

'Evil is a hell of oppositions, riots, usurpations, in itself, and bears a front of organization only as against good. It never made a chief that it would not shortly dethrone, never set up any royal Nimrod or family of Nimrods it would not some time betray or expel. That the organic force of evil, therefore, has ever settled the eternal supremacy of some one spirit called devil or Satan, is against the known nature of evil. The stability of Satan and his empire consists, not in the force of some personal chieftainship, but in the fixed array of all bad minds, and even of anarchy itself, against that which is good.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 89, 90.

Dr. Bushnell has attained to a conviction on this point precisely contrary to the dictum of our great bard of heaven and hell, whose words have passed into the currency of a proverb, that

'Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds.'

But the ground on which our bold speculator rests his positive conclusion does not appear to us sufficient to sustain it. Force of will and intellect will prevail in an evil community, perhaps more certainly than in a mixed commonwealth; despotism may surely find its sphere in hell. If disunited in other respects, 'bad spirits' may consent to union for the sake of effectual

action against that which is good. In pandemonium a Napoleon of evil intelligences may maintain a firm ascendancy over those who are bound by their common hatred of God's rule and goodness to united organization against His dominion. Dr. Bushnell's assertion that 'evil is a hell of oppositions, riots, usurpations, itself,' is by no means inconsistent with the tenet of a personal Satan, as 'the prince of the power of the air;' the clause which follows in the same sentence, that evil 'bears a front of organization only as against good,' is not inconsistent with the ordinary and hitherto reputed orthodox tenet, but does seem to be inconsistent with Dr. Bushnell's contrary tenet. So also it is difficult to conceive of a 'fixed array of all bad minds against what is good,' if all be in all respects 'anarchy,' and if there be no 'personal chieftainship' among the evil powers.

But we should have imagined that Dr. Bushnell could not have felt himself at liberty to adopt an opinion which it is so difficult, which in our judgment it is impossible, to reconcile with the narratives of the evangelists and the plain teaching of our Lord Himself. What, on Dr. Bushnell's hypothesis, are we to make of our Lord's temptation, what of His warning to Simon, as to Satan's fell purpose against him, what of His words to the malignant and unbelieving Jews respecting their father the devil? What of His reference to the coming of the 'prince of this world?' what of His teaching that 'Satan' is *not* 'divided against himself?' Dr. Bushnell is a devout believer in the history of our Lord; he has written very beautifully and convincingly on the Divine 'character of Jesus;' he receives His teaching as fully and absolutely true, as bringing knowledge and truth from the eternal throne down to the hearts and understandings of men, as superior to all philosophy, and in its insight transcending all transcendentalisms, as far reaching beyond the sweep of human advancements, as in its authority stable and supreme from everlasting to everlasting. All this is included in the claims which he makes and establishes on behalf of Jesus in his beautiful little tract. Would it not be well, then, that he should, whatever may be his remaining doubts or scruples, submit implicitly to the plain word of Jesus, when He reveals glimpses of the nature and working of His great antagonist?

We apprehend, however, that the real and operative reason for Dr. Bushnell's opinion on this point is rather to be gathered from the collateral bearing of the doctrine of Satan's personality on the question of the final restoration of evil spirits, than from any express argument by which he would endeavour to establish it. Like the great majority of Platonizing divines, from

Origen to Kingsley or Llewellyn Davies, Dr. Bushnell clings to the hope that all lost spirits may eventually be brought back to the bosom of the 'universal Father.' 'It has been the plan of God,' he says, 'so to coerce and subjugate, or by His love regenerate, the bad powers loosened by the act of creation, as to have them in eternal dominion;' it is His 'purpose finally to turn it [evil] about by His counsel, and transform it by His goodness and patience.'*

We do not affirm that Dr. Bushnell teaches this doctrine distinctly; but he looks in its direction longingly, and, as we think, would fain leave for its admission more room, by viewing the powers of evil, not as an embattled kingdom arrayed in permanent rebellion under the constant mind and will of one arch-rebel, but as a loose and fluctuating multitude of hostile wills, without centre, or entrenchments, or organic unity, with each of whom the Most High may deal severally, in the way of grace and restoration, and all of whom, it may be hoped, will eventually be subdued and 'transformed' by Divine 'goodness and patience.'

And surely it is a pleasing dream! Who of us, if we might, sinful as we are ourselves, would not delight to cherish the same hopes? But we are no judges of what befits the righteousness of God, of what the counsel even of His love may demand in the way of condign justice upon the rebellious, for the sake of the best interests of His universal kingdom. Moreover, (and we are persuaded that Dr. Bushnell himself feels the force of this consideration,) it is impossible to set a limit to the possibilities of self-hardening which belong to those awful prerogatives of free-will with which all intelligent and moral beings are invested. It may be, that the lost spirits are such as no goodness or patience could avail to save, such as *will*, and *therefore must*, preserve their deadly enmity and rebellion, so long as they preserve their identity,—whom only destruction could change from what they have chosen to be. It may be that to every angel of the devil the Lord God might say, 'What could I have done more unto you which I have not done unto you?'

These considerations avail to neutralize with us the natural bias, of which we are conscious, in favour of such views as those which are held by Messrs. Maurice and Kingsley on the point now in question, and as Dr. Bushnell seems to incline towards, although he does not distinctly affirm them. Then, when we come to the Holy Word, its statements on this subject appear to be so clear, so full, so unambiguous, that we can only bow our

* *Nature and the Supernatural*, pp. 90, 91.

heads in unquestioning faith and submission, and humbly say, 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?'

Dr. Bushnell's work on '*Nature and the Supernatural*,' it is now time for us to say, is intended as a preliminary argument, which may serve as a basis on which to erect a structure of biblical interpretation and of Christian doctrine. It undertakes to clear the way of difficulties which might otherwise interfere with the reception of the Bible and Christianity. Aiming to embrace in one scheme of fair and reasonable adjustment the complex harmony of '*Nature and the Supernatural*,' it would disarm objections by anticipation, and prepossess the mind in favour of the entire system of revealed truth. The philosophy of the volume is wider in its range than the Scripture revelation, but seeks to find a place within its compass for that revelation; evincing its harmony with all that may be probably inferred or reasonably supposed concerning the entire order, course, and government of the universe. Dr. Bushnell, in fact, so far as Providence, miracles, and the general principles of the Divine government are concerned, has, in this volume, endeavoured to supply that which it was the lifelong dream, rather than purpose, of Coleridge to accomplish, in reference to the entire system of moral and scriptural truth and doctrine,—to evince, not only negatively, but positively, and on a far wider scale than Bishop Butler, the harmony of natural and revealed religion, of philosophy and scriptural theology.

The attempt is daring, but, as might be expected, only partially successful. There is much vigour of thought, there are acute and even profound suggestions, some great principles are cleared and illustrated happily and impressively, plausible objections of unbelievers are often neutralized; still, not only does the style often sadly lack philosophic exactness and literary finish, but there is, in some of the latter chapters especially, a looseness of statement, as to facts, and a hap-hazard style of conjecture and hypothesis, which impair the value of the volume; and for which the writer has the less excuse, inasmuch as he informs us that the treatise was written some years before it was published. Moreover, as we have already indicated, the writer's own theology is far from being either evangelical or orthodox.

Throughout, however, the book is a protest and an argument against naturalism; of which, as is strikingly shown in the first chapter, popular literature and science are at present full, which 'begins, like an atmosphere, to envelope the common mind of the world,' and into which, as Dr. Bushnell justly says, evangelical teachers often fall, without being aware of it.

The first thing to be settled in the main argument of the volume, is, to define the mutual relation and limits of nature and the supernatural. In doing this, Dr. Bushnell is clear and bold, and becomes, in virtue of his boldness, striking and original. He will not allow the free personality of man to be a part of nature.

'The Latin etymology of the word *nature* presents the true force of the term, clear of all ambiguity. The nature (*natura*) of a thing is its *about-to-be*, or its *about-to-come-to-pass*; and the radical idea is, that there is in the thing whose nature we speak of, or in the whole of things called nature, an about-to-be, a definite futurity, a fixed law of coming to pass, such that, given the thing, or whole of things, all the rest will follow by an inherent necessity. In this view, nature, sometimes called "universal nature," and sometimes the "system of nature," is that created realm of being or substance which has an acting, a going on or progress, from within itself, under and by its own laws....It is to our scientific, separated from our religious, contemplation, a chain of causes and effects, or a scheme of orderly succession, determined from within the scheme itself.....That is supernatural, whatever it be, that is either not in the chain of natural cause and effect, or which acts on the chain of cause and effect, in nature, from without the chain.....We expect to show that God has, in fact, erected another and higher system,—that of spiritual being and government,—for which nature exists: a system not under the law of cause and effect, but ruled and marshalled under other kinds of laws, and able continually to act upon or vary the action of the processes of nature. There is, however, a constant action and reaction between the two; and, strictly speaking, they are both together, taken as one, the true system of God; for a system, in the most proper and philosophic sense of the word, is a complete and absolute whole, which cannot be taken as a part or fraction of anything.'—Pp. 18-20.

Dr. Bushnell regards man as partly in and of nature, and partly above nature.

'That there is a proper and true nature in man, we certainly know; for all the laws of thought, memory, association, in the human soul, are as fixed as the laws of the heavenly bodies. It is only the will that is not under the law of cause and effect, and the other functions are by their laws subordinated in a degree to the uses of the will and its directing sovereignty over their changes and processes. And yet the will, calling these others a nature, is in turn solicited and drawn by them, just as the expressions alluded to imply, save that they have, in fact, no causative agency on the will at all. They are the will's reasons, that in view of which it acts; so that, with a given nature, it may be expected, with a certain qualified degree of confidence, to act thus or thus; but they are never causes on the will, and the choices of the will are never their effects.'—P. 21.

Dr. Bushnell's position is, in brief, that whatever comes under the law of cause and effect is natural; that, throughout the domain of nature, causation reigns with absolute and universal sovereignty; that whatever, accordingly, in its operation or agency is not under the law of causation, must be held to be supernatural.

We cannot suppose that many will object to this conclusion: we do not well see on what ground the philosophers of any school should decline to accept it. The inference that man, in his free agency, acts supernaturally, may indeed appear startling to some of the less thorough-thinking of the upholders of free-will; but it will not alarm naturalist or necessarian philosophers, because, on their principles, it does not follow. The naturalist holds nature and the law of causation to be co-extensive, and denies *in toto* the supernatural. The necessarian, who believes in a 'transcendent' Deity, and in spiritual powers, may perhaps prefer another definition of the supernatural to that which Dr. Bushnell adopts, because he would extend the reign of causation throughout all the activities of creaturely existence; but at least he would agree that whatever is in or of nature can act only under the law of cause and effect. If, therefore, man's will be above that law, we may fairly see in it an instance of the supernatural.

Dr. M'Cosh has just published a new work,* which will be eagerly welcomed, on *The Supernatural in Relation to the Natural*,—immediately called forth by the infidelity of the *Essays and Reviews*, as Dr. Bushnell's kindred volume was by the kindred infidelity of such American writers as Parker and Emerson; but also to be regarded as the first part of a long contemplated work on *The Method of the Divine Government, Supernatural and Spiritual*, which the distinguished author has 'all along intended' to follow his great work on *The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral*. Let us compare his views respecting the Natural and Supernatural with those of Dr. Bushnell. Dr. M'Cosh rather describes than defines Nature and the Supernatural, rather enumerates what they respectively comprise, than strictly determines what they are. By Nature, however, he incidentally teaches that we are to understand the 'system or Cosmos of objects and agencies in this world, which may have relations to regions beyond, but is, all the while, a self-contained sphere, with a space around it.' 'The beings above this sphere, and the agents beyond it, though it may be acting on it,' he calls 'Supernatural.'

* A more particular account of this book will be found in the Brief Literary Notices at the end of this Number.

Dr. M'Cosh's explanation of the words is more according to usage than Dr. Bushnell's, but not, we apprehend, so strictly philosophical. Dr. Bushnell would recognise in 'agents beyond and above this sphere,' a mixture of the natural and supernatural. His definition befits his argument, which aims to include within its range all worlds and all intelligences. Equally in heaven, in hell, on earth,—throughout the universe,—there must be a distinction between necessary effects and free volitions, between what must be regarded for each particular sphere as the nature of things and the voluntary operations of moral agents. It is only on the platform of the constituted order and steadfast uniformity of operations and sequences, that spiritual liberty and power, that obedience or rebellion, angelic or satanic character, and Divine manifestations, can be displayed. It is necessary, therefore, to a comprehensive argument like Dr. Bushnell's, that the natural and supernatural should be recognised and defined for other worlds as well as for this. Dr. M'Cosh regards all as supernatural which is above and beyond the system of things with which men are brought into relations cognizable by science: his Nature is the existing Cosmos. But Dr. Bushnell's Nature may far transcend the material Cosmos; it may belong to angels as well as men, and have a place both in the upper and nether realms of spiritual life and activity.

So far as regards the material universe, Dr. M'Cosh's views of nature will be found to coincide with Dr. Bushnell's. 'In nature every substance is endowed with certain properties, which act on the needful conditions being supplied.* That is to say, all natural substances act according to their properties, and in the necessary way of causation and effect. But here we come upon the difference between the British philosopher and the American doctor in the application of this principle. According to Dr. Bushnell, as we have seen, man is a cause, but his voluntary actions are not themselves caused. According to Dr. M'Cosh, on the other hand, the reign of causation includes even the human will. This is one of the few points on which we cannot agree with the philosophy of Dr. M'Cosh. Rather, like Dr. Bushnell, we agree on this point with Cousin, as quoted by Dr. M'Cosh himself in his *Method of the Divine Government*.† 'Above my will, there is no cause to be sought; the principle of causality expires in the presence of the cause in the will; the will causes, it is not itself caused.' We hold that it is only by an ambiguity and abuse of language, as excellently shown by Mr. Mansel in his *Prolegomena Logica*,‡ that any determination of the human will can be said to be caused. 'As applied to Phy-

* Page 104.

† Page 275. Sixth Edition.

‡ Pp. 141-153.

sics, the *cause* of a phenomenon is a certain antecedent fact, which being repeated, the phenomenon will recur. In this sense, motives addressed to the will are not causes; for in every act of volition, I am fully conscious that I can at this moment act in either of two ways, and that all the antecedent phenomena being precisely the same, I may determine one way to-day, and another to-morrow. To speak of the determinations of the will as *caused* by phenomena, in the same sense in which the fusion of metal is *caused* by fire, is to give the lie to consciousness for the sake of theory. On the other hand, if cause be interpreted to mean an agent with power, my only positive notion of cause in this sense is derived from the consciousness of myself as determining, not as determined.*

As we are disposed to regard Dr. Bushnell's view, respecting the really supernatural character of man's free and spiritual agency, as not only logically defensible, but in a high degree suggestive and important; and as it depends absolutely upon the position that the law of cause and effect does not govern the action of the human will; we may be allowed to pursue the subject a little further. Let it be observed, then, how utterly distinct are the two notions which are, even by philosophers, often confounded under the general name *cause*. There is causation absolute or immediate, which implies will and conscious effort. In this sense man's self-determining will is a cause, and cannot, without a contradiction to our consciousness, be supposed to be an effect. It enters as an origin of force and action into the domain of nature; comes, as an independent power, within the circle throughout which causation reigns; but itself owns no allegiance to that power. But, again, there is what may be called instrumental and secondary causation,—or, otherwise, physical causation. In speaking of causation, in this secondary sense, we recognise what in science is designated as *force*, and, as if by a necessary law of thought, we *impute* distinct and real *power*, if not also, by a suppressed metaphor, something like intelligence and will, to that which we regard as the physical cause or agent. But this secondary idea of causation, when scientifically investigated, will be found, in its ultimate analysis, to yield no other definition of a physical cause than as signifying that without the antecedent presence of which the effect cannot be, but which, being present, the effect invariably follows. So, at least, we are constrained to hold with such authorities, herein agreed, though in so many things differing, as Brown, Hamilton, Mill, and Mansel. Now in this sense,

* Mansel's *Prolegomena*, pp. 152, 153.

the human will can, of course, have no relation whatever to causation; it lies altogether aloof from this region of physical observation and science. But, besides these two notions concerning causation, no other is conceivable; since to us there can be but the two kinds of action,—that of spiritual forces and that of material causes and effects. It follows that the human will stands apart from the law of causation, saving in so far as it operates itself as a free cause; it comes not within the scope or dominion of the laws of nature.

Dr. M'Cosh, indeed, himself uses language which seems virtually to justify Dr. Bushnell in his elevation of man's self-determining personality into the region of the supernatural.

'A fact,' he says, 'is now before us of an altogether different kind from those which meet us in any of the lower departments of Nature. Here we have a being raised above all other sublunary agents, and closely allied to that free agent who is above nature, and from whose free exercise of power all nature has proceeded.'—*The Supernatural*, &c., pp. 66, 67.

Still more strictly in unison with the line of Dr. Bushnell's argument is the following passage from Mr. Mansel's *Essay on Miracles in the Aids to Faith*.

'The most rigid prevalence of law and necessary sequence among purely material phenomena may be admitted without apprehension by the firmest believer in miracles, so long as that sequence is so interpreted as to leave room for a power indispensable to all moral obligation and all religious belief—the power of Free Will in man.

'Deny the existence of a free will in man; and neither the possibility of miracles, nor any other question of religion or morality, is worth contending about. Admit the existence of free will in man, and we have the experience of a power, analogous, however inferior, to that which is supposed to operate in the production of a miracle, and forming the basis of a legitimate argument from the less to the greater. In the Will of man we have the solitary instance of an Efficient Cause in the highest sense of the term, acting among and along with the physical causes of the material world, and producing results which would not have been brought about by any invariable sequence of physical causes left to their own action. We have evidence, also, of an *elasticity*, so to speak, in the constitution of nature, which permits the influence of human power on the phenomena of the world to be exercised or suspended at will, without affecting the stability of the whole. We have thus a precedent for allowing the possibility of a similar interference of a higher will on a grander scale, provided for by a similar elasticity of the matter subjected to its influence. Such interferences, whether produced by human or by superhuman will, are not contrary to the laws of matter; but neither

are they the result of those laws. They are the work of an agent who is independent of the laws, and who, therefore, neither obeys nor disobeys them.'—*Aids to Faith*, pp. 19, 20.

This extract will serve to indicate the line of inference by which Dr. Bushnell—having secured a place for the supernatural within the bounds of nature itself, and so put himself in a position to appeal to consciousness and experience in proof of the mutual interpretation of the natural and the supernatural—establishes a right of way, so to speak, for the entrance into nature of Divine influences and miraculous interpositions. Dr. Bushnell, however, shall also be heard for himself. Our readers will thank us for transcribing the passages following:—

'If it be nothing incredible that we should act on the chain of cause and effect in nature, is it more incredible that God should thus act? Strange as it may seem, this is the grand offence of supernaturalism, the supposing that God can act on nature from without; on the chain of cause and effect in nature from without the chain of connexion, by which natural consequences are propagated—exactly that which we ourselves are doing as the most familiar thing in our lives! It involves, too, as we can see at a glance, and shall hereafter show more fully, no disruption by us of the laws of nature, but only a new combination of its elements and forces, and need not any more involve such a disruption by Him.....A great many of our naturalists, who admit the existence of God, and do not mean to identify His substance with nature, and call Him the Creator, and honour Him, at least in words, as the Governor of all things, do yet insist that it must be unphilosophical to suppose any present action of God, save what is acted in and through the pre-ordained system of nature. The author of the *Vestiges of Creation*, for example, (p. 118,) looks on cause and effect as being the eternal will of God, and nature as the all-comprehensive order of His Providence, besides which, or apart from which, he does, and can be supposed to do, nothing. A great many who call themselves Christian believers, really hold the same thing, and can suffer nothing different. Nature, to such, includes man. God and nature, then, are the all of existence, and there is no acting of God upon nature; for that would be supernaturalism. He may be the originative source of nature; He may even be the immediate, all-impelling will, of which cause and effect are the symptoms; that is, He may have made and may actuate the machine, in that fated, foredoomed way which cause and effect describes, but He must not act upon the machine-system outside of the foredoomed way; if He does, He will disturb the immutable laws! In fact, He has no liberty of doing anything, but just to keep a-going the everlasting trundle of the machine. He cannot even act upon His works, save as giving and maintaining the natural law of His works; which law is a limit upon Him, as truly as a bond of order upon them. He is

incrusted and shut in by His own ordinances. Nature is the god above God, and He cannot cross her confines. His ends are all in nature; for, outside of nature, and beyond, there is nothing but Himself. He is only a great mechanic, who has made a great machine for the sake of the machine, having His work all done long ages ago. Moral government is out of the question—there is no government but the predestined rolling of the machine. If a man sins, the sin is only the play of cause and effect; that is, of the machine. If he repents, the same is true—sin, repentance, love, hope, joy, are all developments of cause and effect; that is, of the machine. If a soul gives itself to God in love, the love is but a grinding-out of some wheel He has set turning, or it may be turns, in the scheme of nature. If I look up to Him and call Him Father, He can only pity the conceit of my filial feeling, knowing that it is attributable to nothing but the run of mere necessary cause and effect in me, and is no more in fact from me than the rising of a mist or cloud is from some buoyant freedom in its particles. If I look up to Him for help and deliverance, He can only hand me over to cause and effect, of which I am a link myself, and bid me stay in my place to be what I am made to be.—*Nature and the Supernatural*, pp. 34-36.

But the vindication of a place in the system of things for miracles, and for God's supernatural government of the universe, is but a small part of Dr. Bushnell's argument. His aim is to indicate the general plan and scope of the Divine administration of the universe. He proceeds, therefore, to argue that nature is so far from being the universe, that it is but a subordinate part or member of the universal system; that besides Things, there are in the system of the Universe, Powers, Persons, or Moral Intelligences; that the chief interest and significance of the universe is in the Powers, or Persons, and that 'Nature is but a tool-house for the practice and moral training of Powers.'*

This brings within his range questions of moral law and obligation, of creaturely limitation and probation, of the sin and fall of free spirits, of the guilt and consequences of sin. Dr. Bushnell holds that all orders of spirits have sinned and fallen; but neither his arguments nor his exposition of Scripture on this point are convincing to us. The subject, however, is one of profound difficulty, on which it is scarcely possible to attempt an argument or speculation,—in order to set forth, even in general outline, the method and reasons of the Divine Government,—without approaching, on one side or the other, the confines of dangerous error or most precarious speculation. We must do Dr. Bushnell the justice to say, that his views as to the

* Chapters iii. and iv.

criminality of sin are in advance of those of many divines of his school. Still, to maintain the certainty, though not the moral or metaphysical necessity, that Adam, and every created spirit, whether called angel or man, would, sooner or later, if placed on trial, sin and fall, from defect of experimental knowledge, and from ignorance of law and government, if not also from the temptations of 'bad powers,' seems to us to be taking a rash and altogether untenable position. If the created spirit did not fall at the very first, surely it might never fall at all; increase of time would bring increase of knowledge and experience. We apprehend that Dr. Bushnell's speculations, on this part of his subject, are only another instance of the impotence of human thought in dealing with such questions. As to the evil of sin, our sense of its guilt and wrong, its effects on the character, its consequences to the race and the world, Dr. Bushnell says many true and impressive things. The scope of his argument respecting it may be gathered from the following sentences.

'In this and the preceding chapter, we have now traced the consequences of sin: there the consequences that must needs follow it, as effects their causes, showing what results of mischief and disorder it reveals in the soul, the body, society, and the world; here accounting for a large display of correspondent facts in the geologic history precedent, or before the arrival of man, showing that they still are as truly consequences of the fact of sin as the others, being only just those marks that God's intelligence, planning the world and shaping it, even from eternity, to the uses and issues of a trial comprehending sin, must needs display. Sin, it will be seen, is, in this view, a very great world-transforming, world-uncreating fact, and no such mere casualty, or matter by the way, as the superficial naturalism, or half-naturalistic Christianity of our time, supposes. It is that central fact, about which the whole creation of God and the ordering of His providential and moral government revolves. The impression of many appears to be, that sin in this or that particular act of wrong which men sometimes do, but which most men do not, unless at distant intervals; and who can imagine that anything very serious depends on these rather exceptional misdeeds, when, on the whole, the account is balanced by so many shows of virtue? The triviality and shallowness of such conceptions are hardly to be spoken of with patience. It is not seen that when a man even begins to sin he must needs cast away the principle, first, of all holy obedience, and go down thus into a general lapse of condition, to be a soul broken loose from principle and separated from the inspirations of God. Only a very little philosophy too, conceiving the fact that sin is the acting of a substance, man, as he was not made to act, must suffice to the discovery that, in a system or scheme of perfect order, it will start a ferment of discord among causes that will propagate itself in every direction, carrying wide-spread desolation into the remotest circles.

The whole solidarity of being in the creation, physical and spiritual, is necessarily penetrated by it and configured to it. Character, causes, things prior and *post*, all that God embraces in the final causes of existence, somehow feel it, and the whole creation groans and travails for the pain of it. The true Kosmos, in the highest and most perfectly ideal sense of that term, does not exist.'—*Nature and the Supernatural*, pp. 145, 146.

In this part of his argument Dr. Bushnell, who, as our readers will have gathered, rather affects strange expressions, entitles one chapter (vii.) 'Anticipative Consequences.' The phrase is such a solecism that we cannot but wonder, with all his audacity in coining phrases or words, that he should have employed it. Surely he might have said 'Anticipations of Sin in the Cosmical Laws and Arrangements,' or have used some such more intelligible periphrasis to express his meaning.

Having expounded the nature and consequences of sin, the author proceeds to show that there is no natural remedy for this all-penetrating curse; that neither 'development' nor 'self-reformation' can afford any help; that natural development alone would but propagate and multiply sin and its consequences, so that a supernatural power is needed to arrest and counteract this very development; that ethics and self-culture cannot help in this matter, as all experience, and the testimony of the wisest men, have abundantly proved; and therefore that a Divine Interposition was absolutely necessary. Thus we are brought back again, after the parenthesis introduced by the dark question of sin, to the position previously defined, but now to be expounded in its highest and most comprehensive sense, that the Supernatural must be conjoined, in living activity and continual interplay, with the Natural, in order to the training, the restoration, the blessing, of the subject Powers—angels, but especially men. The Supernatural is not, Dr. Bushnell argues, without its laws. *There are laws of the Spirit, as of matter; and these are not contrary but complementary to each other; there is a grand and ultimate harmony between the supernatural and the true natural*, in regard to which sin has operated as a perverting and disturbing 'ferment,' and from which it is the particular object of the Revelation of Christ to cast out the power and prevalence of sin.

This brings us to the mission of Jesus. The chapter on the character of Jesus is one of great beauty and power, and the substance of it, as published in the separate form of a little book, is well known to a wide circle of readers.

Then follows a discussion of miracles, in which, while asserting far too broadly, after the manner of his school, that 'mira-

cles do not prove the Gospel, but the problem is to prove the miracles,' he proceeds to furnish an able exposition of the nature of miracles, and a powerful defence of them, as part of the Divine Revelation, part of the Manifestation of God in and to Man, and proper to the mission of Jesus, Jesus Himself being indeed the chief and greatest miracle. Dr. Bushnell's views respecting miracles are, as we have already stated, very nearly equivalent to those of Dean Trench. They are, however, defective at one or two points. Mr. Mansel is much more exact. But Dr. M'Cosh's statement of the nature and purpose of miracles is, in our judgment, more perfectly candid and correct than either the one or the other. Dr. Bushnell, we should add, has failed properly to discriminate between Divine interpositions, whether in answer to prayer or in manifested judgment, which come without the conscious concurrence, the direct voluntary instrumentality, of any human agent, and miracles properly so called, which are always wrought by man, under the Divine prompting and inspiration.

We cannot pursue any further our analysis of Dr. Bushnell's work. We could have wished to quote many eloquent passages, but our space is limited. There is much to criticize in the last four chapters, especially in that on the non-discontinuance of miracles and spiritual gifts,—much to agree with, but not a little to 'distinguish upon.' There is a want of exactness as to facts and inductions, as to the conditions of miraculous agency and the nature of modern wonders, which surprises us in a book which has been written 'some years.' But the whole subject of miracles is one which demands special and separate treatment; and we should wish, in dealing with it, to have some more scientific text-book than Dr. Bushnell's loose chapters.

Our readers will have gathered, from all that we have said of Dr. Bushnell and his writings, that he is an author to be read with caution,—that he is far from being trustworthy as respects either the character of his high metaphysical speculations or the soundness of his theology. Nevertheless, he is to be commended for his living faith in the Divine government of all things, in the power of prayer, in the Godhead of Jesus Christ, and in the Divine greatness and might of His redemption. His views as to inspiration are unsettled, yet not naturalistic. His whole book is the token of a hopeful reaction. We wish our Coleridgeans in England had approached as near orthodoxy as Dr. Bushnell.

ART. V.—*Historical Tales.*—*Tales for Young Men and Women.*—*The Penny Post.*—COXE'S *Christian Ballads.* Oxford and London: John H. and James Parker.

The Church of England Quarterly Review once said very pithily, 'Puseyism will never be refuted while the Prayer Book remains unaltered.' We do not here discuss the justice of the opinion: we simply note the fact, that the Prayer Book has not been altered, and Puseyism, though often assailed, lives and flourishes still. The commotion that followed the appearance of Tract XC., the proceedings in Convocation against some of the Tractarian leaders, the secession of Newman and others, have, perhaps, enforced on the Romanizers the necessity of more caution; but they have not abated one of their high ecclesiastical pretensions, nor have they recanted one of their semi-Popish doctrines. Their work is, for the most part, done in secrecy, and with subtlety. They love the obscurity of the country parish, rather than the publicity and excitement of the large town, where opponents are ever on the watch to detect their vagaries, and provoke unwelcome discussion of their principles. Preferring to act on the public mind by means of the press, they generally eschew the platform, and especially rejoice if, in any of the great movements of the day, they, remaining in the back-ground, can, unsuspected, accomplish their own plans, by the instrumentality of men who, at heart, have no sympathy with their principles or objects. By adapting themselves to the changing circumstances of the times, by 'becoming all things to all men,' by watching every opportunity, by exercising necessary reserve, in short, by tactics the most skilful, they have gradually gathered strength and numbers. We hear much less of Puseyite movements than we did; now and then, indeed, some little incident attracts general notice, and shows how far extreme men are ready to proceed; but these are the fanatics of the party whom its wiser heads regard as a source of weakness; and these occurrences are only the rare exceptions to the quiet and stealthy policy which is, for the most part, adopted. The absence of public action may, probably, have led some to conclude that the power of the party has been much curtailed. There could not be a greater mistake. We are satisfied that its leaven never was more widespread, its spirit more powerful, or its results more serious: the more so because of the false security which prevails.

It is somewhat interesting and remarkable to see from how many different quarters this party has contrived to recruit its forces, and how craftily it has taken advantage of special excite-

ment to prosecute its own plans. The main body is composed, of course, of the successors to the High Churchmen of the last generation. The old 'high and dry' section has become almost extinct. Here and there you may meet with some of the class, reposing in the gentlemanly vicarages to be found in the midland and southern counties, nestling under the shadow of the old cathedrals, or buried in the cloisters of the universities. But these are generally men of the past, rather than of the present; they are fewer every year, and the race promises, ere long, to pass away as thoroughly as that of the Dodo. The younger men are of another class, exhibiting (let us freely grant) a great improvement upon their predecessors. Many of them would be very much shocked by being classed among Puseyites, but they hold by all the essential parts of the system. They are known for their rigid obedience to the Rubric, their desire to revive what they call primitive practices, their activity in the discharge of all ecclesiastical duties, their zeal for Church æsthetics, and their disposition, in general, to magnify their office, and insist on the authority of the Church. They are often courteous and gentlemanly in their social relations with Dissenters, frequently more so than those who have closer theological affinities; but they resolutely abstain from all co-operation with them in religious works, and are rarely to be found even assailing them in controversy, scarcely regarding such strife as becoming their dignity. There are among them several grades of principle and sentiment: some verging towards Romanism, and others tending to more Evangelical views. The *Guardian*, the *English Churchman*, and the *Union*, may be regarded as representative of the different phases of opinion that obtain in the class. It includes, doubtless, both good and bad elements. Some conscientiously hold the doctrines that they teach, believe, not without some show of reason, that they are most in harmony with the Prayer Book; and are prepared to make any sacrifice, even to the separation of the Church from the State, rather than renounce one iota of their principles. Others are carried away by the fashion of their set, pleased by the notions of self-importance which the system fosters, caught by its fripperies and fopperies. Among them, certainly, are many men of great learning, high principle, blameless life, and unwearied activity; some of whom have in their own parishes wrought a marvellous revolution by the earnestness of their spirit, and the abundance of their labours, presenting so marked a contrast to the easy, droning parsons, alive and at home nowhere but on the hunting field or at the social board, to whom they have often succeeded.

These form the centre of the army; but they find friends

cherishing more or less sympathy with them, on both sides. Among the 'Broad Church' are many ready to advocate the highest ecclesiastical dogma, and talk of priestly authority in a style scarcely more subdued than that of its most zealous champions. The *Saturday Review* is the most striking example of the way in which the two tendencies can be united, and of the unrelenting hostility of both to everything like Evangelical doctrine and vital godliness. The opposition, indeed, may be traced in each party separately; but it is where the influence of the two is thus blended that this hate reaches its culminating point, and displays the most intense virulence. The sneers, constant and bitter, directed against Puritanism in and out of the Church, the contemptuous insults poured on Dissenters and their 'little Bethels,' the inability to discern the good side of Evangelical men, and the malicious gloating over their every error or foible, the shamelessly unfair, not to say dishonest, treatment of those whom it is pleased to call the 'Palmerston bishops;' the patronage which, in a spirit worthy of the *Book of Sports*, it has extended to the prize ring and similar amusements, standing side by side with its contemptuous depreciation of the most earnest religious efforts of the time,—are only a few among many things which indicate by what manner of spirit it and the party it represents are influenced. Few of the better class of the 'Broad Church' would endorse all its views, and still fewer would admire the mode in which they are advocated; but we fear there are many quite prepared to accept most of those High Church principles, of which it is so able, if so spiteful, an exponent.

Still more singular, however, is the *rapprochement* between the High-Churchmen and many members of the Evangelical section. These last have been frightened out of their proprieties by the aggressions of the Liberation Society, and believing themselves betrayed by their Dissenting allies, are drawing nearer to their old adversaries within the Church. A brief note in a recent number of the *English Churchman* is very significant, and indicates, we fear, what is going on in many parts. 'Good will come of this bicentenary movement. Already a clergyman here, who, not long since, was acting with Dissenters, is now as strong in his feelings against them. In —, several clergymen will be quite cured of their affection for Dissenters, and will become better Churchmen.' We confess we cannot see the reason for all this. The ejection (we use the term, for, though some now object to it, it is that used by Bishop Burnet) of the men of 1662 was certainly a great event in the history of Dissent in this country. Doubtless the Dissenters of to-day hold views very different from those of Baxter and his coadjutors; but if they

choose to celebrate the heroic deeds of men who, at all events, were one with them as Nonconformists, we cannot see why any one need have taken exception to their conduct. Even if some of their acts and words have not been very wise (and on this point we do not wish to constitute ourselves arbiters) we do not understand why the Evangelical clergy should have regarded themselves as specially aggrieved. Surely they do not wish to constitute themselves champions of Sheldon and his colleagues, merely because they were bishops of their Church. The whole spirit and aim of these divines of the Restoration were so utterly opposed to the principles of Low Churchmen, that we confess ourselves utterly amazed by the zeal the latter have manifested in their defence, and especially by their alienation from Dissenters, because they have chosen to do honour to the victims of the Act of Uniformity. In 1857, one of the ablest laymen of the party, whose important work received high commendation from the *Record*, wrote thus :—

‘We are fully persuaded that very few persons indeed have any adequate conception of the wide gulf of separation, both as to sentiment and opinion, which subsists between the meagre theology, then most approved by the dominant party in Church and State, and that deep personal piety and acute perception of scriptural truth which animated the Reformers of the preceding century... Let any one study, with diligent attention, the published works of Ridley or Bradford; or, better still, their private letters, in which the heart is allowed to unbosom its inmost thoughts, and to reveal those solemn anticipations of eternity, which the immediate prospect of a martyr’s death could not fail to inspire. Let him afterwards turn his attention to the rigid speculations of authors such as Cosin, Thorndyke, Gunning, and Morley. Then perhaps, but not before, it may be in his power to form a clear perception of the wide chasm of separation subsisting, even in points that are most vital, between the Christianity of the Reformation properly so called, and that of the Restoration; between those sound and scriptural views of Divine truth, which created and to a certain extent sustained, the first great Protestant movement in England, and the insipid theology of a dominant, and, we fear it must be added, domineering, ecclesiastical party, whose scholastic and Romanizing predilections were notorious, whose writers afford little or no indication of an experimental acquaintance with the saving truths of the Gospel; but who were nevertheless permitted, under the auspices of a reckless and unprincipled government, to tamper with the very choicest work of their martyred predecessors, and to leave the impress of their own barren systems upon that precious heritage of truth,—precious notwithstanding certain manifest defects,—which those holy men had left us.’—*Revision of the Liturgy.* By J. C. Fisher, pp. 280, 281.

These, surely, are not men whose action our Stowells, and Millers, and M'Neiles need be greatly concerned to defend. True, they were Churchmen; but if anything could injure the Church of England, and shake its hold on the affections of the nation, it would be the exhibition of these divines and their opinions as the true type of Churchism. We are not surprised that the High Church glorify them; but we are both astonished and grieved to see the Evangelical clergy lending them an assistance which must ultimately affect most injuriously the great interests which they have always had most at heart. It is Puseyism alone which can profit by this controversy; and it is quietly looking on, rejoicing to see its work so well done. The *English Churchman* exults in the ardour shown by the Evangelicals on behalf of Church principles, at the same time regretting that the zeal is not always 'according to knowledge,' and pointing out, rather scornfully, some historical errors into which its Low Church allies have been betrayed. Certain it is, however, that these strong ecclesiastical views have been spreading among the section hitherto most opposed to them; that some of its leading men are found on the platforms of the Propagation and similar Societies; that many of them are more disposed to adopt practices about which they have hitherto scrupled; and that a change has come over their spirit, so marked, as to attract the attention of all careful and impartial observers.

The 'Essay and Review' controversy, on another side, has served to cement the alliance of these old adversaries, and to increase the power of the High Church. The Bishop of Ripon is not more zealous in his denunciations of the '*Septem contra Christum*' than the Bishop of Oxford. Archdeacon Denison, and Dean Close, find here a common point of agreement; and Dr. Miller cannot be more vehement than Dr. Pusey. We are not (we need scarcely say) admirers of Dr. Williams and his allies; we believe them not only to have offended against the laws of their Church, and violated the conditions of their own subscription, but to have taught principles essentially infidel, if not atheistic, in their character. But surely nothing can be more repulsive than to find among their foremost assailants men whose right to remain in the Church is, at least, as questionable as their own. If Mr. Jowett has erred on one side, assuredly Dr. Pusey has offended quite as much on the other; and few can feel much satisfaction in witnessing the vehemence with which the semi-Papist attacks the semi-infidel; and still less in seeing how this crusade against German Rationalism has served to strengthen the hands of a party whose tendencies are just as fatal to the simplicity and purity of the Gospel. It is certainly

a strange shifting of the cards by which the Rev. H. B. Wilson, one of the four tutors whose protest drew attention to the immorality of Tract No. XC., finds the position of himself, and those whom he then attacked, exactly reversed. Truth has gained nothing by the change. The old defendants have, indeed, very easily adapted themselves to their new character of assailants; and have brought no little learning and zeal to the work. But they have been careful to secure proportionate advantages for themselves. Many, admiring the earnestness and skill of their championship, have, for the time, forgotten that they are themselves advocates of a system as thoroughly opposed to the supremacy of holy Scripture, as that of the *Essays and Reviews*; and thus they have been able to obtain for themselves an amount of popular sympathy and favour to which they have long been strangers, and of which they are not deserving. True, moreover, to their own instincts and principles, they have sought to find in this fearful heresy an argument against the right of private judgment, and in favour of that authority which they claim for the catholic Church. It would be a sorry result if a triumph over Neology were only to be secured by means which should give new life and energy to mere Traditionalism.

While differing from the party, however, we can give them full credit for their singleness of purpose, consistency of view, and activity in labour. Their organs, in the press, are distinguished by a power, an intensity of conviction, and sometimes by a candour, that do them all honour, and might be imitated with advantage by those holding more scriptural sentiments. The *Record*, and the *British Standard*, would not be the worse if they learned lessons both as to the spirit and style of their advocacy from the *Guardian* and *English Churchman*. In a different and higher department, Dr. Pusey's great conscientiousness as a commentator, his almost painful efforts to secure accuracy, and the mature scholarship which he brings to bear on the great work on which he is now engaged, are beyond all praise. We know from private and undoubted sources of information, that the issue of the parts of his Commentary has been delayed by his determination, at whatever cost either of money or labour, to arrive at perfect correctness relative to minutiae which the majority of writers would have passed over, as scarcely deserving research at all.

It is our purpose, however, at present, simply to direct attention to the exertions they are putting forth in the department of popular literature. We have before us the recent volumes of a penny publication, which circulates upwards of twenty thousand copies, and which is devoted mainly to the advocacy of their

principles,—not often indulging in argument, but quietly insinuating the views as incontrovertible truth, in narrative, poetry, or interesting essay, giving a strongly coloured view of all transactions that affect the Church, and seeking in every way to maintain a feeling of devotion to the priesthood. We shall deal with its opinions afterwards; we mark here only the unquestioned ability with which they are set forth and advocated. There is also a number of tales for young people, mainly prepared for the rural districts, and adapting themselves to their circumstances,—all their lessons converging to one point, and intent on one object. We have, beside, a collection of ballads not wholly without poetic merit, ringing the changes upon a few favourite notions, and well fitted to acquire that power which good songs must have on semi-educated minds. Finally, we have a series of novellettes treating of some of the leading epochs in English history, down to the reign of Henry VIII., and intended to give such a view of their events as may increase the veneration of the people even for the unreformed Church. What the publisher could do has been done for all of them. They are got up with simplicity, yet with elegance; and, though intended for the people, are not unfitted to find an entrance into higher circles. That they are extensively circulated through the parochial libraries, and other channels, is certain; nor can it be doubted that they will exert great influence. They are, indeed, only a few of the agencies, which are continually at work for the diffusion of the same opinions; but, in our view, they are among the most insidious and dangerous of all. We feel assured, therefore, that our readers will not grudge the space required for a brief sketch of the errors they set forth.

First. As to the *Historical Tales*. We are not disposed to start, *in limine*, objections to the historical or the religious tale. Both require special and careful treatment, and demand qualifications which very few possess; we have, therefore, constant instances of failure; but success has been achieved, and the tale has sometimes become an instrument for imparting instruction, or inculcating truth on those who had recourse to its pages only that they might while away an idle hour. These, however, are rare exceptions. More frequently are false or distorted views of great historical events and characters presented; ideas implanted which it is almost impossible afterwards to eradicate; prejudices strengthened which should rather have been counteracted; and so the whole intellectual and moral character of the reader injured. It cannot be denied that Shakspeare has been one of the most influential teachers of English history; and that the notions derived from him, in early

life, often survive all effort to uproot them—that Sir Walter Scott has thrown around Mary of Scots, Claverhouse, and the young Pretender, a charm which they could never have possessed, if regarded only in the light of history; and that thus not only gross injustice has often been done to individuals, but an interest has been awakened on behalf of principles deserving only reprobation.

The truth is, the author of an historical tale should always feel himself bound by restrictions which, unfortunately, he is constantly tempted to transgress. No prejudice of his own should lead him to present an unfair representation of any historic personage, by leading him to conceal the excellences of one whom he dislikes, or to present only the virtues of some object of his admiration. He should feel himself bound in this respect by the same laws as the historian himself, as careful in sifting evidence, as anxious to do impartial justice, as desirous to bring out not only the truth, but the whole truth. It is here that the historic novelist constantly errs; perhaps he has sufficient evidence for what he states: but he seems to deem himself exempt from the obligation of presenting the entire case, and entitled to deal with his subject as the advocate, whose avowed purpose is only to put forward what suits his own purpose. But the very licence which he takes destroys, to a large extent, the value of his work. We can conceive that an historic tale may be very useful. If in pleasant and lively style, it relate faithfully some great event, if its sketches of the olden times be vivid and truthful, it may arrest a careless reader, and may leave on the mind a more lasting impression than is produced by more scientific works. But where it does not answer to this description, where its narrative is constructed without any regard to fact, where great personages are introduced into mere imaginary scenes, where throughout there is a desire to produce an impression favourable or unfavourable to a certain party, then the historical sinks even below the level of the ordinary novel. The one is taken up solely for amusement;—instruction is sought from the other, and that which it gives is false in its teachings, and injurious in its tendency. No one who has read many of these works can deny that they belong mainly to this latter class, and are very badly entitled to exemption from that general sentence of banishment pronounced in many families against all novels but those of the historic school.

Similar observations may be made in relation to tales written with a controversial aim. Nothing is more attractive to some people than this mode of diffusing their own peculiar tenets, but nothing is more difficult. It is easy enough, doubtless, to create

a number of characters, and assign to them certain parts, always arraying the good under your own banners, and crediting your antagonist with a number of most disreputable and atrocious villains; to indite a number of discussions in which your strong points shall all be put forward, while your adversary indulges in mere drivellings, fitted only to call forth the contempt of all sensible men; and, finally, to prepare for your friends all possible honour and blessing, and to heap on your opponents all kinds of calamity and suffering. The whole achievement is so easy, that one only wonders how it can be supposed that any remarkable skill is displayed, or any great end accomplished by its performance. It is really nothing more than a repetition of the very marvellous but very old feat of preparing the man of straw, that you may show your chivalry and prowess in his destruction. Yet who does not know that this is the character of a large majority of these productions, and that among the worst are those which deal with religious controversy? The reason is obvious. On no subject are men's feelings more deeply engaged, and on none is their information more imperfect. The intercourse between different religious sects in this country is unhappily so slight, that there are few capable, even could they divest their mind of all prejudice, of giving a faithful representation of the inner religious life of any community but their own. Still fewer, perhaps, are there who can so take the stand-point of an opponent, as to enter into his views, appreciate fully the arguments by which he has been led to their adoption, and so present his case, in opposition to their own, with any degree of justice. There may thus be the utmost desire to write with candour; and yet, from the very circumstances of the case, the representation given may be utterly one-sided, prejudiced, and unjust. We might go even further and say, that the more a man approached this impartiality, the less likely would he be to attain any measure of general favour; for he would alienate his own friends without conciliating his enemies.

Another source of unfairness is, that writers think themselves warranted in depicting their opponents in the most odious and repulsive colours; justifying themselves by the fact that they have known or heard of men exactly answering to their description. The fact may be perfectly true; but the inference they base upon it is most unwarranted. England produced a Daniel Lambert and a Palmer; but any one writing a tale in which all the Englishmen introduced had the *physique* of Lambert, or the *morale* of Palmer, would merely be imposing a caricature in the place of a faithful portrait. It is exactly the same when Dickens presents his Chadbands and Stigginses as the types of

Dissenting preachers; Thackeray, the worldly, vicious popularity-hunter Honeyman, as the representative of the London clergyman; or Trollope, the low, illiterate, sneaking, sensual hypocrite Slope, as a specimen of the Evangelical divine. It is not denied that there have been such men; but they are drawn by the novelist as patterns of the class to which they belong. This is the fault into which writers of controversial tales are continually led. Their intentions may be honest; possibly they are drawing from life, and recording incidents which have come within their own observation: they forget or ignore the large number of men and events, of an entirely opposite bearing, which they are bound to record, if they would give a complete view. No man should ever attempt such tales who does not recognise the fact, that many of those who differ from him, have formed their opinions with as much care, and hold them with a firmness and sincerity equal to his own; that, in all the great questions that divide Christian men, there is much to be said on both sides,—that human nature is the same everywhere, and that no sect has a monopoly either of the good or the bad; and that, if we knew our opponents better, we should find much more to honour than we can discover by the superficial and distant glance which is all we generally enjoy. Unhappily these are just the qualities which such writers generally do not possess: more frequently they are vehement partisans, who see nothing but good on their own side, nothing but evil on the opposite, and who write accordingly. They are thus constantly narrow in view, and prejudiced in their estimate of character.

We have dwelt on these general principles, because they are specially applicable to the case before us. These are ecclesiastico-historic tales; and as such they are liable to, and are chargeable with, the faults of both. We have already spoken of their literary merit; but that would only make us the more jealous as to the influence they may exert, in propagating false views of history, and erroneous principles in theology. Their writers, for the most part, seem unable to perceive any goodness except in connexion with the ecclesiasticism to which they are so wedded. They can find it ever under the cowl of the monk, or the mitre of the proud Romish prelate; but, in the unauthorized Methodist or Dissenting teacher, they see nothing but self-seeking rebellion against rightful authority, sycophancy, hypocrisy. While throwing a cloak over the ambition of a Dunstan, or a Wolsey, as the infirmity of noble minds, they have nothing but severest censure for errors far less injurious in their influence on the part of humbler men, who unfortunately do not happen to be in the line of apostolical succession: while

disbelieving many of the charges against the old monasteries, and excusing the small portion they do believe, they are ready to credit the most absurd tales against Methodism, and, if they are not ready to hand, to create them for their purpose. Their history is everywhere disfigured by this strong bias. The most questionable statements are put forth as facts, and the most odious characters held up to veneration, if it be necessary, in order to throw a halo of glory around the old Church. As the English historic series does not come down below the time of Henry VIII., of course it is with the Roman Catholic Church alone that they have to do, and no effort is spared to correct the old-fashioned Protestant notion in relation both to its principles and practice. The monastery is the home of piety, where wearied spirits find rest from the turmoil of the world, or entire devotion to the service of God; the priests introduced are almost invariably wise, holy, devout, all others being kept studiously in the background; the religion of the times is set forth under the most attractive aspect; and the general tendency of the whole is to produce the impression, that there was very little to reform, and that the zeal of our great Reformers carried them a great deal too far.

The spirit of their teaching will be more apparent if we go rather more into detail, and examine some of the historic statements propounded. Two or three of the tales are designed to bring out prominently the idea of that Ancient British Church to which many now-a-days are inclined to attach so much importance. We are not at all disposed to enter into so vexed a controversy, and the less so, as to us it is of no practical value. We certainly attach no weight to the idea of a separate apostolical succession derived thus independently of Rome; while the notion that the Church of England can regard her vast endowments as private property, in virtue of the right of inheritance to this British Church, is too absurd to be broached by any but a partisan whose violence prevents him from seeing the weakness of any argument that may be quoted in support of his own views. The controversy must be decided on such widely different grounds, that we cannot see the wisdom of employing time and thought on a question which assuredly will never be allowed to affect the issue. We are certainly not inclined to doubt the existence of British Christianity, but beyond that point we are not prepared to go. Whence and how it came,—who were its first preachers,—how far it spread,—what were its doctrines and practices, are points involved in obscurity; and the only result of the strong and dogmatic assertions made in relation to them, is to tempt us to regard the whole thing as a myth. We

cannot, therefore, accept the views that are propounded in these tales; but we have neither space nor disposition to enter into a discussion where we have no solid historical basis for statements on either side, and where the conclusion at which we arrive is of no real moment.

We pass over *The Rivals: a Tale of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, because it has no direct bearing on ecclesiastical questions. Its scene is laid at the time of Augustine's mission to England; but as its plot does not turn at all upon that event, every allusion to which might have been omitted without impairing the interest or continuity of the story, we regard the title as a misnomer, although the tale itself is one of the least objectionable of the whole.

We come next, however, to one which unites some of the worst characteristics of the series. *The Forsaken* is a story of the times of Dunstan; and the design is to glorify that famous prelate on the one hand, and to exhibit the awful sin of marrying a brother's widow on the other. 'The Forsaken' is a fair young damsel, a daughter of a Saxon thane, betrothed to one of high distinction at court, the ealdorman of his province, who is seduced from her by the fascinations of his elder brother's widow. Had he been visited with calamity for the wanton violation of his solemn vow of betrothal to the fair one whom he had thus heartlessly abandoned, we could have applauded the justice of the writer. But with him the moral offence is nothing,—the ecclesiastical offence is everything. The man who has defied the law of the Church is guilty of incest, and Dunstan is justified in the pitiless severity with which he visits him. In vain the King intercedes on his behalf; in vain even the Pope grants him a dispensation; the haughty prelate is resolved to curse the unhappy man, who is thus hurried on from bad to worse, until he is guilty of real crime, and is visited with a succession of sorrows that, at last, induce him to submit to the Church. The incident is based upon fact; but we were scarcely prepared to find even the highest Churchman prepared to vindicate the inhuman conduct of Dunstan in the transaction.

Were we even to grant his notion as to the offence to be true, we should still condemn the conduct of Dunstan as lacking the noblest elements of Christian character. To represent his stern, proud, unpitiful, and arrogant behaviour as the exercise of proper Christian discipline, is to forget the true character of the Gospel. The truth is, Dunstan had about him much to excite awe, or even admiration, but little to awaken respect, and still less to call forth sympathy. View him as a mere statesman, intent on the accomplishment of some cherished object of his

desire, and though you may honour the unbending firmness, the great ability, the dauntless courage, with which he pursues his end, you must condemn his unscrupulous policy, his ruthless violence, his disregard of everything that stood in the way of his ambition. But look at him as a professed minister of Jesus Christ, and remember that the grand object of his policy was to inflict the curse of forced celibacy on the clergy; and then your admiration of his talent, his daring, and his energy, is lost in utter abhorrence of so fearful a mockery of all that is sacred in religion,—such a ruthless trampling upon all that is tender and beautiful in human feeling and relation.

This is the man whom our author delights to honour. He is described as,—

‘A man who spared evil neither in himself nor in others; a man of strong feelings, the tenderest of which would seldom appear, and who would, therefore, generally stand before the world as the severe and unconciliating defender of right and upholder of truth.’—Page 12.

And again :—

‘It was, indeed, a grand sight,—a sight for many years,—for many remembrances, and many traditions, to see Dunstan rise up in his might. There he stood before the assembly of the people, resisting alike the advice of the King and the commands of the Pope, whose authority was then paramount in the West, and acknowledged by none more than by Dunstan himself. Clothed in his black Benedictine robes, surmounted by a richly embroidered cope, over which fell down in front the white strip of the pall, spotted with its red crosses, that very pall which, by a long and weary pilgrimage, through forests and plains, and over rivers and mountains, Dunstan had fetched from Rome with his own hand, he stood before the assembly. His head was surmounted by the low cushion-like mitre of that day, and he leaned, or seemed to lean, upon his crozier, whilst his double-cross, which had preceded him in procession, was held by his cross-bearer behind. But Dunstan wore the robes, and not the robes Dunstan; and though he seemed to lean upon the staff, yet stood he up strong in his cause, and in the God whose cause he was holding. *Lofty in faith, leaning only on the Unseen, he towered above his peers as a tall oak reigns in the forest, or as some huge cathedral tower reigns on high over its subject city.*’—Page 108.

This is a description fitting only for a confessor, or for an apostle. Here it is employed by a Protestant in relation to one who was nothing but an incarnation of the worst spirit of Popery; one of the foremost in a mighty, but most mischievous band, who brought such evils on humanity, and inflicted such dire disgrace on the Church of Christ, by converting the priesthood into a

caste, and securing for it so terrible a power over the souls and consciences of men. He was an English Hildebrand, acting in a narrower sphere, but breathing the same spirit of priestly arrogance, intent on the like aim, and seeking it with the same passionate determination, as regardless of all human feeling, as soaring in ambition, as un-Christlike in temper and conduct. Assuredly, it is no slight evil that such a man should be held up for the admiration of the people. The idolatry of genius is bad enough. A stroll through the Walhalla of Carlyle is not very pleasant. It is good neither for mind nor heart to be taught to regard Danton, Robespierre, Mirabeau, Friedrich, and, strangest of all, that monster Friedrich Wilhelm, with affection and reverence. Mr. Froude, too, sometimes takes the breath out of us by the demands he makes on behalf of that extraordinary favourite, bluff Harry. But even they scarcely rise to this point. '*Lofty in faith, leaning only on the Unseen.*' What more could be said for human character than this? Surely he who says it must have more sympathy with the objects this man sought than he cares to express. In the references to the clerical celibacy, 'I dare not' waits upon 'I would;' but the eulogy on its distinguished champion, who employed the power he thus derived from "leaning on the Unseen," to enforce it on the clergy, is enough to indicate where the author's tendencies point. An evil day was it for England when such priests ruled, and evil would it be if they ever had the opportunity of regaining their ascendancy.

To glorify Dunstan the writer is content to accept the monstrous story told by Dr. Lingard relative to Edwy and Elgiva. The real facts of that horrid tragedy are involved in a mystery, which it were vain to hope to penetrate. Whether Elgiva was the mistress of the King, or was only so regarded by the priests, because, though married to him, she was within the limits of consanguinity, is a point on which it is not easy to arrive at any definite conclusion; but the probabilities are in favour of the latter view. Hallam leaves the matter doubtful, attaching little importance to the chroniclers on whom the Romanist writers rely, but Lappenberg, the best authority on this period of our history, positively asserts, 'The King had espoused Elgiva;' resting his statements mainly on the title given to her in a charter in the *History of Abingdon*, and an abstract of the same, both preserved in the Cottonian MS. This is as near certainty as we shall be able to get. Our author accepts Dr. Lingard, and the old monkish chroniclers, as his guides; and does not hesitate to assert that both Elgiva and her mother were mistresses of Edwy. The point is of importance mainly as indi-

cating the determination to rescue Dunstan from all censure, and to cover the memory of Edwy, as an enemy of the priesthood, with all possible obloquy.

Very different is the measure meted out to Edgar. He was content to suffer Dunstan to exercise supremacy in the realm; and not only supported him in all his measures to enforce clerical celibacy, but was always a zealous and liberal friend of the Church, both giving from his own resources, and enacting tithe laws of extraordinary severity. He is thus described: 'That court,' we are told, 'was the worst possible place for a man of Elfhun's frame of mind. The King's influence, and Dunstan's, both paramount and decisive, were against everything evil, and in favour of all that was good.' A more glaring and wanton violation of historic truth we have seldom met. Religious the court might be, if implicit deference to the priest constitutes religion; but moral it was not. A more profligate prince than Edgar has rarely sat upon the throne. The chronicles, despite their author's admiration for his piety (?), are full of tales of his unrestrained lust. He was a friend of the priests, however, and therefore this ravisher of nuns is declared to have exercised an influence against everything evil, and in favour of everything good. Dr. Hook's words on this point are so true and forcible, and his testimony is so entirely above suspicion, that we have great satisfaction in being able to appeal to such an authority:—

'In few things do we perceive the inconsistencies of the Pharisaic party, which, from the time of our Lord to the present hour, has never ceased to exist in the Church, than in the different treatment allotted to Edwy and to Edgar. Edgar, the successor of Edwy, was not only the most debauched of Anglo-Saxon Sovereigns, but he added cruelty to profligacy. Neither the paternal roof, nor the convent itself, was a protection to innocence when his passions were excited; and on one occasion, at least, he had recourse to the dagger to avenge himself on the man who ventured to interpose between him and his pleasures. His reign was glorious, because, as we shall presently see, he had Dunstan for his minister; but even his panegyrist in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle is obliged to confess that he "loved foreign vices, and introduced into England heathen customs, encouraging outlandish men, and harmful men." Yet this man was extolled as a "man of God," and has obtained from monkish writers the excess of praise, simply and solely because he patronized the Benedictine party, and preferred its advocates. Against Edwy, the only charge that can be substantiated is that he contracted a marriage which, according to the view taken of it by the Benedictine party, was illegal, because it was within the degrees of consanguinity, which, acting on the Roman law, the ecclesiastics of that party had prescribed.'—*Lives of the Archbishops*, vol. i., p. 374.

When Dr. Hook wrote thus, he could scarcely have anticipated that, even in his own Protestant Church, there would, at this time of day, be found a writer to rival, and even surpass, the worst faults of the monkish historians. They had, at least, the honesty to confess Edgar's faults; but here he is represented as one of the best of Kings, and the priest who connived at his adultery, sacrilege, and murder, for the advancement of his own monastic designs, as one of the holiest of men, full of 'lofty faith, and leaning on the Unseen alone.'

Ex uno disce omnes. The tale we have just reviewed is, perhaps, the worst of the series; but it has this eminence, not because its spirit is at all different from that of its fellows, but because the character of Dunstan presents more difficulties than that of any other to a writer desirous of holding up the Roman ecclesiastics as subjects of popular reverence. *Aubrey de L'Orne* treats of the times of Anselm in a spirit contrary alike to our English and Protestant notions. The story itself is simple and touching; its sketches of the men and manners of the times graphic and instructive; and, in the main, justice is done to the historic personages introduced. We may think that Rufus and Henry would scarcely have been depicted in colours so dark, had they not been such strong opponents of ecclesiastical encroachments. It cannot be denied, however, that both of them, and especially the former, were harsh, cruel tyrants, for whose deeds of violence it would be impossible to offer a single word of apology. It is true, also, that the character of Anselm is one of the most beautiful to be found among the records of the time. We have not a word to say against the loving spirit in which his undoubted virtues are here depicted; we, too, can venerate him for his conscientiousness, his resolute adherence to what he believed to be right, his gentle temper manifest everywhere, except where his views of duty enforced the exhibition of other qualities; and we can fully acquit him of all personal ambition in the course which he adopted. We should, indeed, be disposed to qualify our estimate of his character by the introduction of other elements; but even these we regard rather as the faults of his age and his monastic training, than as the defects of the individual. What we complain of here is, the aspect in which the great controversy of his life is presented, as though he were all right and the monarch all wrong. The halo of sanctity which is around his name, the honour due to his great merits as a man and a theologian, the sympathy awakened by his cruel and, to a large extent, undeserved sufferings; and, on the other hand, the repulsion felt for the brutal Rufus, and the more polished, but

no less selfish, Henry, are all calculated to give us wrong notions in relation to the great struggle between the king and the archbishop. There is the more need, therefore, for caution in forming our judgment.

It is to be remembered, then, that with all his love of scholastic pursuits, his disdain of all personal pomp, his fondness for a monastic life, and his undoubted aversion to accept the high office forced on him by Rufus, under the influence of a superstitious panic,—Anselm was as stern an upholder of the claims of the Church as those whose championship was inspired by more selfish motives. Dean Milman says, 'He was as high, as impracticable a churchman as the boldest or the haughtiest. Anselm's was passive courage, Anselm's was gentle endurance; but as unyielding, as impregnable, as that of Lanfranc, even of Hildebrand himself.' It might be added, that even Hildebrand's determination to maintain the supremacy of the Roman see was not more firm and unbending than that of the meek and passive monk. It would be as impossible to justify the conduct of the English monarchs in the strife, as it would be absurd to attribute it to any high or ennobling motive. Yet we feel that in the great points at issue they were right; and that their sturdy resistance, though not wholly successful, did something to save England from sinking into that state of abject submission to the papacy, which characterized others of the European nations.

The author of *Aubrey de L'Orne*, however, sees nothing but good in the priest, nothing but evil and wrong in the monarch. He forgets to tell us how the spirit of Rufus had been roused by Anselm's simile, in which he compared the king and himself to two oxen yoked to the same plough, thus virtually claiming equality with the monarch in his own realm; or how, on another occasion, he varied the figure, and made it still more offensive, by representing himself as the poor, defenceless sheep yoked with a wild, untamed bull. He forgets, too, to relate how, from the first, Anselm assumed a tone of superiority that could not but prove most offensive to the Norman monarch, and tend to produce the most excessive irritation. Above all, he keeps out of view the fact, that Anselm's one object was to rivet the chains of priestly despotism upon the people of England; and that, in the pursuit of that, the practical work belonging to him as an archbishop was almost wholly neglected. The great points of the quarrel are entirely misrepresented. We are told that 'Anselm had stipulated before his consecration that he might recognise one of the rival popes. Urban and William now refused to allow him to go

to him for the pall, not because it was a token of the usurpation of the Roman see, but because the King would fain decide which was the true pope, and which was not.' Supposing this had been the only question, Anselm was unquestionably wrong. The King had not promised to recognise Urban, but simply to come to some public decision on the conflicting claims. The primate was entitled to demand that a synod should be called to consider and adjudicate on the question: 'He had clearly no right,' says Dr. Hook, 'to make his election, irrespectively of the royal authority. William, with justice, represented the support of Urban as a breach of Anselm's oath of fealty; he might, he said, just as well have made a direct attack upon the crown.' This is the explanation of the course taken by the bishops, who, in a position of great difficulty, appear to have acted with unusual caution and wisdom. Our author, indeed, condemns them. 'In this emergency, the bishop gave their chief no support, and actually advised him to submit unconditionally to the King; but Anselm would not.'.....'Influenced by such terrors the bishops, although they dared not condemn their primate, offered to renounce Anselm's obedience,' (we suppose the writer means 'obedience to Anselm,') 'but here they were put to shame by the lay barons, who refused to sanction such a proceeding.' Very hard measure is here dealt out to the bishops, who endeavoured, with consistency throughout, to preserve intact the spiritual privileges of the primate, while they maintained the rights belonging to the suzerainty of the King. From this position neither the one party nor the other could induce them to move. They supported the King as against a rebellious vassal; but when he desired them to bring Anselm to trial, they steadily refused thus to trample on the authority of their spiritual superior. Though they were churchmen, they did not forget the duty they owed to their King; yet, when occasion demanded, they did not hesitate to resist his will. To them, much more than to either of the contending parties, is commendation due for the course they pursued.

The writer is in error again when he represents the objection of Rufus to Anselm's application to Rome for the *pallium* as arising solely out of his personal antipathy to Urban. This, indeed, was the first objection; but even when this was removed, the more vital one remained, in the unwillingness to acknowledge the assumption of the papacy in the matter. The papal legate succeeded by diplomatic skill in staving off the difficulty for the time by a subterfuge that reflects credit on neither party; but the whole controversy arose again under Henry I. Here, too, as might be anticipated, the writer's leaning is to

Anselm. We have no space to follow out his reasonings, but turn with pleasure from this effort to enlist popular sympathy on the side of spiritual despotism, to the wise utterances of Dr. Hook on the question, feeling that they will have more weight than the testimony of any civil historian, and that they will indicate how strongly pronounced are the Romanizing tendencies of writers who stand thus opposed to one whose zeal for High Church views cannot be doubted. 'There has always been a tendency, not merely to palliate but to justify the conduct of Anselm in his character of archbishop. No one laboured more consistently than he to enslave the Church of England, and to bring it under the dominion of the pope; and yet he has not unfrequently been represented as contending for the liberties of the Church. We may, indeed, admit that such was his view, and that the bad men William and Henry, to whom he was opposed, thought nothing of the Church, but simply of their own authority. But when we bring the experience of ages to bear upon our judgment of the controversy which Anselm raised, we cannot but perceive that it was not against despotism he contended; for, the most oppressive spiritual despotism was involved in his doctrine of obedience. His contest was simply for a change of masters. He desired to supersede a royal by a spiritual despot.'

A series of tales on English Church history might have been expected to include one on John Wycliffe. Of no nobler and truer spirit can the Anglican Church boast. The man who prepared the way for the Reformation by translating the Bible into our English tongue, who fearlessly exposed the ecclesiastical abuses of his day, who, standing well nigh alone, dared to enunciate great principles of civil and religious freedom, is surely as worthy of honour as Dunstan, Wolsey, or even Anselm. He is evidently, however, a man not to the taste of the party with which we are dealing: and, therefore, we hear but little of him or his deeds, that little being not calculated to place him before us in a favourable light. So much admiration, perhaps, has been lavished on the proud assertors of priestly rights, that none is left for the daring Reformer of Lutterworth. We have a tale, indeed, of the times of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler, where there was ample opportunity for the introduction of Wycliffe; and, except for such purpose, we see no reason why attention should have been directed to the period at all. But the writer tells us that 'he is unwilling to attempt an account of Wycliffe's doctrines, which were a mixture of good and evil, without carefully reading his writings, which he is unable to do:'—a very frank confession of utter incompetence for the

work he has undertaken. The man who cannot give a faithful account of Wycliffe's doctrines, because he is not acquainted with his writings, is certainly not the man to write an ecclesiastical tale of the days of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler.

But if he has not read the works of Wycliffe, it is manifest on what side his sympathies lie. The priests here, as, in fact, everywhere through these tales, are described as ministers of mercy to their parishioners. No Romanist could desire to have his priesthood exhibited in a fairer light; and, in fact, very few would have ventured on so thoroughly one-sided a representation. It is true the author confesses that there were some imperfections: in the face of *Piers Plowman*, Chaucer, and other writers of the time, it would have been impossible to avoid the acknowledgment. But not only are these faults reduced to the smallest possible dimensions,—they are employed as an instrument for attacking the Evangelical party of to-day. If we are to trust the writer, these latter are far greater sinners than the priests of the fourteenth century. After quoting a passage from *Piers Plowman* on the immorality and luxury of the clergy, he adds, that 'every age has its faults, and ours among the rest;' and goes on to draw the parallel. Having given a quiet rap to the lovers of field sports, and those who run up to London and leave their cures, he adds, 'There are certainly too many of whom it may be said

" And vigilies and fastyng dayes,
All this late I passe."

' And those clergy who shorten their service of the Church, or leave out what they do not like, are certainly *over-skipperis*. There are those who, like the monks and friars, intrude into other men's parishes, and set bishop and incumbent alike at defiance. Moreover, if any, for popularity or interest, preach an easy salvation, what do they do but sell salvation? And, moreover, if confession and absolution, when abused, are evil, what is the total omission and discouragement of them?' Thus are the people invited to believe that the Anglican clergy of to-day are no better than the corrupt and worldly priesthood of which we have such terrible pictures in the writings of the times. Of course, Methodists and Dissenters are infinitely worse, having been guilty of the sin of schism. Now, we do not deny the existence of faults and weaknesses in the popular religion; there are many things it has which we would fain see absent, many things wanting which we should be glad to see supplied. But to compare the great body of the class to whom the writer principally alludes with the Roman Catholic clergy

of the Middle Ages,—the bishops who intrigued at courts, or figured at the head of armies, the jolly abbots, the dissolute monks, the impudent friars, the illiterate and careless priests, of whom we have such marvellous photographs in the works of Chaucer and *Piers Plowman*, to say nothing of the more solid statements of historians, or the eloquent denunciations of Wycliffe,—is an insult to men who, whatever be their faults, are doing a great work, and saving the Established Church from that destruction to which the writer and his party would very speedily conduct it.

With such views, however, we need not wonder at the portraits we find here of priests, or at the depreciating references to Wycliffe and his followers. There is not the courage boldly to attack one whose name is so justly dear to Englishmen; but all that can be accomplished by sly innuendo is done to produce the impression that he was a wild man, intent upon wanton innovations, with a violence which was only equalled by his fickleness; and regarded with dread by good men, who were doing their work as parish priests with devotion and earnestness, mourning over the corruptions that had crept in here and there, but unwilling to disturb that which was good, and, not daring to venture on any attempt to root out the tares, lest they should destroy the wheat also. The two priests who play important parts in the story, are both men of exemplary piety,—men who have been attracted by the teaching of Wycliffe, and have a certain sympathy with him: the one has a 'calm judgment and disciplined zeal' which have kept him from Wycliffe's errors; the other has been disgusted by his 'subterfuges' at the trial at Lambeth. We would we had time to confute this slander, but we must forbear, marking only the difference between the treatment adopted towards any venial error of a Reformer, brow-beaten by powerful foes, and that pursued towards the grave offences, not to say heinous crimes, of arrogant prelates. John Wycliffe was the salt of the society of the day, and to him, his translation of the Bible, and the noble words of himself and his associates, we owe it, under God, that the mass was preserved from utter corruption. It is bad indeed that our people should be taught to abate their love for such a man, and to transfer any portion of their reverence to that apostate Church against whose many corruptions it was the business of his life to protest.

The writer evidently expresses his own view in the injunction of the priest of Girges to one of his flock 'to refrain from speaking ill of the clergy, and thinking and discoursing of our corruptions, and occupy thyself rather in works of charity and

devotion ; leaving God's Church to Him to pacify her in His own manner and in His own time.' Reformers are manifestly a most unwelcome class, who speak when they ought to be silent ; and the corruptions themselves are less evils than attempts to remove them. How God is to work except by the instrumentality of man we do not quite see, or how that instrumentality can be called into action if men hold their peace and wait for some miraculous deliverance. It is, certainly, a comfortable doctrine for a corrupt priesthood, that it is the duty of the members of the Church to fill their own place, say nothing about the faults of their ecclesiastical superiors, and believe that God will reform the Church. It has not been by obedience to such ideas that the Church has advanced and attained what purity and power it now possesses.

In the same spirit are allusions to the Lollards in *Agnes Martin : or, the Fall of Cardinal Wolsey*. We have in it the members of the Church infected with Lollard opinions, whose rashness, conceit, and dogmatism, are so introduced as greatly to weaken any sympathy, which his earnest love for his Bible might have awakened. Of like spirit is the Lollard shoemaker, in the village where the scene lies, confident and self-reliant in his professions, offending taste and good-feeling by his language to his dying rector, yet unable to stand the test of persecution ; while on the other side is the rector, one of those wonderful priests, so rare in real life, so abundant in these tales, — a model of simplicity, charity, meekness, saintliness. These Lollards, if we credit the representations here given, must have been very pestilent fellows. There is not a word of the terrible persecutions through which they passed, and which numbers of them encountered so manfully ; no recognition of the service they did to England by their humble, obscure, and unrewarded labours. We are left to understand that violence dwelt with them ; purity, loftiness of soul, heroism among the priesthood.

We need not say how Henry VIII. fares in the hands of such a writer. He is no favourite of ours, and we are not at all disposed to break a lance in his cause. We scarcely expected, however, that old slanders, long since refuted, in relation to him would have been revived here. He has faults enough of his own, and needs not to be charged with any of which he was innocent. We have here a blow aimed at him and Anne Boleyn, the sincere friend of the English Reformation, at the same time, in the tale, that Mary Boleyn was Henry's mistress before her sister was his queen. A more baseless charge could not be advanced. It is found in the pages of Dr. Lingard, who seems to be the historic guide implicitly followed by these writers ; but

we doubt whether any other author of any name ever gave it credence. Cardinal Pole was the first to give it currency, and in such a way, as has been well shown by Froude, as to reflect great discredit on himself.

The affair of Henry's divorce from Catherine might have been expected to cause some little perplexity to writers who regard marriage to a brother's widow in the light in which it is set before us in the tale of *The Forsaken*; but the difference is at once recognised between that which the Church sanctions and that which it condemns. In common justice to Henry, it is well to remember that the scruples he professed did not arise suddenly,—that they had been held from the first, and that their revival was to be attributed to the failure of male offspring, and to the doubts as to the legitimacy of his daughter expressed by the Bishop of Tarbes, when it was proposed to unite her with one of the French princes. Grant, too, that Henry was a bad man, as we thoroughly believe, we ask, In what respect was Wolsey superior? If Henry was wrong in seeking a divorce from Catherine, was not Wolsey just as culpable? Was he not willing to aid the King in every way, until he found that his own projects were likely to be crossed? Did any consideration of humanity or right ever hold him back from seeking to gratify his own ambition? Why, then, is one measure meted out to him and another to his master? If there be one of Henry's faults for which an excuse may be found, it is his desertion of the cardinal. Wolsey owed everything to the King's favour, who had not only raised him to rank, and endowed him with wealth, but had long endured an arrogance that was insufferable. He had encouraged the monarch in his ideas of a divorce, till he found that the success of the scheme menaced his own position and power; and he had then mocked his sovereign by a series of intrigues of the most irritating kind. No wonder that Henry grew wearied of such traitorous ingratitude, and that the cardinal was at last caught in his own net. The misfortunes which darkened his last days have disposed many to deal tenderly with his memory, and have served to keep out of view the gross faults of his prosperity. There is a tragic interest belonging to the last scene, by which it is very easy to touch a true and feeling heart; but calmer reflection will show how little even then the man was deserving of sympathy. Even the celebrated speech to Cromwell, to which Shakspeare has given immortality, and which is here made to do duty again, was a grand piece of self-deception. He might fancy that he had served the King, but his bosom's true lord was self, and the King had been served only in so far as fidelity to him was compatible with that devotion to his own interests

which the cardinal never forgot. He perished, not because he had been too faithful to the King, but because, when a time came in which unfaithfulness seemed to be good policy, he had made the experiment, and failed. He played for high stakes, played a losing game, and had to pay the penalty. There are few characters of the period less deserving of admiration. The munificent patronage he extended to learning, and his unwillingness to deprive his college of the services of scholars merely because they were suspected of heresy, are redeeming traits; but they were associated with an ambition that knew no bounds, a craft that abjured all right principle, an ostentation that often became low and vulgar, imperious haughtiness, that would have trampled alike on King and people, not to speak of those grosser vices that lie at his door.

To us there is little to honour in that race of ecclesiastical statesmen whom the writers of this series are so desirous to exalt. Isolated from the world by their vows of celibacy, members of an exclusive order, whose interests were, in their view, paramount to everything beside, and so lacking the highest element of patriotism, their rule, either in England or other lands, was rarely for the good of the country which they governed. Their position itself was strangely inconsistent with the name they bore, and the work to which they were professedly devoted. That successors of apostles, overseers of human souls, servants of the Lord Jesus, should mingle in the intrigues of cabinets, and direct the policy of courts, only afforded proof how little they were entitled to the sacred character they claimed. Unhappily, too, instead of bringing the spirit of the Gospel into their secular work, none were, as a rule, more ambitious, more unscrupulous, more prone to petty intrigue. Happily their day is past, and no efforts will ever be able to restore a power generally exercised for evil.

We have not space to notice the tales referring to colonial and foreign Church history; and it is the less necessary, as their tone and tendency are in perfect harmony with those we have already reviewed. Everywhere there is the same desire to exalt the sanctity of the priesthood, to enforce the claims of apostolical succession, to exhibit the saving benefits of baptism, to clothe the monastic life with interest and beauty. There is, too, an effort to create an affection for the Greek Church, in accordance with the cherished views of some of the party, who, as our readers know, have sighed for some union with that section of catholic Christianity. We must give the authors credit for the charm they have thrown around some obscure and almost forgotten portions of Church story, even while we regret the use

they have made of them for the support of principles which we hold to be most false and pernicious. There is a beautiful manifoldness in Christian life which we ought joyfully to recognise. God does not work according to any one pattern, nor are zeal, purity, devotion confined to any one community, or displayed only in a certain series of forms, words, or acts. We can sympathize with these writers in honouring the self-sacrifice of the Basilian nuns, who tended the Lazar-house at Leros, the simple though mistaken piety which has found its home in many a monk's cell, the heroism which sent forth the missions of the Middle Ages to the Celts and Germans. Our complaint of them is, that they find such goodness only within the pale of the Catholic Church, and that within that enclosure they are so often inclined to call even the evil good. The man does good service who teaches, by example, that in communities and ages where we have been wont to see nothing but corruption, there were still some 'whose garments were not defiled,'—that no Church and no century was ever so utter a desolation that there were not to be found in it some green spots of beauty,—that often careful search will discover the true plant of life beneath a thick growth of superstition and error which has hidden, and almost choked, it. To learn this is to have our views enlarged, and our sympathies expanded; an end that every Christian heart should desire. But the very opposite of all this is the result when we are taught that fellowship with the 'Catholic Church,' and zeal for it, may cover a multitude of sins; that in the absence of this even goodness itself is to be regarded with suspicion, if the possibility of its existence be not utterly denied.

The Convert of Massachusetts is numbered among the historical tales, and is so inasmuch as it gives a representation of the state of the Episcopal Church in that North American colony, prior to the separation from the mother country. It more properly, however, belongs to another class, of which we have two or three specimens, designed to discredit Methodism and Dissent, and to show the superiority of the Church of England. The one we have named relates the conversion of a young man brought up in Independency, which (we are told by a reviewer, quoted in the advertisement) 'upwards of a century ago flourished in Massachusetts and many other of the States of New England.' If we are not greatly mistaken, it flourishes there still. But let that pass. The object of the present tale is to show how false is Independency, how true is Episcopacy, and, above all, how necessary are true episcopal orders to give validity to a ministry at all. It was, certainly, rather a bold undertaking for a writer to defend such a position under the special circumstances here

described. At the period to which the tale belongs the Church of England had no bishop on the North American continent, and all who desired holy orders had to come to this country for the purpose. To maintain that there could be no rightful minister of the Gospel among the colonists, except those who had visited England,—at a time, too, when a visit to England was a much more serious undertaking than at the present,—requires some hardihood. The writer succeeds in it to his own satisfaction, and to the conversion of the misguided youth, who, having been trained in Independent heresies, was at last brought to see his error, and to undertake that voyage of thousands of miles, without which he could not be a true minister of the Gospel.

We do not propose, of course, to enter into the relative merits of Episcopacy and Independency; but we must say, that he must have been a very weak youth who was moved by any arguments that are put forth in this tale. The conversion, indeed, is so badly managed, that, in the discussions, the advantage frequently remains with the Independent; and you cannot see, at last, on what grounds he has changed his opinions. Both the Episcopalian and his opponent talk sad trash, such as certainly never would fall from the lips of earnest and intelligent men, calmly discussing a question admitting of so much reasoning on both sides as the relative merits of these two systems. It would be very easy, too, to point out many features of strong improbability in the tale; but here we must forbear. Two or three things, however, are not unworthy of notice. When Baxter is introduced by the Independent as 'our Baxter,' to give his testimony in favour of the early reception of bishops in the Churches, it is only fair to remember, that not only was Baxter no Independent, but that he was their determined opponent. His evidence has its own weight, but it is not that of an Independent in favour of the early rise of Episcopacy. For ourselves, we object to regard any one system as the only possible allowable system of Church government. We see that evils have sprung up under all, and that all have been made by God instruments of great good. We feel, too, that while some men develop Christian principle most under one form of polity, others find their faith nurtured and their zeal stimulated more under its opposite. If, in the present volume, our leanings seem against the Episcopalian, it is because of the exclusiveness of his spirit, and his reluctance to find holy life and Christian usefulness except under the sway of a bishop, and the observance of the forms of the Church.

One assertion has at least novelty on its side: 'Men may occupy your meeting-houses, and hold views contrary to those of the founders, and you must apply to the law to protect you.

All bodies that a state protects are state Churches, or state sects; and the only difference is, that some are endowed, and some are not.' We need only to put a parallel case to this to see the fallacy of the assertion. Take the case of an author; a man may violate his copyright, and he must apply to the law to protect him. Are we then to say?—'All authors that a state protects are state authors.' The conclusion would be just as valid in the one case as the other. All that the state does in either case is to protect the rights of private property, and to enforce the conditions of its tenure, unless they can be proved contrary to the well-being of the community at large. To agree that the protection which the state affords to a body of Christian citizens in the enjoyment of their own sanctuaries constitutes them a state Church, indicates an utter inability to appreciate the bearings of the question. The law deals with them solely in their civil relations: it is by a mere accident that the service they claim has any relation to religion at all. Of course, all this is apart from any question as to the expediency of the state taking more decided action on religious questions. It may or may not be wise to give a Church the patronage and support of the government. All that we say is, that it is such a Church alone that can in any true sense be denominated a state Church.

If Independency meets no favour at the hands of these writers, Methodism is not regarded with more friendly eyes. Of all the tales none is more bitter in spirit, more reckless in statement, and more unfair in its treatment of the subject, than *Fairton Village: or, Wesleyan Beginnings*. We advise our friends to get hold of this choice morsel, that they may see how we are regarded by the party. It is the story of a sequestered village, blest with quiet, and enjoying the services of a holy clergyman, who (not a very probable occurrence one hundred and twenty years ago) had a daily service, and was full of zeal for his people. Into this home of peace, where all had been so fair and beautiful, the visit of a Wesleyan local preacher introduces elements of discord and evil, which are only removed when the real character of these new-fangled sectarians is exposed, and a young curate of singular eloquence and devotion comes to gather back the wanderers into the fold. We cannot enter into the details of the narrative. Suffice it to say, the poor Methodists cut a very sorry figure, and have a very sad fate. They are sneaks, hypocrites, rogues; the men are heady, self-willed, negligent of their proper business; the women envious, light, giddy, and vain, and as they well deserve, become involved in serious troubles. One young fellow, whose contempt of rightful authority had led him into the Wesleyan ranks, as the result of which he had been

enforced into a marriage with the preacher's daughter, 'a flauntingly-dressed girl, who came to lead the singing,' was ruined by the petty thefts of his servants, committed while he and his wife were absent at class-meetings and prayer-meetings; and when the crash came, while the husband's father, a Churchman, was ready to forgive disobedience to his wishes, and prepared with the needed help, the wife's Wesleyan father, on the contrary, was cold, selfish, and unsympathizing, leaving the unfortunate couple to shift for themselves. Of course, they were greatly affected by such conduct, alienated from their Methodism, and drawn back to the old Church, which produced such effects; and, singular to say, their dispositions, which before had been so bad, are suddenly transformed into all that is amiable and praiseworthy. Meanwhile, the sectarians have fallen out among themselves, and their numbers have dwindled away; and, after the fashion of the old tales, all ends happily, and affairs in the village pursue their usual pleasant and tranquil course.

Poor Methodism! it would, indeed, have much to answer for, if this was a sample of *Wesleyan Beginnings*. A quiet village thrown into turmoil, a good old rector's heart nearly broken, the worst of the people led to look on themselves as the only saints, children tempted into disobedience to their parents, servants encouraged in petty pilferings, the proper work of life neglected for mere factitious religious excitement, these surely are choice fruits. Happily for us, while it is very easy for intolerant bigotry to present such a picture in a work of fiction, it would be hard to point to its counterpart in real life. We might safely defy the author to adduce any case bearing even a near resemblance to this; and we can console ourselves, amid such calumnies, by thinking of the great work Wesley and his coadjutors did for England. We could draw a very different picture (and one that should be true to life) of villages and towns wholly given up to ignorance and vice—of clergymen neglecting all the duties of a profession on which they brought only discredit—of great spiritual wastes converted into spots of fertility and beauty by the labours of the despised Methodist preacher. But we have no need. No one who is at all acquainted with the facts of the case can doubt the wonderful moral and spiritual influence of Methodism. It may please the wretched intolerance of some to present such a caricature of its work as that before us; but it is impossible thus to deprive it of the honour that fairly belongs to it as an instrument employed by God, in a period of almost unequalled spiritual barrenness both in the Church and dissenting communities, to rouse the slumbering energies of both, and to commence that great movement which makes the British

Christianity of to-day, in its earnest spirit and missionary character, so different from the cold, effete, languishing religion of a century ago, when even the things that remained seemed ready to die. We sometimes tremble to think what might have been the result, if no such men as Wesley and Whitefield had been raised up—if the sleep of the Churches had been undisturbed,—if increasing coldness and error in the pulpit had been followed, as it must have been, by increased indifference and unbelief in the pew,—if formalism had extended still further its deadening power,—and if, in such a state of things, the country had had to contend with the influences imported from France during the brief delirium of infidelity and revolution. Happily, God had better things in store for us, and to Him we owe it that in that hour of peril, there was found scattered through the land deep and earnest faith, mainly the result, direct and indirect, of the faithful preaching of men, the evidence of whose apostolical succession was seen in their apostolic labour and success.

This dogma of an apostolical succession, belonging only to those who have enjoyed the blessings of Episcopal ordination, is the root of the system which is advocated in the *Penny Post*, illustrated in these tales, and sung in these little ballads. To this we owe that sneaking tenderness for the old Catholic Church, which is everywhere discovering itself in sympathy with Keble's injunction:—

‘By all the pangs and fears
Fraternal spirits know,
When for an elder's shame the tears
Of wakeful anguish flow,
Speak gently of our sister's fall.’

To this is to be attributed the contemptuous and arrogant treatment of Christian ministers, who do not possess the mystic virtue derived from a bishop's touch. From this has arisen the degradation of the Christian teacher into a priest, and the studied and constant depreciation of that great institute of preaching by which God purposes to convert and save a world. One of the chief sins of Evangelicals and Dissenters is, that they go to the house of God to hear a man preach; good, honest Churchmen, on the contrary, go that they may worship God. These gentlemen must forget that the great apostle, to whose position they fancy they have succeeded, distinctly taught, ‘Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel.’ ‘It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.’ We will not be so far influenced by one error as to run into its opposite; we will not, even by

implication, seem to underrate the beauty and importance of public prayer and praise; but most earnestly do we protest against the tendency and result of this sacerdotalism, to make the preaching of God's truth a thing of no importance. Doubtless, it is often abused; doubtless, there are preachers who preach themselves, and not Christ Jesus the Lord, and hearers, whose itching ears lead them to go up and down in search of novelties; but not the less is the service one appointed of God, demanded by the spiritual necessities of men, essential to the maintenance and extension of the power of truth, sanctioned by a long experience and grandest results. In the past, preaching has been the main instrument in every spiritual revival. The great promise of the future is, 'This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached for a witness to all nations.' When that is fulfilled, then will God's house be a house of prayer for all nations.

The anomalous position of these Anglican claimants of apostolical succession has often struck us, and has made us wonder how men can ever expect to hold it against the assaults to which they are exposed. 'Speak gently of our sister's fall;' but whence did they obtain the right to regard the sister as fallen? She resolutely denies their charge, and retorts it upon themselves. By whom is the great controversy to be decided? One of these writers tells us that 'obedience to the Catholic Church, represented by an œcumenical council, would be at once a duty and support in ecclesiastical difficulties.' But if such a council of western Christendom were summoned, what possible chance could the Anglican have of obtaining a verdict in his favour? He would unquestionably be in a minority, and the orders of his prelates and clergy would meet with the same treatment that he accords to those of Methodists, Independents, and Presbyterians. Where, then, can he appeal in his own defence? Not, certainly, to tradition; for once admit its right as a rule of faith, and it will soon be quoted against him. He may acknowledge only the authority of the fathers of the first three centuries; but who gave him the power to draw such a limit? Will he, then, allege the right of private judgment? It is a two-edged weapon. It may be used against him as well as for him. If he had the right to forsake the communion of the old Church because he believes her to be corrupt, may not others claim similar liberty to pronounce as to his pretensions? He is, in fact, seeking to unite the benefits of two opposite systems; he wants to grasp the imagined authority of the Catholic, and, at the same time, to exercise the freedom of the Protestant, in rejecting those portions of doctrine and ritual he deems corrupt.

But while doing so, he lays himself open to attack on both sides. His position is full of inconsistencies, and, therefore, is essentially weak. He is a Protestant to the Papist, but he is a Papist to all Protestants beside. The *Penny Post* is always impressing on the people the duty of obeying their true spiritual guide, the sin of listening to all schismatic teachers. Its writers forget with what effect Romanists could turn the tables, and denounce their schism with far more reason than that with which they condemn Methodists and Dissenters.

It is almost needless to say, that the idea of baptismal regeneration is another of the favourite topics. It is, in fact, the natural attendant of the other. Our readers will, perhaps, scarcely be prepared for the boldness with which it is put forward. We can give only one or two specimens, but they are fair samples of numbers. There are few numbers of the *Penny Post* where it is not more or less introduced, and it pervades both tales and ballads. Here is the second paragraph of *Aubrey de L'Orne*, in reference to his baptism: 'A sweeter flower than those which grew on the river side, or those in the woods, was ready to be presented to heaven, waiting to be removed *out of the world lying outside of Eden into the garden of the Lord.*' In similar spirit, Coxe writes,

'See, then, the font, the church's door,
The group with gladsome look,
The water, and the priest to pour,
The sponsors and the book.

'But, hark! the tiny Christian's name;
Hush! 'tis the mystic Trine,
The water and the Spirit came,
And there is life divine.'

An extract from *Lyra Innocentium*, given in *Gleams from the Font*, is as strong.

'A babe in deep repose,
Where holy water flows,
Is bathed, while o'er him holiest words are said.
A child of wrath he came—
Now hath he Jesus' name;
A glory, like a saint's, surrounds his favoured head.

'What is this silent might,
Making our darkness light?
New wine our waters, heavenly blood our wine.
Christ, with His Mother dear,
And all His saints, is here,
And where they dwell is heaven, and what they touch Divine.'

We are at a loss to discover in what important respects this differs from Popery. It is a little diluted to suit, or rather not too grievously to offend, English Protestantism; but the principles here taught are of the very essence of Popery. Once admit the power of a priest to confer saving grace by any ordinance, and there is no point where you can stop, but you must, by every principle of logic, accept the whole scheme of salvation by sacraments. There are men in the Church who are alive to these dangers; but we doubt whether even they are aware of the activity of the advocates of the doctrine, or the bitterness with which they regard what they call the unsound churchmanship of those who do not accept it. A writer in the *Penny Post* classes the tracts of evangelicals and Dissenters together, complains that the railway carriages on the Kendal and Windermere Railway, and even the roads, are covered with this 'trash,' and calls on sound churchmen to provide something of a better quality. Most heartily, however, do we rejoice in the testimony against this wretched system by such men as the Rev. J. C. Ryle.

'I see fresh reason continually for dreading the doctrine that all baptized persons are regenerate. I hear of laymen who once did run well, losing their first love, and appearing to make shipwreck of their faith. I hear of ministers, who once bade fair to be pillars in the Church, stumbling at this stumbling-stone, and marring all their usefulness. I see the doctrine leavening and spoiling the religion of many private Christians, and insensibly paving the way for a long train of unscriptural notions. I see it interfering with every leading doctrine of the Gospel; it encourages men to believe that election, adoption, justification, and the indwelling of the Spirit, are all conferred on them in baptism; and, then, to avoid the difficulties which such a system entails, the fulness of all these mighty truths is pared down, mutilated, and explained away; or else the minds of the congregations are bewildered with contradictory and inconsistent statements. I see it ultimately producing in some minds a mere sacramental Christianity,—a Christianity in which there is much said about union with Christ; but it is a union begun only by baptism, and kept up only by the Lord's Supper,—a Christianity in which the leading doctrines that the Apostle Paul dwells on in almost all his Epistles have nothing but a subordinate position,—a Christianity in which Christ has not His rightful office, and faith has not its rightful place.'

But we must draw to a close. We have called the attention of our readers to no imaginary danger. No one can read these publications without feeling that much learning and talent are employed in support of these false principles, and that in the adoption of this mode of propagation there is the evidence of

consummate skill. These tales, magazines, and ballads, will be read where dry expositions of their principles would at once be thrown aside; and the error is often so quietly insinuated that it will be received without suspicion. In most of them the style is elegant and fascinating, to an extent rarely met with in similar publications. One extract will justify this statement. A rude, violent man has hurled an unoffending priest into the waters. The tale thus proceeds:—

‘The horse started backwards at the sound of the deep hollow fall in the waters; the lilies were driven hither and thither until they met again over the dead, to cover the resting-place of the righteous. The insects which sported in the moonlight darted away; the water gurgled under the banks; silvery rings of light played above the fatal spot, expanding more and more until they touched the side, and were lost amongst the sedges which fringed the dark pool. Then a solemn stillness reigned in the forest. The moon looked down silently; angels, unseen and unheard, were carrying a holy soul to a sweeter scene and a deeper rest than that of the moonlight; but in contrast, not in harmony with this stillness, stood the murderer, his passions suddenly calmed, because gratified; the temptation and the tempter departed; no desire to do, no power to undo; the consciousness of a damnable crime stealing into the soul, like an ice-cold ghost from the graves. All heaven seemed eyes; all the trees became hearers; every soft breath of night was a whisper.’

In conclusion, we would only say that we have written in no spirit of unfriendliness to the Church. The men of whom we have spoken are her real enemies. If they were to triumph, the days of the Established Church would soon be numbered. We have sought to expose their workings, and have been the more anxious to do so because we fear that the attention directed to errors of a different kind is affording them opportunity to prosecute their work with more success. We only trust that we have done what is to strengthen the hands of all friends of true Protestantism, whether in or out of the Church.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Life and Gospel Labours of Stephen Grellet.* Edited by BENJAMIN SEEBOHM. Two Vols. London: A. W. Bennett. 1861.

THE days of Quakerism, if we may judge from the rapidity of its decline during the last twenty years, are drawing to a close. Whether the recent legislation of the Society of Friends will have the effect of arresting the progress of its diminution, time

alone will show. It is true that the *Thee* and *Thou*, and the attire of peculiar cut, are no longer peremptorily required; so that Friends may avoid the singularities which, to some of them, seem to have become so repulsive, without forfeiting their birth-right of membership. Already these peculiarities are fast disappearing. The plain brown coat, with stand-up collar, and the broad-brimmed hat, which, twenty or thirty years ago, used to be so familiar at the entrances to the Bank, in Mark Lane, on the Exchange, at Manchester, and at every corn market in the kingdom, and every commercial gathering of importance, have now wellnigh vanished; for the sons have ceased to uphold those testimonies against the vanities of this world, which were the characteristics of their fathers. And if the present tendency to abandon these ancient landmarks should continue, it is easy to imagine that by the time the next century shall have been ushered in, not a single Quaker of the genuine old type will be seen to walk the earth.

Whatever may have been the causes of this decline,—and several treatises, expressive of different, and even opposite, views, have appeared within the last few years upon this subject,—it is clear that they are causes whose operation is not restricted to our own country. In the first quarter of this century the Friends in the United States formed a body more numerous and influential by far than in England; but the shrinking process has been as marked in that country as in this. The schism of Elias Hicks severed at a stroke from the Society in the United States at least one-third of its members, who followed that able and restless man into the negations of Socinianism; and although those who remained have adhered, amidst many difficulties, to the catholic faith, they have not been spared the sorrow of witnessing a further separation among themselves, and a further declension in their numbers, so rapid and so constant, as to threaten their extinction as a body, unless some check should interpose. It is their lamentation that year now rolls upon year, and not one instance is found of any 'increase by convictionment;' whereas many are the 'testimonies of disownment' issued; the young people attach themselves to other Churches; those who remain exhibit no ardour in maintaining the distinctive principles of the Society; and the genuine old Friend has no alternative, but to wrap his cloak more closely about him, as he pursues his solitary and chilling journey.

The extinction of this Society is not an issue to be desired. Far from it. Liberty, humanity, spiritual religion, are too deeply indebted to this people to rejoice over the diminution of their numbers. Persecuted in old England by Royalist and by

Puritan,—persecuted in New England by the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, with brutality which showed that those good men did not hesitate to copy, in their turn, the harshness against which they had protested when it was exercised against themselves,—the records of the early Quakers furnish stories as thrilling of cruelty and of constancy, of torture and of endurance, as any that can be found in the history of the Covenanters; while their tenets were less repulsive, and their principles and spirit better calculated to effect the overthrow of tyranny than were those of the old Calvinists of Scotland. Without rehearsing the history of early Quakerism,—without dwelling upon the fact, that of all the religious communions in the United States, theirs is the only one which has never defiled itself by any connexion with slavery,—the names of William Allen, of Joseph John Gurney, of Amelia Opie, of Elizabeth Fry, and of others within our own time scarcely less distinguished in the annals of faith and charity, are in themselves sufficient to insure a high regard for the body with which they were identified. The time was, when, under the influence of such names as these, the garb of a Quaker was associated in the popular mind with philanthropy and benevolence. It is, perhaps, owing to the extraordinary prominence in political life of one individual connected with the body that the case is now very much altered, and not for the better.

Among the most characteristic and remarkable men connected with this people, at least during the present century, was *Etienne de Grellet du Mabilier*,—Anglicized into Stephen Grellet. A Frenchman and a Catholic—nearly allied by birth and education to the old nobility of France—an officer in the army of the princes—a refugee in the West Indies, and a disciple of Voltaire—an authorized minister of the Society of Friends—a missionary of no common type, traversing the unsettled wilds of the new territories of the United States, the prairies of the Indian, the forests of Canada, and the mountain valleys of St. Domingo—crossing the Atlantic eight times in the exercise of his ministry, planting societies in Norway and Sweden, preaching the Gospel throughout the Russian empire, from Abo to Odessa, visiting in the service of the Gospel every country in Europe—securing private personal interviews with its monarchs and statesmen, to utter to them his testimony for his Master—closeted on direct religious service with the heads of the Greek Church at Petersburg and at Constantinople, and with the Pope himself at Rome—threatened with death, by the forest on fire, by shipwreck, by poison, by fever, by earthquake—heralded by a royal ordonnance throughout the kingdom of Spain—without a

shilling of fortune, yet paying all the expenses of his numerous and distant journeys—sustained throughout them all by a firm faith in his Divine call, and by a persuasion which never left him, that the Master's own hand directed each step, and guided him, Abraham-like, to places that he knew not, but where his 'dear Master' had work for him to do—tried and exercised in a way that stirred his being to its inmost depths—encouraged by answers to prayer, and by interpositions of Providence, so frequent and so singular, as to be sufficient of themselves to form a chapter of marvels: such was the man, of whose laborious and varied life it is only the briefest sketch that can be attempted here. Our full recognition is due to such a man as a true minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Not the less a true minister, because he never wore a black coat, never received a salary, and never was placed in charge of a congregation. It is not desirable that our views of that great institution of Christ, the ministry of His Gospel, should be formed exclusively from the circumstances of our own day or Church, or should be limited by the conventionalities of the moment: conventionalities as to dress and the like, which may be harmless enough, and even becoming, as the taste of the day goes, and which no one would dream of violently interfering with, yet which bear no higher relation to the realities of the ministry itself than the epaulettes upon a general's shoulder bear to his commission, or to his dispositions in the field. Garibaldi was not the less a general, because he chose to wear a wide-awake hat and corduroy trousers, nor, on the other hand, did this unsoldierlike attire add anything either to his skill or to his achievements. Nor does the costume in which friend Grellet studiously presents himself—the plain brown coat and hat on, in every company—either add to or detract from his office as a minister of Jesus Christ. Unimportant in one sense, these peculiarities of the Friend have their own importance and significance. They are a visible witness to the truth that what is merely external is not to be confounded with what is essential. Were these peculiarities imposed upon the whole Church, they would not only lose all their significance, but would become a grievous yoke of formality; but, adopted by a few, they recall to our minds a truth of which we are too liable to lose sight. And for ourselves, we confess to a lingering regret at the disappearance of such a testimony from amongst us; although it must be acknowledged that in this age of unprecedented display, it would require more than human courage to uphold it.

Etienne de Grellet du Mabillier was born at Limoges, in France, in 1773. His father resided on his patrimonial estate,

and was besides a wealthy proprietor of porcelain and iron works. For some time he held the office of Comptroller of the Mint of France, and for a short period was attached to the household of Louis XVI., and held a seat in the cabinet. Both his parents were persons of high moral bearing, though they gave their children little direct religious instruction beyond the Lord's Prayer. Etienne studied with success at the college of the Oratorians at Lyons, where, at that time, there were more than a thousand students. The good order of this institution, which was entirely under the charge of Romish priests, must have presented a striking contrast to the dissolute manners of the time; nor did he close his college life with either scorn or forgetfulness of the impressions of his tender youth.

Nearly allied to the nobility, and by all natural ties and sentiments bound to their cause, the family of the De Grellets shared their reverses during the revolutionary storm which swept over France. Both his parents were thrown into prison, their estates were confiscated, his father was within a hair's-breadth of the guillotine, and for a long time his wife and himself had no other food of any kind allowed them in prison than a peck of mouldy horsebeans per week. The family was scattered; Etienne joined the army of the French princes, and afterwards the King's horse guards. He was present at several engagements; and, in his subsequent travels as a minister among Friends, revisited the spots where, in his youth, he had borne a very different commission. On one occasion, having been taken prisoner, he was brought out with his brother to be shot, when a momentary commotion among the Revolutionists enabled them to effect their escape. They reached Holland in safety, and embarked for Demerara, then a Dutch colony. In the army he forgot the good lessons of his youth amidst the callousness and obscenity which surrounded him. Sometimes their advanced posts were so near those of the Revolutionists, that they were obliged to speak to each other in a whisper, to prevent being overheard; yet even then they were so intent on card-playing that they did it at night by the aid of glow-worms, holding these in one hand, and the cards in the other, now and then laying them down to fire in the direction of the enemy: and when, as sometimes happened, a shot killed one of their number, the others would push the corpse aside, and a comrade would coolly take the cards out of the dead man's hand, and continue the game. In Demerara there was no Christian minister of any kind; the whites revelled in every kind of debauchery, while the slaves were treated with a degree of barbarity which appears incredible; and it is scarcely surprising that young De Grellet, after two years in the army,

and two years in Demerara, should have arrived in New York a libertine in practice, and in theory a disciple of Voltaire.

In the seclusion of Long Island, to which he retired in the hope of hearing news and commands from France, the thoughts of his uncontaminated youth revived, and fear and terror seized him. Meeting with William Penn's *No Cross, No Crown*, the title, as he says, had a strange attraction; and although unacquainted with the English language, he contrived to construe it, looking for nearly every word in the dictionary. In this way he read the book through twice. About this time he saw, for the first time in his life, a Bible, also in English; which he went carefully through in the same manner, spending most of his time in retirement. Up to this time he had never seen a Friend; but hearing of a meeting for worship, which was to be attended by two women ministers from England, he felt inclined to go. The sight of these ladies brought solemn feelings over him, and in the course of the meeting, 'I was favoured,' he says, 'to find in me, what I had so long, and with so many tears, sought for *without* me. A secret joy filled me, in that I had found Him after whom my soul had longed.' This was before any one had spoken. Thus he was prepared at once to receive the doctrine of the Inward Light. When the Friends rose one after another to speak, he found that he could understand very little of what they said; for 'I was so gathered in the temple of my heart before God, that I was wholly absorbed with what was passing there.' Meeting afterwards with these ladies at dinner, one of them addressed him especially, in such a way, that 'she seemed like one reading the pages of my heart, with clearness discerning how it had been, and how it was with me.' So powerful were her words, that 'no strength to withstand the Divine visitation was left in me:' and he seems to have resolved from that day to unite with Friends in their meetings,—a step which exposed him to no little ridicule. The meeting with which he united was small and distant, and was usually held in silence; this he afterwards considered to be an advantage, inasmuch as, having no outward dependence to lean upon, his single concern was 'to feel after the influences of the Holy Spirit in his own heart.' In all this, the characteristic features of the Quaker theology and conception of regeneration appear with singular distinctness. Equally characteristic is it to find that he fell into a dreamy state of contemplativeness, in which, as he relates, 'If I took a book, a single line would detain me for hours; sometimes I have been a whole week in reading and pondering on a single chapter in the Bible.' A French refugee, sheltered where his language was but little understood,—a gentleman, indisposed

by his education to mix familiarly with persons not of his own rank,—a devout contemplatist, finding little in common with those around him, it is not surprising that he should find solace in introspection and in silence. It is thus that habits are formed even in religion. In those who are truly sincere, in those 'honest and good hearts' where the heavenly seed germinates and grows, the form and development of the plant is not in every instance precisely the same. There are varieties even of good soil; varieties also of temperature, of altitude, of moisture, all coming within the list of conditions favourable to growth, but effecting corresponding variations in the appearance of the plant, which is seen loftier here and smaller there, here somewhat more tree-like, and there somewhat more shrubby, here blossoming earlier and there later, in one situation more roughly robust, and in another more delicately beautiful, according to the circumstances in which it has been planted. And the 'incorruptible seed' possesses a wider faculty of adaptation to circumstances than perhaps any analogy drawn from vegetation could adequately illustrate. Variety is one of the charms of the spiritual no less than of the material creation; and the inherent 'diversity of gifts' which 'one and the same Spirit worketh,' becomes yet further diversified through the infinite multifariousness of those outward conditions which affect the course and modify the development of the man.

Having obtained membership with Friends, and having, in due course, become recognised as a minister amongst them, supporting himself meanwhile as a schoolmaster, the prospect of missionary service began to open before him. During an attack of yellow fever, he had a mental view of the 'corners of the earth, over seas and lands, where he would have to labour in the service of Christ.' So fearful at that time were the ravages of this fever in Philadelphia, where he was then residing, that all the places of worship in the city remained closed, except the Friends' Meeting-house. On his attending meeting for the first time after his recovery, one of the ministers rose up and mentioned him by name, saying, that 'the Lord had raised him up, having a service for him in the isles and nations afar off, in the East and West, in the North and South.' This singular speech could not but confirm his own impression; still, no way appearing to open, he removed to New York, where he engaged in business, saving all he could, in order to meet the expense of any journeys he might be afterwards called upon to undertake. Hearing that John Hall was expected from England on a religious visit, he was impressed with the idea that it would be his duty to accompany that Friend in his travels through

the United States. 'I cried,' he says, 'earnestly to the Lord, that if it was indeed His will that I should so engage, he would give to this dear friend to see it himself with clearness. I visited him soon after his arrival, when he took me aside, and told me, in a solemn manner, that I was the identical person he had seen, whilst at sea, prepared of the Lord to be his companion in the service of the Gospel here.' The two, thus guided by the Inward Light, started on a missionary journey, which proved to be of thirteen months' duration. They travelled beyond the bounds of the older and settled States, through the Carolinas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, then for the most part a wild, unsettled country, where they met with many perilous adventures and romantic escapes. England and France were then at war; and the vast crowds which flocked from great distances to the meetings convened by these two Friends may have been attracted in part by the novelty of seeing the Englishman and Frenchman united, at such a time, in proclaiming the message of peace. Their greatest sufferings arose, not from the hardships, which they took as a matter of course in such a journey, but from being compelled to witness the horrible sufferings of the slaves,—treatment far worse at that period than in more recent years. On his return to his wife and family, Mr. Grellet resumed his attention to business, but only for a year or two, when he felt himself called to preach the Gospel throughout the Northern and Eastern States, and the wilderness of Canada. Here, for the first time, he preached in his native language. In one place, in a remote forest, his horse was poisoned at the instigation of the Romish priests, and he was left to find his way on foot, guided, like the Indian, by the moss upon the bark of the trees, for days together, through the lonely and almost untracked woods, meeting with no living creatures but deer. On two occasions the forest was seen to be on fire behind him; the roaring flames approached with the speed of the wind; but by putting his horse to a life-or-death gallop, he succeeded in each case in getting out of the track of the fire, and had leisure to gaze upon the unique grandeur of the scene. His account of the French Canadians at that day is not unfavourable upon the whole. 'I admired,' he writes, 'how many of their minds had been led by the teaching of the Spirit, so as to see beyond the Popish creed, and the hope of redemption through their meritorious works, or the absolution of their priests.' Not long afterwards, he went to France, and preached, often to immense crowds, in the Cevennes and Languedoc. His ministry led to the establishment of several meetings of Friends in these parts; but its largest fruit appears to have been among

the Romanists. In some of the convents he found nuns of whom he could not doubt that they belonged to the true Church; in several of them he held meetings, and on one or two occasions, when his discourse had ended, a nun arose, in Quaker fashion, and spoke,—much to edification. On his return from France, he again, as he himself expresses it, 'engaged in a small way of business, to make provision for his family, and also to obtain, through the Divine blessing upon his endeavours, the needful supplies to defray the expense of travelling in the service of the Gospel.'

Although the Friends object to a paid ministry,—and the only trace of uncharitableness which we discover in the opinions of Stephen Grellet is in relation to this subject,—they fully recognise the lawfulness of defraying the expenses of a minister when upon a missionary journey, which the Church has duly sanctioned, and even of maintaining his family during his absence. At least twenty Friends are mentioned incidentally in these memoirs, as being engaged for longer or shorter periods upon such service in different parts of the world, many of whose expenses would no doubt be met by the respective meetings which had—not 'sent them forth,' for, according to the Quaker theory, the call to such a work must, to be valid, arise *from within*—but 'furnished them with certificates of unity,' in plain words, expressed their concurrence in the project. The hue of mysticism, with which Quakerism is everywhere tinged, is at no point more perceptible than in its manner of recognising ministers. As Wesleyans, we not only allow, but strongly maintain, that a true call to the ministry must be heard within. To ascertain the reality of a supposed call, the candidate is heard and examined by the authorities of the Church, who exercise their best judgment in the case, and the matter is decided accordingly. This is substantially what is done by Friends, only that they invest the whole proceeding with an air of mystery, as if their opinions and judgments were the direct action of the Holy Spirit. But when once a minister has been duly recognised by them, whether for general or special service, his independence is far more complete than, according to our views, it ought to be. Our Church regards each minister as a servant of the Church, a son in the Gospel, who is to go where he is sent, to preach when and where the arrangements of his Church indicate, to submit himself to his brethren. According to Quakerism, the minister himself, once recognised, is the sole judge of when he is to speak and when he is to be silent. An eminent minister in England heard an intimation that he perhaps spoke in his own meeting rather too often. He never believed himself called

to speak in that meeting again for several years. Have we not here an apt illustration of Mysticism, *i. e.*, the mistaking our own emotions, and perhaps tempers, for the direct action of the Spirit of God? Mr. Grellet sometimes convened a special meeting in a town, and then sat in silence. 'At Alexandria my spirit was greatly oppressed, under a sense of a spirit of infidelity among some that stood in the foremost rank in that meeting; and at several of the meetings I attended there, my public services were to give an example of silence.' We can readily conceive that in such a case silence would be less painful than speaking; and that the natural inclination might be only too readily listened to, as if it were the admonition of the Spirit. At the same time, no man could be more free from the imputation of *willingly* falling into such an error.

It was in 1811 that he made his second visit to Europe, beginning with Scotland. Two friends accompanied him on horseback, one of whom rode forward early in the morning to the town whose inhabitants he wished to summon, and obtained a place and made arrangements for service in the evening. Having finished the tour of Scotland, he traversed Ireland for five months in the same way, often in no small danger of his life in the wilder parts of the country among the Papists. Being concerned to preach to the sailors in the port of Dublin, he was informed that it was impossible,—that in consequence of the rigid orders issued to the press-gang, not a seaman durst show himself. He persevered; obtained the admiral's word of honour that no impressment should be made that night; circulated the notice at all the sailors' lodging-houses; had a crowded meeting, which was seized with panic when unexpectedly the admiral himself, with his officers, marched in. The poor fellows thought they had been caught in a trap. The admiral waved his hand to them, telling them they had nothing to fear, and in an instant all was silence. Then Stephen Grellet rose, and preached to them, till many of their weather-beaten faces were bedewed with tears; and the admiral himself, at the close, expressed his gratitude that he had been there. These services were succeeded by a year of most laborious work in England, holding eight or ten meetings weekly, some of them in the open air, attended by many thousands, attracted in part, no doubt, by the novelty of a French Quaker. Glass-blowers of Newcastle, pitmen of Sunderland, French prisoners at Lichfield, gunsmiths of Birmingham, collegians at Cambridge, silkweavers of Spitalfields, Jewish children in White-chapel, prisoners in Newgate, prostitutes of St. Giles's, farmers of Wensleydale, miners and fishermen of Cornwall, were col-

lected, often in vast assemblies, to hear the Gospel from his lips. The wretched condition of Newgate appalled him, more especially the condition of the female prisoners and children. With a heart overflowing with grief, he says, 'On leaving that abode of wretchedness and misery, I went to Mildred's Court, to my much-valued friend Elizabeth Fry, to whom I described, out of the fulness of my heart, what I had just beheld.' This was a turning point in the life of Mrs. Fry, who commenced on that day her course of active benevolence. In Cornwall, some of his meetings were held by candle-light. 'The people, coming late from the mines, had not time to wash and clean themselves; but their dust-covered faces soon gave evidence of the stream of tears washing down their cheeks.' During this visit of two years to the British Isles, he travelled eight thousand miles, chiefly on horseback,—held nearly a thousand public services, and contributed, in no indirect manner, to the origin of those systematic efforts for the amelioration of the condition of some of the most wretched of our fellow-men,—efforts to reach particular classes, each by itself,—the development and permanent effects of which are too well known and appreciated to need comment.

Mr. Grellet was assured, from all quarters, that a religious tour through France, which he now felt it incumbent upon him to attempt, was at that moment perfectly impracticable. It is not easy for us in 1862, when Paris may be reached in twelve hours from London, thrice a day, to form a conception of the difficulty and danger which attended such an attempt in 1813. The system of police and passport regulation was so jealously restrictive, that, on his landing at Morlaix, the French officers examined every part, not merely of his baggage, but of his person, ripped the lining of his garments and the inner sole of his shoes, to see that no dispatches were secreted,—took notes of all his religious credentials, and detained him for a month, until orders respecting him had been received from Paris. On his way to Paris, he was distressed at witnessing the miseries inflicted by the conscription, then in full operation to retrieve the losses of Buonaparte's Russian campaign. 'My heart has often been sorely rent with hearing the bitter lamentations of parents on parting with their last son, some stating that five or more of their children had perished in the wars; and now their last hope, in their advancing years, was taken from them. I was much affected also with meeting on the road companies of poor youths, thirty to sixty fastened two and two with a long chain, and marched off to the army; these being such as had manifested some reluctance in going

there.' At Toulouse, 'such a number of wounded soldiers were brought in, that the streets were strewed with them, till places to remove them to were prepared; and so numerous were the amputations, that, in several parts of the city, piles of legs and arms, like heaps of wood, were to be seen.' With the exception of the district of the Cevennes, where he held large open-air meetings, for which he narrowly escaped imprisonment, his services in France were mostly of a private character, though very laborious and extensive. He found less religious concern and tenderness in his native country than in any other part of Europe. Is there much reason to hope that the case is otherwise at the present moment?

After escaping in a most singular manner from the French police, his visit to Geneva appears to have been peculiarly well timed. The city of Calvin, of Farel, and of Beza, had forsaken her ancestral faith, and had proved how vain are historic names, orthodox creeds, and Scripture formularies, when the spirit has ceased to animate the lifeless form. The clergy at that time were mostly Socinians; but a few young men, of the type of Merle D'Aubigné, were striving towards the attainment of a knowledge of 'Christ Jesus the Lord.' With the clergy and professors he had many interviews; and there is reason to believe that his 'preaching and testifying, both publicly and from house to house,' with its bright and fervid testimony to the Divinity and atoning righteousness of the Lord Christ, was the means of fostering that revival of religious life which was then in its early infancy.

After Switzerland came Bavaria, in which country he was much cheered and interested. Referring to his labours there, he says, 'I have been with rich and poor, princes and princesses, Protestant ministers and Popish priests, all speaking but one language, not upholding forms and ceremonies, but Christ and His Spirit.' To several of the Romish priests, spiritually-minded men, he became nearly united. His way was opened to the houses of the nobility, where he preached in drawing-rooms,—to one of the universities, where he preached to several hundred Roman Catholic students,—to the Crown Prince, who confessed to him with tears how often his resolutions to lead a stricter life had been broken,—and, at the King's own request, to the presence of royalty itself. The interview is thus described:—

'On my entering the King's apartment, I found he was alone, and waiting for me. He came toward me as I entered, having his head uncovered. I saw at once that he was not well pleased to see me with my hat on; but after a very few words had passed between us, his countenance brightened up. At first he had many inquiries to make

relative to the object of my travelling, the nature of my religious engagements, and respecting several of our religious testimonies; that against war, in an especial manner. He also wished to know the result of my observations in the visits I had made to their prisons. Having answered his inquiries, my way was open for introducing the subject of liberty of conscience, and the sufferings that had been inflicted on several of his subjects on that account. He very soon threw the blame on the Pope, his nuncio, the bishops, &c. "They are continually teasing me on that account," said he: "I am tired of them, and will let them know it." This very interesting topic led me to make some remarks of a religious nature, under which the King's mind appeared to be impressed; and at last, when I was about to withdraw, he put his arms round my neck, and bid me farewell. We had been together above an hour.'

There must have been a strange attractiveness about the man who could thus find access, not to the presence merely, but to the inner being, of the poorest outcast, and of the monarch. It was remarked of him, that he combined the vivacity of the Frenchman with the solidity of the Englishman; but no mere union of natural qualities can account for the influence which he exerted upon persons apparently the most opposite and the most unlikely. Coming next into the kingdom of Würtemberg, he visited the University of Tübingen, more especially with the view of encouraging those professors who were 'full believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and felt it to be their religious duty to maintain their faithful testimony against the introduction into the University of principles repugnant to Christianity.' It would have been well for Germany if the doctrines which he preached there had been received not by some only, but by all the professors in that too-celebrated school of rationalism. Würtemberg was then a prey to the horrors of war: the country was filled with the retiring French, with brutal Russians, wild, licentious Cossacks, and more sober Swedes, who crowded all the inns, so that no room could be spared for the solitary Quaker; and, though it was winter, he was forced to occupy his nights in travelling from town to town in an open sledge, exposed to great dangers from the helplessly disorganized state of the country. 'I have been this winter more than forty nights upon the road, many times amidst robbers and murderers. I have been where contagious diseases prevailed to a high degree; often, also, I have had but one scanty meal a day; but, amidst all these things, the Lord has delivered me and borne me up,—yea, rendered hard things easy.' That his visit to that kingdom was not without its effect may be inferred from the fact that, on his return to London, the King of Würtemberg, who was

then in England, came to the Friends' Meeting to hear him preach.

Stephen Grellet again traversed the length and breadth of England, made a short excursion to Flanders, and visited various parts of Ireland. Workhouses, lodging-houses, hospitals, prisons, were the objects of his concern equally with crowded promiscuous audiences. Perhaps the most remarkable of these services was on board a hulk at Chatham, with seven hundred Danish and Norwegian war prisoners, forty of whom were brought under such concern for their souls, that he was constrained to hold a second meeting with them more especially: years afterwards he had the satisfaction of seeing many of them at their own homes in Norway and Sweden, where they had been the means of raising little associations of inquirers and of converts. Returning to America, he thus briefly sums up this missionary journey: 'I have travelled during this engagement above 26,000 miles by land, beside several thousands by water, and have held during that period nearly as many meetings as days. I went out poor: I returned poor—very poor in spirit; and yet I can truly say that I have not lacked anything.'

Arrived at New York, after all these brilliant, difficult, and exciting adventures, our friend deemed it his duty to betake himself quietly to trade; and he must be regarded, during the next three or four years, as a quiet, commercial Quaker, exercising his ministry at home according to the customs of their body. He will be best understood in his own words. 'I found it my place to engage again in some business, that, by the Lord's blessing upon my exertions, I might have the means of defraying all needful expenses, should my dear Lord and Master see meet to call me out again in the service of His glorious Gospel. I did not desire great things for myself; but I felt there is a blessing in being able to give, even a little only, to others, rather than be under the necessity of receiving.' The man must be blinded with selfishness, or by prejudice, who can withhold his admiration from so noble and so lofty a character. The Master whom he served so prospered his undertakings, that, within three years and a half of the date of the above extract, he found himself in possession of an independence for life, sufficient for the moderate wants of himself, his wife, and daughter, besides having enough to defray the cost of his further journeys in the service of the Gospel; so that all anxiety respecting temporal support was henceforth at an end, and he was permitted to enjoy the high satisfaction and blessedness understood only by a few chosen spirits, of *giving*, rather than of receiving. It was hardly to be expected, however,

that he should spend four years in absolute quietude. During this period he made a voyage to the West Indies, to relieve himself of a debt which he believed he owed to the inhabitants of Hayti. That island had not fully recovered from the horrors of the Negro insurrection; and it was only to some portions of it that he could gain access. The religious interest of his journal of this visit is not great, but, as a story of picturesque travel, it has a charm of its own. Among other hardships, he was brought so low with fever, that it was thought he was dead, and preparations were made for his burial. As he lay thus, an earthquake and hurricane occurred; the roof of the place where he was lying was torn off, and he was drenched in his bed by the rain. Though a stranger, he was never without kindly help during his long weakness; sometimes, on awaking from a doze, he would see half-a-dozen or more Negro women, who had crept softly into his chamber, 'sitting down silently, their eyes bedewed with tears'

At length the Spirit moved him to undertake another journey to Europe. Arrived in England, his impression was that it was to Sweden and Norway that the Lord would send him, and that William Allen of London was to be given to him for a companion. On laying his views before that eminent man, it appeared that he had himself felt for sometime a conviction that it would be his duty to accompany his friend Grellet to the North of Europe. They knew nothing of the language; but just before their departure, a Norwegian gentleman, who had been converted in the prison-ship at Chatham, presented himself, and volunteered his services as interpreter. One part of their work in Norway was to organize, after the manner of Friends, the little bands of people who had been converted through the example and the prayers of their countrymen, who had received good on the same memorable day, and who now, the war having terminated, were found as centres of light in many a romantic field, and by the stores of many an indented fiord of rugged Norway. Crossing into Sweden, they spent three weeks in Stockholm, where the two Quakers found themselves in very gay society:—

'Being informed that the King (Bernadotte) would receive us this evening, we went at the time appointed. We had requested that it might be a private audience, but were at once introduced into a very spacious and richly furnished room, full of the King's great men, ministers, generals, &c.,—all in full court dresses,—for we were actually brought into the court. I felt pretty low on finding myself in such company. What a contrast we were to them!—we in our plain, simple garb, *our hats on*,—they in their rich attire, and many insignia of high rank.'

The Quakers, however, were treated with perfect politeness, even to the allowance of their hats—a needless stretch of ‘testimony,’ on their part, as we cannot but think, inasmuch as neither of them would have worn his hat in his own drawing-room. The King took them into a private apartment; and had subsequently a second interview with them of a more strictly religious nature, in which the most genuine and unrestrained freedom appears to have prevailed on both sides. Whether the appearance of Grellet recalled to the King (who was, like himself, a native of the South of France) those vivid and touching memories of early days which, when occurring unexpectedly in advanced life, are never powerless to subdue the heart, cannot now be surmised; but their intercourse seems to have been as informal as can be conceived. ‘We were almost two hours together,’ says Grellet; ‘and, on our parting, the King held us by the hand, and, embracing us, seemed as if he could hardly let us go, following us with his eye and uplifted hand till we were out of sight.’

Crossing the Gulf of Bothnia into Finland, the lovely scenery of the thousand isles glided by him unheeded, on account of ‘the awful weight of exercise in reference to the vast empire of Russia,’ with which his mind was oppressed. In the course of somewhat less than a year, the two friends traversed the extreme length of Russia, from Abo to the Black Sea,—a distance of two thousand miles. The dignitaries and higher clergy of the Greek Church received them everywhere with politeness, and frequently with Christian affection. The fact that the higher clergy of that Church were found, almost uniformly, to be more enlightened and religious than the lower, may be accounted for by the preferences of the Emperor Alexander; who, a devoutly religious man himself, lost no opportunity of promoting clergymen of the same stamp to vacant preferments. At Petersburg, the Metropolitan received them arrayed in his gorgeous pontifical robes, of which friend Grellet records a description so minute, that it might have been written by the court tailor. The Archbishop himself, we venture to say, did not know half so much about his vestments, although he had worn them for years, as our plain friend knew after a religious interview of half an hour. Very interesting is the account of religious light and feeling in the remote province of Finland, especially among the higher classes; blessings which have since then extended in widening circles throughout all classes of the Finnish population: as are also the records of the exhausting labours of the two friends in the Russian prisons. Not only in the distant cities of Simpheropol and of Abo, but in

stately Moscow, and in imperial Petersburg, these were found filthy and disorganized beyond conception. The air was charged with infection; the walls were covered with clusters of bed-bugs hanging like swarms of bees upon the sides of their hives; the inmates were huddled together without distinction of sex or of guilt,—young women, charged with the slightest offences, such as forgetting a passport, being exposed day and night, without the slightest protection, to the company of the vilest wretches; while some were loaded with manacles which had chafed their flesh to the bone, and others covered with the most disgusting sores. They had the satisfaction of laying these facts before the authorities, and the Emperor himself, and of witnessing with their own eyes the commencement of real substantial reform. Their charitable labours extended to the military schools. Here they found a worse evil than even they had found in the prisons. The extracts used as reading lessons were ‘chiefly of an infidel, obscene, or demoralizing tendency,’ poisoning at their very source the streams of national thought. They spent some weeks in Petersburg in compiling a series of reading lessons from the Bible, of which the Emperor approved, and caused them to be translated into Russian. The old books were forthwith proscribed; and at this moment children of Calmucks and of Cossacks, of Tartars and of slaves, from Sebastopol to Archangel, and from Petersburg to Kamschatka, are being taught to read the holy words selected from Scripture by Stephen Grellet and William Allen. These lessons have since been translated into many languages, and are now in extensive use in several countries; among others, in the schools of the British and Foreign School Society in England.

The liberation of the serfs also occupied their attention, and they had the gratification of meeting with a noble here and there who had, even at that time, had the courage to emancipate his people. At Petersburg they had unreserved access to the Emperor Alexander and his family, and to many of the nobility. The Emperor sent orders all along their projected route to the Crimea, that they should be treated as his special friends; opened his heart to them with childlike simplicity; and was ‘bathed in tears’ at their final parting. On their road from Petersburg to Moscow the number of vehicles they met averaged from four to five hundred per hour. After long journeys and imminent hazards, in Turkey, among the islands of the Archipelago, and in Greece, Mr. Grellet lost his fellow-traveller, and pursued his journey alone through the entire length of Italy. A few weeks before his arrival in Naples, four hundred Bibles which had been seized had been burnt in the open square!

but the packages of Bibles which he carried with him for distribution were left untouched. He was actually allowed to preach in a Popish church. His account of the prisons in Naples is not worse than the accounts of them under the reign of Bomba; but he met with no such willing ear to listen to his plea for redress as in Russia. At Rome he had interviews with cardinals and bishops, and with Pius VII. himself, the account of which may be transcribed.

‘The Pope’s valet opened the door of his cabinet, and said in Italian, “The Quaker has come;” when the Pope said, “Let him come in;” on which the priest, who was to act as interpreter, led me in, no one else being present. As I was entering the door, some one behind me gently, but quickly, took off my hat, and, before I could look for it, the door was quietly closed upon us three. The Pope is an old man; very thin, of a mild serious countenance. The whole of his apartment is very plain. He was sitting before a table; his dress was a long robe of fine white worsted, and a small cap of the same; he had a few papers and books before him; he rose from his seat when I came in; but as he is but feeble, he soon sat down again. He had read my reports to the Cardinal respecting many of the visits I had made in Rome, to prisons, &c.: he entered feelingly on some of these subjects. He reprobates the conduct of their missionaries in Greece; also the burning of the Holy Scriptures by the priests and bishops in several places; he acknowledges, like Consalvi, that it militates much against the promotion of pure Christianity. On the subject of the Inquisition, he said, he was pleased I had seen for myself what great changes had been brought about in Rome in this respect; that it was a long time before he could have it effected; that he has made many efforts to have similar alterations introduced into Spain and Portugal; had succeeded in part to have the Inquisition in those nations conducted with less vigour, but was far from having yet obtained his wishes. “Men,” he said, “think that a Pope has plenitude of power in his hands, but they are much mistaken; my hands are greatly tied in many things;” he, however, expressed his hope that the time was not far distant when the Inquisitions everywhere will be totally done away. He assented to the sentiment, that God alone has a right to control the consciences of men, and that the weapons of a Christian should not be carnal but spiritual. I represented to him what I had beheld in many places in Europe and in the West Indies, of the depravity and vices of many priests and monks, and what a reproach they are to Christianity. As I was speaking on these and other subjects connected therewith, the Pope said several times, in the hearing of the priest present, “These things are true,” and the priest’s answer was, “They are so.” Other subjects were treated upon, as the kingdom of God, the government of Christ in his Church, to whom alone the rule and dominion belong—that He is the only door, the only Saviour. Finally, as I felt the love of Christ flowing in my heart towards him, I particularly addressed him; I alluded to the

various sufferings he underwent from the hands of Napoleon; the deliverance granted him from the Lord; and queried whether his days were not lengthened out to enable him to glorify God and exalt the name of the Lord our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, as the only Head of the Church, the only Saviour, to whom every knee is to bow, every tongue to confess: that such a confession from him, in his old age, would do more towards the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the promotion of His glory, than the authority of all the Popes, his predecessors, was ever able to do; moreover, that thereby his sun, which was now near setting, would go down with brightness, and his portion in eternity would be with the sanctified ones, in the joys of His salvation. The Pope, whilst I thus addressed him, kept his head inclined, and appeared tender; then rising from his seat, in a kind and respectful manner he expressed a desire that "the Lord would bless and protect me wherever I go:" on which I left him. On returning to the other apartment, my hat was given me, and excuses were made for having taken it away.'

After this interview, Grellet felt relieved of a heavy burden, and continued his journey through Venetia, the Tyrol, Austria (where he found no access), various parts of Germany, Switzerland, France, and Britain, preaching and visiting the abodes of misery. He at length found himself once more in his modest home in America. It was not till after eleven years that he undertook a fourth visit to Europe, which proved to be more extensive and laborious than any previous journey. These years were occupied in battling with intestine heresy. Vain were his endeavours, except within the limits of his own particular meeting, to check the progress of the Arian schism, which despoiled the Society in America of a third of its members. 'The little dark spot which years ago rested over a small spot in Jericho, Long Island, is now like a thick darkness over the land.' In defence of the orthodox faith, he traversed the length and breadth of the States, but without the satisfaction of success, except in confirming the minds of the faithful.

It was in 1831 that he set out on his fourth missionary errand to Europe, with a more especial view to Spain. The English coaches, he said, travelled with such rapidity, that he reached London on the evening of the second day from Liverpool! In the various countries which he visited in the British Isles, in France, Hungary, Holland, and Italy, as well as in various parts of Germany and Switzerland, he was favoured to see the results of his former labours, to rejoice in the dawn of a brighter day of religious life, and to receive indubitable evidence of the value of his visits in previous years to royal personages and their families. Austria, as before, was inaccessible. 'We are glad to

be able to get away from Vienna: the jealousy of the Government and the whole of the police is such, that the way to visit their prisons is shut up. The pious people among the Protestants are under fear of speaking.' At length after two years thus spent, he found himself on the frontiers of Spain, towards which country he had long felt drawn by a mysterious attraction. His entrance had long appeared impossible, but at length the favourable moment arrived. The attempts of Don Carlos to assert his claim to the succession had been unexpectedly defeated through the recovery of the King from an illness so serious, that his body had been actually exposed as dead in one of the halls of the palace; Queen Christina had recovered her ascendancy over the mind of her husband; and the country was enjoying a brief calm after the raging tempest of the Carlist excitement. Mr. Grellet being joined at the foot of the Pyrenees by his old friend, William Allen, they travelled through the greatest part of Spain, finding free access to the two extremes of society, entering palaces and prisons in the discharge of the duty which they deemed to be laid upon them. Nor were they without opportunities of intercourse with the middle classes. So favourable had been the impression produced by their visit upon the minds of the King and Queen, that a royal order was published in the *Madrid Gazette*, directing the governors of provinces, and all authorities and people of Spain, wherever the two Quakers might travel, to show them civility, to allow them free entrance to any place they might wish to visit, and to permit them to keep their hats on. Thus they became objects of general curiosity. Our space allows us to make only one extract from the journal of this most interesting mission,—the account of their reception by the King and Queen:—

'The chamberlain soon brought us into what appeared to be the court-room; we saw nobody at first, but very soon a plainly dressed person, and a female, came towards us, holding a little girl by the hand between them. We did not think they were the King and Queen, till I observed her features, which reminded me of a portrait I had seen of her; and I queried, "Is it the Queen before whom we stand?"' "Yes," she replied, "and this is the King, and here is our young princess,* our eldest, two and a half years old." We soon explained the reason of our embarrassment; for we did not expect that the King was well enough to be out of his chamber, and feared that his standing would be too great an exertion for him: but they declined sitting down. After some remarks respecting our visits to

* The present Queen of Spain, Isabella II.

their public institutions, and answering their inquiries on several subjects relating thereto, in which the Queen took part with interest, I noticed that the young princess looked at us with great earnestness, which the Queen also observing, I said, that it was probably the first time that she had seen two persons like us stand with their heads covered before the King and Queen. This led to subjects of a religious nature, and an inquiry into some of our Christian testimonies and practices; then, under a sense of the Lord's power and love, I uncovered my head, and proclaimed to them, as the Lord through His Spirit gave me, the word of reconciliation, and of life and salvation through faith in Christ. In the course of my communication I alluded to Nebuchadnezzar, and remarked that the King had, like him, been driven out of his kingdom, (having been sent a prisoner to France by Buonaparte,) and had endured many afflictions and humiliations, but now the Lord had restored his kingdom, and had instructed him to know that it is by Him that Kings reign, and princes ought to decree justice. As I went on, the King queried, "Who is this King Nebuchadnezzar?" The Queen at once explained to him in what part of the Scriptures he would find it. Then I expressed my earnest desire that, like him, he may honour the Most High, by breaking off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, with Christian faith and confidence, asking of God to give him wisdom and knowledge, to go out and come in before the people so as to glorify His name. We also entreated the King to mark the last years of his reign by acts of clemency and piety, and the noble deed of giving to his subjects full liberty of conscience, not doubting that they would thus be crowned with the Lord's blessing, and that, finally, his earthly crown would be exchanged for a heavenly one. Both the King and Queen were serious, and, on parting, gave evidence of kind feelings toward us. They both speak good French; therefore, all that was communicated was in that language; none were present except them and ourselves. From the palace we went to dine at Sir Stratford Canning's.'

The last twenty years of Grellet's life were spent in the United States, to various parts of which he travelled as he deemed himself called, or as his declining strength would permit. In his prime of manhood he had wished that his days might be like those of Methuselah, or that the sun would never set, so that he might do his share of the great work which was to be done in the earth: at eighty years of age his desire was that he could have the pen of a ready writer, to record the mercy and faithfulness which had followed him. Such a life should not be forgotten. We accept the remark of the able and judicious editor, Mr. Seeborn, that no other of the existing Christian communities could have produced such a man, or have afforded scope for his peculiar work. At the same time, let not the peculiarities of the Friend absorb too much of our attention. It

is only too easy, while contemplating shadows, to lose sight of the substance. We find no fault with Mr. Grellet for keeping his hat on; but we should not admire him less had he deemed it right to take it off. Nothing but Divine truth is in itself imperishable; it is only the 'foundation of God' which 'standeth sure;' the structures which men have erected upon it, with a view of meeting particular errors, or the exigencies of particular periods, are in their own nature temporary. The Society of Friends has elevated certain testimonies against errors which prevailed in the day of its origin, into the importance of being regarded as conditions of Church-membership; and the natural consequence is, that, in the course of ages, these are found to break down under the weight thus placed upon them, which they were never calculated permanently to bear. The distinctive characteristics of the Society are fading away, while the children of its adherents are becoming merged in other communions. A too rigorous and exclusive interpretation of any humanly-devised condition of Church-membership, however excellent itself, is likely to result, in the long run, in the decadence of the body which adopts it. The Lord's own ordinances have an inherent vitality, which no arrangement made by man can possess; and however right it may be for a Christian Society to issue its advices and its recommendations, and to claim for them a due degree of authority, the truth cannot be too deeply pondered by all who have the charge of ecclesiastical administration, that it is only the Saviour's own appointed ordinances which have an inherent and necessary perpetuity.

ART. VII.—1. *Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church.* By A. P. STANLEY, D.D. Murray. 1861.

2. *A History of the Church of Russia.* By A. N. MOURAVIEFF. Translated by the REV. R. W. BLACKMORE, Chaplain to the Russian Company. Oxford: J. H. Parker.

CANON STANLEY has given us, among other marvellous sketches, the outlines of one of the most remarkable characters in ecclesiastical history. We had known Nikon before, in the luminous pages of Mouraviëff; we had seen certain memorials of him in his own hero-worshipping Russia,—memorials which, once seen, are not easily forgotten. A dim idea had sometimes visited us, that he might be made to serve as a representative

character, and take his place between Vladimir and Peter the Great, as the central figure of a Trio, around whose names the history and fates of the Russian Church might be made to revolve. But what was to us merely a fleeting possibility, the author of *Eastern Churches* has actually accomplished; and accomplished in a manner which relieves criticism of every part of its function but that of perfect praise. The reader who would wish to have a complete idea of the Eastern Church, as revived and full of energy in the Russian Empire, should first read carefully Stanley's volume, then study and digest the venerable History of Mouravieff, and afterwards go on, if opportunity serve, to the later work of the same author, which treats of the doctrine and discipline of the orthodox community.

We propose to give a brief sketch of the Patriarch Nikon, whose history bridges over the chasm between the earlier and the later ecclesiastical history of Russia, and the full study of whose strange story would furnish a key for the interpretation of most of the phenomena of Russian religious life. His claims to occupy the central and representative place may soon be summed up. His history spans the whole age of the Patriarchate of Moscow, as interposed between the Metropolitans of earlier, and the Holy Governing Synod of later, times. He summed up in his own person what may be called the Middle Ages of Russian Church history. His life and work present all that answers in that community to the Reformation in Western Christendom. Moreover, he combined in his ecclesiastical character, more perfectly than any other man ever did, devotion to the Orthodox Greek Faith with the maintenance of the independence of the Russian Patriarchate. Finally, his own personal characteristics present a medley of qualities such as do not appear elsewhere in history, and could not have been blended in any other country than the Russia of the seventeenth century.

Nikon was born of very humble parents in the district of Nijgorod. His birth is generally assigned to the year 1605; therefore we may for convenience reckon his years by those of the century, the greater part of which he filled with his turbulent influence. From his earliest dawn of life he seems to have been trained—under whose auspices can never now be known—to the ministry of the Church. He very early learned to read the Scriptures; and, possibly inflamed by the stirring spirit of certain passages of the Gospels to which his attention would be most directed, he left his home secretly, while very young, to become a monk in the Jeltovodsky convent. He was made successively deacon and priest; married, became the father of

several children, and served for some time as a parish priest in Moscow. At this time, the influence of his father seems to have governed his actions, and to have overcome his strong bias to the monastic life. But the loss of all his children, after a married life of ten years, was interpreted as a call of Providence to both himself and his partner. His wife consented to their separation, and entered a convent; while he went his way to the most northern *laura* (or monastery) in the land,—that of Zosimus amidst the ice of Solovetsky,—and there put himself under severe discipline. But his thoroughly oriental idea of the monastic life was not satisfied by the comparatively gentle rule of Zosimus; and he found for himself a still wilder solitude on the island of Anzer in the White Sea, where he could tame his gigantic body, and discipline his ferocious spirit, after the strictest regimen of the fathers. He thought he had thus renounced the world; and, in premature exultation of victory, assumed the name Nikon. There he spent some time as in a living grave; leaving it only twice, once to overcome his frailer wife's reluctance to the final tonsure, and once to collect alms in Moscow for his monastery. The spending of this money led to some internal dissension, the issue of which was Nikon's resolution to depart. For the third and last time he left the island, in a leaky boat; with difficulty escaped a storm, and found a refuge in another island in the river Onega, astonishing another set of monks by the extraordinary severity of his life. Upon the death of their superior, Nikon was persuaded by the whole community to go to Novogorod for consecration to the degree of Hegumen or Prior. It was not long after this, that he was obliged in his new capacity to visit Moscow. There he was seen by the young Czar. Alexis was struck by his noble height—Nikon stood seven feet; he was also fascinated by his powerful eloquence; and, having heard the report of his holy life, the monarch's gentle and impressible soul was irresistibly attached to Nikon. He resolved to have him at all costs as his companion and counsellor.

Alexis was the son of Michael, the first Czar of the house of Romanoff, the present ruling dynasty of Russia. In the year 1613, the Russians had passed safely through the most important crisis in their national history. Through the influence of the patriarch and the clergy, a general insurrection against the Poles—who then were the oppressors, as they have since been the oppressed—had been organized, the foreigners were overcome and ejected, and the crown was given to the patriarch's son. The foundations of the monarchy were laid afresh; the

nation was re-organized. The Russian empire then began its real history. Alexis, the second Czar, inherited the promises of a brilliant future. He had just begun his reign when he first met Nikon, and the events of his long and prosperous government of thirty years were very much influenced by that event. Nikon was, during many years of it, the real director of public affairs.

From that hour the fortunes of Alexis and Nikon were indissolubly united. It was more than mere friendship that sprang up between them; it was a mutual sense of being necessary to each other. Hitherto, Alexis had meekly reigned, without any vigour in his councils or remarkable success in his policy; Nikon was the very man to infuse energy and command success. Hitherto, Nikon had been vainly labouring to extinguish an ambition which was inextinguishable by any processes which he was likely to adopt; Alexis was the monarch who would open his way to supreme ecclesiastical power, and the gratification of every proud instinct of his nature. Although they were afterwards separated, estranged, and enemies in appearance, in the depth of their hearts there reigned a mutual love to the last. The first mark of his sovereign's favour was his appointment to be archimandrite of the Novospassky monastery—the burying-place of the Czar's ancestors. This was the beginning of Nikon's worldly greatness, and, at the same time, the end of his peace. In the government of his new charge, he did not relax his vigilant watch over himself; his monastic austerities would have been approved of even by Basil, and his attendance upon all the services was still, as it continued to the end of his life, punctilious and exemplary. But he was too near his new and exalted friend to be safe. Alexis, himself the grandson of a patriarch, set his affection upon the new archimandrite, and marked him out for future honours, even the highest. He made no secret of his partiality. Nikon became his constant companion and counsellor; they discussed together plans for Church and State, the development of which filled future years; and by sure degrees the monk rose to be the prime minister of Russia. Before he had been three years archimandrite, he became the mediator between the Czar and the people, and scarcely ever entered his sovereign's presence without a number of petitions gathered up on the way. Just at that time, the metropolitan seat of Novgorod became vacant; the Czar instantly conferred it upon his favourite; and the Patriarch Paisius, then on a begging expedition to Moscow, consecrated him to his new office.

The five years that he was Metropolitan of Novogorod were years of vigorous, practical reform, and comparative peace. Unusual authority was given him in his diocese. Not only had he jurisdiction over all the spiritual concerns of the province; but in all civil causes also which affected the monks, clergy, and manors of the Church he was made supreme. Amongst the other marks of confidence which Alexis conferred upon him, was the right of entering the prisons, and releasing all whom he, on personal examination, might deem innocent. This gave free scope to a certain rough sense both of justice and mercy which his history exhibits. Opportunities constantly occurred for testing his true character, and bringing out its finer parts. For instance, a famine visited Novogorod, and during the whole time that it raged, the poor were fed in his court-yard. He was indefatigable also in visiting the hospitals, and in all those merciful attentions to the afflicted which go so far to counter-balance the asperities of an eccentric nature. His courage was equal to his benevolence. A miserable insurrection broke out in some parts of his province; and, while in other districts the voivodes were put to death by the rebels, in Novogorod the Metropolitan made himself, as it were, the scapegoat for the popular violence. He concealed in his palace the voivode Prince Khilkoff, went out to the insurgent populace, and was left for dead in the square. When partially revived, he had spirit enough to head a procession with the Cross, and to celebrate the liturgy in that part of the city where the insurrection was raging. His firmness disarmed the rebels, although it did not prevent their entering into treasonable correspondence with the Swedes. Finding out their treachery, he denounced them in the cathedral, and waited for his death. But the people were completely overpowered by the self-renunciation of their pastor, and soon applied to him for his spiritual absolution and the pardon of the Czar.

It was during this time also that he rehearsed those measures of reform which afterwards wrought a revolution in the religious state of Russia, and procured his own downfall. The measures, however, which he adopted as Metropolitan, were such as brought upon him no general indignation, and made but few enemies; the changes which in due time raised up so many enemies against him were of another kind, and pertained rather to ceremonial observance. In Novogorod he began a practice which had almost been disused amongst the spiritual descendants of Chrysostom and Basil,—that of public preaching in the Church. He was gifted with all the requisites that go to make

an orator ; and, when he undertook the task of instructing and edifying his flock by pulpit addresses, he put such spirit into the work that the people thronged to hear him from all parts, and from great distances. The select instructions appointed for the day, and the unctuous extracts from the menology, were laid aside ; and, instead of them, he gave the people the free outpourings of an impetuous and fiery heart. This was a revival almost worthy to be called a Reformation ; and, had the doctrine preached been as pure as the spirit of the preacher was earnest, Luther might have had, a century after his own time, an Eastern coadjutor in Nikon. But the zeal of the great preacher—for such, by all accounts, he was—spent itself on the denunciation of moral abuses of the grosser kind, and on the enforcement of observances merely ritual and ceremonial. He preached against drunkenness, the hereditary and rooted vice of the Muscovites, whether laity or clergy ; and confirmed his preaching by the ‘hedgehog’ hand of discipline. But he preached with almost equal vigour about Church-plate, furniture, and vestments ; and made his cathedral ring with his denunciations of the abuses which had been the slow growth of ages. It had become the practice to save time by carrying on several parts of the service at once. Thus, while the choir was singing its function, the litany would be hurried through on the opposite side. Nikon put an end to this abuse throughout his diocese, and had influence enough with the Czar to obtain its suppression everywhere else. He imported also a more harmonious style of singing, borrowed from the ancient chants of Kieff and Greece,—the early beginning of that vocal music for which the Russian service has since become distinguished. It was at this time that he also began a careful collation of the current corrupt copies of the Scripture, with the ancient Slavonic version in its purest form ; and, so far as the narratives of this part of his life can be depended on, the work of Nikon, as Metropolitan of Novogorod, was that of an earnest, strenuous, large-hearted, and fearless reformer of all kinds of abuses.

During these years—while Strafford, and Laud, and Charles, were fulfilling their course in England—Alexis and Nikon were of one heart and of one soul. It was not without a pang that Alexis suffered his friend to leave Moscow to take possession of his see. Every winter during the five years, the Metropolitan was invited to partake of the monarch’s hospitality, and to direct his counsels. To make his travelling agreeable, Alexis gave him the picturesque Lake of Valdai, on a woody island of which he founded one of his many monasteries, taking for his model

a Russian monastery on Mount Athos,—the sacred mountain of the Greek Church. But whilst he was receiving all these proofs of the Czar's favour, he was unconsciously sowing the seeds of envy in the mind of the aged Patriarch of Moscow, and the prelates who were around him. But he pursued his course—as yet a thoroughly honest one—with steadfast singleness of purpose.

An interlude occurs here in the annals of his life, which abounds in singular contrast with his high-minded reforms; and, as it illustrates the abject superstition of the Greek Church of that time, we will give it, somewhat abridged, in the words of the historian Mouravieff:—

'In the mean time, the Metropolitan Nikon, who had formerly been a monk there himself, had been dispatched to the Solovetsky monastery on a mission of entreaty from the Czar to the relics of Philip, that that great prelate would remove from the place of his rest, and come to Moscow to absolve the spirit of John (Ivan the Terrible) who slept there, and who had been the cause of his martyrdom. This the mild Alexis besought of him, as if pleading to a living man for a living offender; and Philip removed, at his request, and again came over the waters of the White Sea, which he had already crossed over once in his coffin, as in a funeral boat. Nikon was the steersman; and he again put in at the desert island where he had once been saved from his leaky vessel. Informing the Czar from time to time of his progress, Nikon continued his way by water from the convent of St Cyril to Yaroslava, and by land from thence to the Lavra. He had then no presentiment that, thirty years later, he himself, after having experienced all the inconsistency of human fortune, was to return, an exile and a prisoner, by that same road to the convent of the New Jerusalem, alive as far as Yaroslava, and the remainder of the way after death. The young Czar and Barlaam, the aged and decrepit Metropolitan of Rostoff, hastened to meet the relics of St. Philip at the gates of the capital; but Barlaam gave way and died before he reached them, from the weight of years and excessive joy. Many signs of healing marked the solemn return of Philip to his former ecclesiastical diocese: he stood, as it were, again, though in his coffin, on the spot from whence he had rebuked John; and they who were suffering from any plague or sickness, as before they who were oppressed, now flocked to him as to a living fountain of relief. It seemed as if Philip, from his patriarchal chair, again ruled the Church of all Russia, there being, at that time, no other head: the patriarch Joseph and the guardsman of the vacant see were both dead.'

These were not the only relics transported at this time to Moscow. Job and Hermogenes likewise permitted their 'uncor-

rupted bodies' to be translated. The body of the people, as well as the clergy, were transported with delight at having these three holy phantoms to fill up the vacant seat. Meanwhile all things conspired to mark out Nikon as the living patriarch, who was to displace this intangible ruler. He was the senior metropolitan, he was by far the ablest man in the Russian Church; and he was the pre-eminent, and, indeed, the only, favourite of the Emperor. But Nikon stoutly resisted all entreaties, and not only on the *nolo episcopari* principle; for he was very well aware that his spirit of reform was distasteful to most of the clergy; and that his preference for the Greek Church in all cases in which Greek usages came into collision with Russian antiquity, would involve him in endless difficulties. The innovation which had been barely tolerated in the metropolitan would be unendurable in the patriarch. And the boyars or nobles who had been already disposed to resent the influence which he exerted over the Czar from a distance, would not be likely to submit with good grace to see the ecclesiastical favourite always at the right hand of the throne. Moreover, it would be unjust to forget that Nikon had been sincere and ardent in his endeavour to conquer himself, and to subdue his own worldliness and ambition. Had he been allowed to persist in his refusal, it would have been better for himself: his name would not have taken so prominent a place in Russian history; but he would have probably seen the end of his days in peace. But the affection of the Emperor prevailed. On a set day, in the presence of the full Council and Synod, and before the relics of Philip, Alexis conjured him in the most passionate terms, not to leave the Church of Russia in widowhood, without a pastor. Nikon no longer resisted. After exacting an oath from them all that they would honour him as their true shepherd and spiritual father, and suffer him to regulate the affairs of the Church, he yielded to his fate, and accepted the supreme dignity of the patriarchate A.D. 1652.

Nikon governed the Russian Church as patriarch of Moscow six years; and for half of that time may be said to have governed the Russian empire. These years were the most brilliant of the long reign of Alexis; and every event, whether of domestic government or connected with foreign relations, during that period, bore the impress of the patriarch's genius. He was nearer to the sovereign than any other man; he became the godfather of the royal children; and monarch and subject entered into a solemn vow never and under no circumstances to desert one another. The Czar accompanied his army in the

Polish war, which began in 1654, and left his family and the whole kingdom in the charge of the patriarch; the boyars being required to do nothing without his advice. In the midst of the brilliant successes which did so much towards bringing back White and Little Russia to the realm, a pestilence broke out, and raged fearfully in Moscow. There were not living enough to bury the dead; and it was at this trying juncture that the true greatness of Nikon's character shone out. He issued a tranquillizing pastoral letter, and prescribed all manner of precautions and directions of the greatest importance; while he himself moved about from one monastery to another with the royal family, which he had the happiness of presenting to the Czar in perfect safety. The gratitude of Alexis knew no bounds; but the only substantial token of it that he could think of was the bestowment on the patriarch of the title of *Great Lord*—a title which the first Romanoff had bestowed on his own father, Philaret, but which Nikon felt to be inappropriate and dangerous in his own case, and vainly endeavoured to repudiate. Ambitious as the Patriarch was, his ambition did not aspire to deck itself with titles; and he could allege, in the time of his degradation, that he had never received any such fulsome flatteries by his own consent.

Important as were Nikon's counsels to the consolidation and enlargement of the empire, it was his ecclesiastical reforms that have made his name memorable. Indeed, so thoroughly vigorous were his measures, that they have constituted an era the most important in the annals of the Russian Church. The six years of his patriarchate won for him, from his own contemporaries and from posterity, the title of Reformer; but his reforms wrought ruin to himself. This will not be wondered at by those who read the annals of the time. His most energetic measures of reform were directed to the suppression of clerical abuses and clerical prejudices; but he spared no offenders, and no kind of offence; and his method of carrying out his reforms was haughty, rash, and impolitic. During the absence of the Czar, certain of the most eminent nobles in the realm returned from the Polish campaign with some Icons and pictures of Latin device, and set up some instrumental music in their houses. Into them the patriarch sent his inquisitors; heaped together all the offending matters, publicly rebuked the evil-doers, and committed the pretty innovations to the flames. But the clerical malefactors were most hardly dealt with. The Russian historian, whom we have mainly followed, seems at this point too lenient; and we shall, therefore, turn to Canon Stanley's pages for a

more correct account of Nikon's dealings with the inferior delinquents.

'First, it is impossible not to be struck by the savage spirit in which he fulfilled his task. We are not altogether unaccustomed to rough action and speech in Martin Luther and John Knox; but we must expect something more in the Scythian atmosphere of Russia. Again I refer to the journal of Archdeacon Paul. "He was," says the archdeacon, "a very butcher among the clergy. His janissaries are perpetually going round the city; and when they find any priest or monk in a state of intoxication, they carry him to prison, strip him, and scourge him. His prisons are full of them, galled with heavy chains and logs of wood on their necks and legs, or they sift flour day and night in the bakehouse." The deserts of Siberia were filled with dissolute clergy, banished there with their wives and children. An instance is recorded hardly credible, but too characteristic to be omitted, perhaps not so much of his wild severity as of his barbarian humour. It was at one of the numerous banquets, attended by the patriarch of Antioch, that Nikon, partly to show off the wonders of his master's vast dominions, partly to satisfy the curiosity of his own inquisitive mind, called before him thirty chiefs of a distant Kalmuck tribe, called from the appearance of their physiognomies, the dog-faced tribe, or (as a euphemism) the tribe of the dog-faced saint, St. Christopher.

'As soon as they entered, the whole assembly was struck with horror. They bared their heads, and bowed to the patriarch with great veneration, crouching to the ground all in a lump, like pigs. After various questions as to their mode of life, and travelling, and warfare, he said, "Is it really true that you eat the flesh of men?" They laughed, and answered, "We eat our dead, and we eat dogs; how, then, should we not eat men?" He said, "How do you eat men?" They replied, "When we have conquered a man, we cut away his nose, and then carve him into pieces and eat him." He said, "I have a man here who deserves death: I will send for him and present him to you, that you may eat him." Hereupon they began earnestly to entreat him, saying, "Good lord, whenever you have any men deserving of death, do not trouble yourself about their guilt, or their punishment; but give them us to eat, and you will do us a great kindness.

'The unfortunate victim with whom Nikon intended to play off this experiment was no less a person than the Metropolitan of Mira. It happened that, amidst other "odious deformities" of himself and his companions, on a recent visit to Moscow, they were found smoking tobacco, and all, except himself, were sent into banishment. Nikon was still, however, enraged against him; "for," says the Syrian archdeacon, "no crime with him is ever forgiven; and he now sent to have him brought to those savages that they might eat him; but he was not to be found, having hid himself."

'It may be hoped, however, that this was only a severe practical jest; for, on a subsequent occasion, when the patriarch saw the astonishment of the Syrians at the dog-faced tribe, "he came forward," says the archdeacon, "and, taking me by the hand, led me before the ministers and the assembled crowd, called the savages, as if to eat me, that he might have his laugh and sport with us, whilst I was shuddering and quaking with fear. So, also, he did with others." One, who was a deacon, he actually delivered into their hands. As soon as they laid hold of him, they tore his clothes to tatters in scrambling for him, and it was with difficulty that he was rescued, by redeeming him with fish and money, which the patriarch gave as his price. The poor deacon, from fright and horror, lay ill for a long time afterwards.

'Another still more serious instance is related. Three deacons had married again after the death of their wives by the plague. As soon as the patriarch had heard of this, he bound them in fetters, and sent them to the Trinity Monastery, commanding that they should be confined in a wooden cell, without food, till they died of misery. The patriarch of Antioch happened to see them on his visit, and was so much troubled by their tears and moans, that he interested himself on their behalf, and obtained their liberty. We may hope that they, like the deacon just mentioned in the hands of the dog-faced tribe, were placed there rather for terror, than with any deliberate intention of fulfilling the threat. But the incidents are worthy of the countryman of Ivan the Terrible, as we have seen, and of Peter the Great, as we shall see.'—*Stanley*, p. 419.

It is hard for us to enter into the feelings of Nikon in relation to the reforms which he endeavoured to effect in the Service Books of the Russian Church. We are in no danger of mistaking them for real reforms; but we are apt to undervalue their importance in relation to the people amongst whom they were introduced. The petty changes which Nikon made were changes of immense significance in the eyes of his contemporaries; and, although they had the sanction of the whole orthodox Greek Church, they were only by slow degrees received in Russia; and their reception was the occasion of the largest and most influential sect of Dissenters in the empire. A few words will explain the extent of Nikon's reforms in this department.

The Russians received not only their old version of the Scriptures, but also their Liturgies and Confessions, from the Greek Church. The old Slavonic translations, however, had, in the course of multitudes of manuscript editions, been defaced by serious errors and changes of greater or less importance. These changes—some of them the result of mere accident, others of them intentional—had not been altogether unnoticed. In the days of Ivan the Terrible, the evil had been loudly complained

of; but the Council of the Hundred Chapters had found itself quite unable to devise any cure for it. Nothing less than the combination of learning, vigour, and enthusiasm, which met in Nikon, could suffice for the undertaking of so serious a task. His first care was to procure from the various Russian convents, and from the celebrated Greek monastery on Mount Athos, a large and miscellaneous collection of manuscripts, which, to the number of more than four hundred, are still preserved in the patriarchal library of Moscow, and occasionally win for the memory of Nikon a blessing from the collators in the service of New Testament criticism. He then prevailed on the Czar to convoke a council, in which the following proposition was carried, after much discussion,—that ‘whereas in the new books printed at Moscow, there are found many discrepancies from the ancient Greek and Slavonic copies, and these errors have come from the ignorance of transcribers and printers, this council deems it meet and right to correct the new books by the old Slavonic and Greek manuscripts, that we may in all things follow the primitive rule of the Church.’

Simultaneously, the Patriarch of Constantinople, Paisius, convoked the Greek bishops, and confirmed by the synodal act the decision of the Council of Moscow; he sent also a copy of the Nicene Creed to serve as an immutable model; and, withal, gave his Russian brother a little advice, as to the expediency of cultivating a tolerant spirit, which it would have been well for him had he adopted. He was exhorted to make all changes necessary to make the faith and ritual of the fifth great patriarchate harmonious with those of the other four; but by no means to disturb the peace of the Church, by insisting on uniformity in ever particular of minute observance. But Nikon never pondered the expedencies; he was resolved to carry reform down to the very hem of the ritual garments of the Church, and his mad zeal made him numberless enemies, who, in due time, secured his downfall. But, though his despotic pertinacity in trivial things ruined him, the effect of his reforms in greater matters has been beneficially felt to a certain extent down to the present day.

When the envoys returned with the manuscripts, Nikon was very particular in his inquiries about the usages of the orthodox East. He was especially anxious respecting the position of the fingers in making the sign of the cross; and learned from every one of them that ‘the orthodox Greek Church, from the very beginning down to the present time, has always joined together,

and still joins together, to make the sign of the cross, the three first large fingers, as is customary also in the Russian.' This little circumstance gives a significant exemplification of the extent to which the Oriental Churches carried their notions of 'reform.' The patriarch was as vehement in urging conformity on this point as on any of those which involved the most important questions of morality. His enormous energy was devoted to the rectification of a multitude of petty deviations from Oriental usage; an expenditure of strength upon trifles which would be scarcely credible, were it not paralleled in every age of the Christian Church, and in almost every corner of Christendom. At the very time that Nikon was sending his agents all over the East for correct copies of Service-books, and insisting with despotic rigour upon benediction with three fingers instead of two, the use of white altar-cloths instead of embroidered ones, kissing pictures twice a year, signing the cross the right way, making the precise inflections at the reciting of the Creed—Laud and his party were introducing the elements of similar and equally ridiculous vexation in the purer English Church. As in the case of England, the changes inaugurated by Nikon were resisted; and the resistance has continued to this day. But there is no other parallel between the two. Nikon was the Puritan; but his Puritanism was the clinging to old usages, which had better been abolished altogether; or rather the fighting for one kind of puerility in religious observance instead of another.

As it respects the vital doctrines of the Christian faith, it never entered into the mind of Nikon, or any other theologian of the Russian communion, to suppose that the orthodox faith needed reform. The Reformation in Western Europe had been doing its work for a whole century; but never did one vibration of its influence reach Moscow. The more Eastern communities—or the Eastern Church proper—had been not quite so insensible. Besides sundry other proofs that a movement of inquiry had begun, Cyril Lucar, patriarch of Constantinople just before Nikon's elevation, was disposed to throw all the weight of his learning and position into the endeavour to promote an union between Eastern and Western Christendom. He projected, it would appear, something like a reformation of the Eastern Church on Anglican principles. His own bias towards the leading tenets of Protestantism was very strong, as appears from the interesting correspondence that passed between him and Archbishops Abbot and Laud. But he fell a sacrifice to the bigotry of the ignorant Greeks, prompted, it is supposed, by the machinations

of some French Jesuits in Constantinople: he was accused of treason, and put to death by the Sultan in 1638. His death, however, only ended in one way what would have found its end in another: the Orthodox East is, and ever has approved itself, in a sense unknown even to Roman Catholic West, unchangeable.

The most directly useful of all the reforms which Nikon laboured to effect was that which aimed at the intellectual elevation of the clergy. No part of Christendom could exhibit such woful clerical degradation as the Russia of the seventeenth century. This was a great grief to the new patriarch, who, with all his Scythian fierceness and hardness of temper, was learned and intellectually refined. He laboured hard to rectify the evil. All the existing colleges and seminaries of instruction were remodelled, new ones were founded, and every encouragement given to learning. Then followed the requisition that those who came to him for ordination, whether as deacons or priests, should have received some degree of education, at least, that they should be able to read and write. He never ordained one whom he did not examine in reading; and all were impressed with the necessity of regarding public exhortation as an essential part of their duty. Nothing in the history of this remarkable man is more honourable to him than his earnest endeavour to restore the function of preaching to the Church. His were the first sermons that the Russian Church had heard for centuries. The garrulous Archdeacon of Antioch, who has left many interesting records of a visit to Russia during the patriarchate of Nikon, frequently describes his amazement and alarm at this innovation. For instance: 'Remark, brother, what happened now,—an occurrence which surprised and confused our understandings. It was that so far were they from being content with their lengthened services, that the deacon brought to the patriarch the Book of Lessons, which they opened before him; and he began to read the lesson for the day, on the subject of the second Advent: and not only did he read it, but he preached and expounded the meaning of the words to the standing and silent assembly; until our spirits were broken within us during the tedious while. God preserve us and save us!' And again: 'The Patriarch was not satisfied with the Ritual, but he must needs crown all with an admonition and copious sermon. God grant him moderation! His heart did not ache for the Emperor, nor for the tender infants, standing uncovered in the intense cold. What should we say to this in our country?' To still more advantage does the preacher appear in the following extract. Alexis was going to fight the

Poles: 'The patriarch blessed him, and then stood before him, and raised his voice in prayer for him, reading a beautiful exordium, with parables and proverbs from the ancients, such as how God granted victory to Moses and Pharaoh, &c.; from modern history, such as the victory of Constantine over Maximianus and Maxentius, &c.; adding many examples of this nature, and with much prolixity of discourse moving on at his leisure, like a copious stream of flowing water. No one seemed to find fault with him, or be tired of his discourse; but all were silent and attentive, as if each were a slave before his master.'

What he would have effected for the Russian Church it is hard to say. A few years of such wilful reformation were enough for the nobles and upper classes of the clergy. No sooner had the Czar returned from his campaign than Nikon perceived that his sun was beginning to go down. The nobles banded together to prevent his resuming his personal influence over the sovereign; and the Tzaritsa herself, whose mind had been easily poisoned with jealousy, was induced to second their endeavours. They found ample materials for the accomplishment of their purpose. The Czar was not a little ruffled by the Swedish disasters which had followed and tarnished his Polish victories; and they could allege, with some truth, that Nikon's advice had induced the Czar to refuse Sweden's overtures for an alliance. They could also make out a strong case from the all but universal dissatisfaction created by the patriarch's excessive severity. By slow degrees, the Czar was weaned from his absolute dependence upon the favourite; and one by one indignities very hard to bear were inflicted upon him. The monarch met him at table only rarely, and their private consultations were entirely discontinued. By degrees, some of Nikon's ecclesiastical appointments were set aside. The Monastery Court, too, which had been appointed for judgment in spiritual cases, but which his vigorous autocracy had superseded, began to re-assert its functions. This emboldened the Council of Boyars more and more; until Nikon's influence had dwindled rapidly to the lowest point. Knowing the sensitiveness of his disposition, the nobles perpetually insulted him; they kept the Czar from the cathedral when he officiated; a thousand other expedients were invented; and one of the courtiers went so far as to give his dog the patriarch's name. At length, some insult more than ordinarily keen and daring brought the explosion, and the haughty patriarch resolved to go out from the presence of his enemies, and take refuge in the asceticism of his former life.

It is very probable that Nikon, who was sagacious enough

to see that his enemies were too strong for him, for some time meditated an abdication of his high office. He built three monasteries, founded in memory of the three most remarkable epochs of his life,—his having been hermit, metropolitan, and patriarch. He seemed to find no rest or consolation in Moscow, where he was daily subjected to fresh degradation, and spent most of his time in monastic labours in these new homes. It will not seem strange that the Czar, whose mild nature could not resist the whole body of the nobles, still clung to the old friend, whom as a counsellor he was shaking off, and spent many hours with him in the country. The last time they met in peace was at the consecration of the wooden church of the last of Nikon's three new convents. The account is a very interesting one in Mouravieff; but we must forsake him at this point for the far more fascinating pages of Stanley.

'They were standing together on a rising ground, which overlooked a track of hills and undulating forest, presenting a variety of foliage rare in the monotony of Russian scenery, when the Czar, who had, to an unusual extent, the Russian passion for imitation of sacred places, and had built in his palace and in his hunting-grounds, two copies of the Holy Sepulchre, exclaimed, "What a site for a monastery; what a beautiful place for a New Jerusalem!" Nikon caught at the thought. He had himself already made a New Athos of his island in the Valdai Lake. "Here," he said, "there shall be indeed a New Jerusalem. The church of the monastery shall be the church of the Holy Sepulchre; the river that runs at our feet shall be the Jordan; the brook shall be the Kedron; the hill on which we stand shall be the Mount of Olives; the wooded mount beyond shall be Mount Tabor." Neither Alexis nor Nikon, with all their passion for imitation, could produce the slightest resemblance between the natural features of Muscovy and of Palestine. But Nikon did what he could for the building. His agents were still in the East collecting manuscripts for a correct version of the Liturgy; and he charged them to bring back from Jerusalem an exact model of the Holy Sepulchre. The result was, the church of "the Resurrection," (Voskresensky,) or, as it is now called, of "the New Jerusalem," which still remains a monument of the friendship of Alexis and Nikon. Externally, it has the aspect of an ordinary Russian cathedral, still further complicated by the addition of successive chapels, built by, or in honour of, the various members of the imperial family in after times, down to our own day. But, internally, it is so precisely of the same form and dimensions as the church at the actual Jerusalem, that intricate as the arrangements of that church are, beyond probably any other in the world, a traveller who has seen the original can find his way without difficulty through every corridor, and stair, and corner of the copy; and it possesses the further in-

terest that, having been built before the recent alterations of the church in Palestine, it is, in some respects, (in five particulars of considerable importance,) more like the old church in which the Crusaders worshipped than is that church itself. It has, amongst all the architectural works of Nikon's patriarchate, that on which his heart was most set. Throughout it bears his impress. In the sanctuary behind the screen still remains an indication of his magnificent schemes for the Russian Church. A vast array of seats rises, tier above tier, surmounted by the five Patriarchal thrones of Constantinople, Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Moscow, which Nikon, in his days of power, designed as the scene of a future General Council. A picture represents him surrounded by his disciples,—amongst others, the secretary Shuskerinoff seated at his feet,—bending with eye-glasses over his manuscript, containing, as we may suppose, the annals of Russia, called from his superintendence, the chronicle of Nikon. Still more characteristic is the square tower, the cell, or "skeet," which he built for himself beyond the fancied Kedron, in the midst of the pale misty birchwood that climbs the slope behind the convent. His large, black hat, his enormous clouted shoes, his rough sheepskin, bring before us his huge figure in the costume and manner of life which he adopted, when he exchanged the patriarchate for the hermitage; when he fished in the river, and assisted at the drainage of the marshes like a common peasant, and worked like a common stonemason in the erection of the convent church. It was what he had been of old in the monastic fortress by the Frozen Ocean; it was what he kept before his mind even in his greatness of state at Moscow, by inviting, from time to time, to his table one of the wild enthusiasts already described in mediæval Russia, who sat by his side, amidst the splendour of the imperial banquet, in a state of absolute nudity.'

A free and ingenuous explanation between the Czar and his old friend was all that was wanting. But that was never permitted by the domineering nobles. It was on some occasion of great provocation, that Nikon made his last effort to obtain an interview. It was not successful: the Czar was kept in his palace; and, instead of him, came a prince, who loaded the patriarch with abuse, and taunted him with assuming the very title which his master had obliged him to receive. How much it had cost his proud spirit to keep silence so long cannot be known; but at this point Nikon lost all patience. Rapidly finishing the liturgy, he cried out, in the hearing of all the people, that his unworthiness was the cause of all the wars and pestilences and disorders of the kingdom. He then placed the staff of Peter the Wonderworker on the Icon of the Virgin, and proclaimed aloud that he was no longer patriarch of Moscow. He took off his episcopal robes, notwithstanding the

entreaties of the people; wrote a swift note to the Czar in the vestry; and sat down, in a common monk's mantle, to await the answer. The people wept, and kept the doors of the cathedral shut; but Nikon found his way out, went on foot to the monastery of the resurrection, and from thence wrote another letter, once more abdicating his dignity, and praying the Czar's forgiveness. Here, resuming his conventual life, he shut himself up in a tower, with a chapel about six feet square, a stone bed strewed with a few rushes, and a hearth where he cooked his own food. In this cell, with a cross of iron weighing some twenty pounds about his neck, Nikon employed himself in compiling the Russian annals from the earliest times. This chronicle is esteemed of the highest authority; the learning and ability which it displays might, under better auspices and better direction, have given the author a very different kind of reputation in ecclesiastical history from that which he now enjoys.

But all the ascetic severity and learned labours of his retirement failed to tame his indomitable spirit. He refused to acknowledge any successor in the see. He caused special offices to be sung, in which the curses of the Psalms were howled over the heads of his enemies. When he was charged, by one who was sent for the purpose, with cursing the Czar, he replied, 'I have not cursed the Czar; but I have cursed you, the nobles of the Church; if you have a mind to stay and hear it, I will have the same office sung over again in your ears.' The struggle lasted seven years and more; until at length the Czar was obliged to invite the Eastern patriarchs to form a council for the trial of Nikon, and the termination of the scandal. Just at this time, one of the very few courtiers who remained faithful to the fallen patriarch advised him to return, and by a bold stroke recover his position. This was a great trial of his firmness; the representations which he received of the Czar's desire to see him, conspired with his own yearnings to be once more in Moscow; and he hesitated long. A dream decided, or was said to have decided, his resolution. 'On that stone bed he was sleeping, and he dreamed that he was once more in his own beloved cathedral, and one by one he saw rise from their graves the whole line of his predecessors in the metropolitan see: Peter, whose wonder-working staff he had laid in the sacred picture; Alexis, from the chapel hard by, the champion of Russia against the Tartars; Philip, murdered by Ivan the Terrible; Job, the blind old man, who had vainly struggled against the false Demetrius; Hermogenes, starved to death by the Polish invaders; Philaret, grandfather of the Czar Alexis: one by one, at the

call of the wonder-worker Jonah, they rose from the four corners, and from the array of tombs beside the painted walls, took him by the hand, and raised him once more into his patriarchal throne. He woke up, and left his cramped couch. He returned by night to Moscow, on the eve of St. Peter's festival. At break of day he appeared publicly once more in the cathedral, grasped once more the staff of Peter, stood erect in the patriarch's place, and sent to the Czar to announce his arrival, and to invite him to come to the church to receive his blessing, and to assist at the prayers.'

The feeble Alexis was as much astounded as the good old metropolitan had been. He had just been hearing matins in his own palace, a few paces off; and, in his perplexity, sent for the nobles of his privy council and the spiritual authorities. This was a critical moment: either the humiliation of Nikon would be complete, or his ascendancy would be more absolute than ever. Their advice was, that the Czar should give him no interview, but consent to receive a letter containing an account of his dream, and summon an œcumenical council. They took care, further, to procure a notification that he must retire to a monastery forty miles from Moscow. Nikon then knew that all was over. He consented to the election of a new patriarch; and made only a few stipulations to secure his own future independence and dignity. These the synod, at whose suggestion the Czar acted, refused to grant; it was plain that Nikon would have no mercy shown him. But, just at this juncture, two of the four patriarchs of the orthodox East happened to come to Russia; and they were made the nucleus of a considerable council, before which the disgraced patriarch was summoned.

He obeyed the summons as if it had been a decree of death. He received the viaticum of the holy gifts and the unction with oil; for he had a presentiment of what awaited him: it was for the burial of his office, and not of himself. He appeared before the council in the character of patriarch, with the cross borne before him; and when he saw that there was no place prepared for him on a level with the two patriarchs, he remained standing. The Czar, not able to suppress his tears, charged him with the wilfulness of his conduct, and for writing the letter to the patriarch of Constantinople. The Czar's charges he heard in proud silence; but when his other accusers began to pour out their venomous accusations, as usual he lost his patience, and with it his cause. 'They might succeed,' he said, 'with stones; but they would never put an end to him with words, though they spent nine more years in finding them.' While they were reading his letter to the patriarch, Alexis was over-

come by the inward struggle. Leaving his throne quietly, he approached Nikon, and took him by the hand, and said, 'O most holy father, why hast thou put upon me such a reproach, preparing thyself for the council as if going to death? Thinkest thou that I have forgotten all thy services both to myself personally, and to my family during the plague, and our former mutual friendship?' This caused a brief flow of the old affection; but the council had already virtually done its work; and Alexis and Nikon never met again. In consequence of the Czar's personal feeling, the sessions of the council were transferred to a neighbouring chapel; and, at the end of a week's deliberations, Nikon was summoned to hear his sentence. After enumerating the points of his accusation, which may be summed up under two heads—arbitrary conduct in and beyond his office, and deserting his chair—he was sentenced to be degraded, and to retain only the quality of a simple monk, wherein to do penance during the rest of his life in a remote monastery.

The two patriarchs—one of whom had partaken of Nikon's magnificent hospitality—then ordered his khlobouk, which was embroidered with cherubims in pearls, to be taken from him; but he refused to lay aside this mark of his monastic character, and demanded why they degraded him in so mean a place, and in the absence of the Czar. With a touch of bitter pathos, he asked them why they did not do it in the Cathedral of the Assumption, in the place where they had formerly implored him to ascend the patriarchal throne. Observing, that they feared the people too much to take away his episcopal mantle and crozier, he reproached his brother patriarchs for wandering up and down the world, and offered to present them with the pearls of his khlobouk towards their maintenance. Two bishops alone refused to have anything to do with his degradation. Others were found who gratuitously accompanied him to the court-house for the purpose of railing upon him. But Nikon was as hard as passion could make him. The monarch's money and sable furs were rejected; and he went on his way, poorly clad and under strict guard, to the monastery of Therapontoff, on the White Lake. There his episcopal staff and mantle were taken from him, and for a few months his confinement was very severe—more severe than anything in his trial and sentence could justify, and much clamoured against by the people.

Thus, returning back to the simplicity of his earliest days, Nikon led the life of a hermit, dividing his time between ascetic exercises, the cares of his little, self-constituted bishopric, and husbandry. For some years he was all but forgotten; save when the people talked about him, or Alexis sighed over his name,

and all the remembrances it called up. His immense popularity with the mass of the Russians may be gathered from the fact that Radzin, the rebel Cossack, attracted vast numbers to his standard, by spreading a report that Nikon had escaped, and was in his camp. Whether as the result of this or not, it is certain that Alexis about this time made covert overtures for a reconciliation, which the passionate desire of his heart to die in his 'New Jerusalem' disposed Nikon to receive. But Alexis was smitten with mortal sickness; and when the tidings of his death reached Nikon, he groaned aloud, and cried, 'The will of God be done! What though he never saw me to make our farewell peace here? we shall meet and be judged together at the terrible coming of Christ.' Three years of still deeper darkness then closed upon the exile: the use made of his name by the Cossacks seems to have aroused the suspicions of the Boyars, and they procured his removal to another monastery, and still more strict confinement.

But the new Czar Theodore was Nikon's godson; and a more gentle feeling gradually prevailed in the court. The preceptor of the young Czar, Simeon of Polotzky, was a monk 'who had travelled in the West, and there, from a jumble of Latin theology and astrological divinations, conceived a wild scheme of creating four patriarchal sees in the Russian Church, after the manner of those of the East, surmounted by one Papal throne, which he destined for the only man in Russia who was capable of filling it, the exiled but never forgotten Nikon. He worked on the mind of his royal pupil in one direction. Another old friend was the Princess Fatima, sister of the late Czar, who had always remained faithful to Nikon, and one of whose works of devotion, an illuminated Gospel, is still shown in the treasury of the convent of the New Jerusalem. To that beloved edifice—still in the unfinished state in which its founder had left it—she took her nephew, to visit the spot, and to receive from the monks a petition for the return of Nikon. The Czar laid it before the patriarch Joachim, who, for a time, strongly resisted; but, hearing at last that Nikon was preparing for his latter end, his heart was touched, and he consented.'

The story of Nikon's death shall be quoted from the pages of Mouravieff, whose simple narrative has a remarkable interest, not only for the sake of the hero, but as presenting the scene of a picture which is often presented to the traveller in Russia:—

'On the very same day on which the gracious permission of the Tzar and the patriarch arrived at the monastery of St. Cyril, Nikon, while it was yet very early, from a secret presentiment had prepared himself for the journey, and, to the astonishment of every body,

ordered the religious who were in personal attendance upon him to hold themselves in readiness. With difficulty they placed the old man, now worn out with sickness and infirmity, in the sledge, which took him by land to a barge on the river Shekona, by which he descended to the Volga. Here he was met by brethren from the Voskresensky monastery, that is, the monastery of the Resurrection, or New Jerusalem, who had been sent for that purpose. Nikon gave orders to drop down the Volga as far as Yaroslavl, and, having put into shore at the Tolskory monastery, he received the Communion of the Sick, for he began to be exceedingly feeble. The hegumen, with all the brotherhood, went out to meet him, accompanied by a former enemy of Nikon, the Archimandrite Sergius, the same that during his trial kept him under guard, and covered him with reproaches, but had since been sent to this monastery in disgrace to perform penance. This Sergius, having fallen asleep in the Trapeza, or Refectory, at the very hour of the arrival of Nikon, saw in a dream the patriarch appearing to him, and saying, "Brother Sergius, arise; let us forgive and take leave of each other!" when suddenly, at that moment, he was awakened, and told that the patriarch was actually approaching by the Volga, and that the brotherhood had already gone out to the bank to meet him. Sergius followed immediately, and when he saw Nikon dying, he fell at his feet, and, shedding tears of repentance, asked and obtained his forgiveness. Death had already begun to come upon the patriarch, by the time that the barge was again moving down the stream. The citizens of Yaroslavl, hearing of his arrival, crowded to the river, and, seeing the old man lying on his couch all but dead, threw themselves down before him with tears, kissing his hands and his garments, and begging his blessing; some towed his barge along the shore, others threw themselves into the water to assist them, and thus they drew it in and moored it against the monastery of the All-merciful Saviour.'

The sufferer was already so much exhausted that he could not speak, but only gave his hand to them all. The Czar's secretary ordered them to tow the barge to the other side of the river, to avoid the crowds of the people. Just then the bells were struck for evening prayers. Nikon was on the point of death: suddenly he turned and looked about, as if some one had come to call him, and then arranged his hair, beard, and dress for himself, as if in preparation for his last and longest journey. His confessor, together with all the brethren standing round, read the commendatory prayers for the dying; and the patriarch, stretching himself out to his full length on the couch, and laying his arms crosswise upon his breast, gave one sigh, and departed from this world in peace. In the mean time, the pious Czar Theodore, not knowing that he was dead, had sent his own carriage to meet him with a number of horses. When he was informed of it, he shed tears, and asked what Nikon had desired respecting his

last will? and when he learned that the departed prelate had chosen him, as his godson, to be his executor, and had confided everything to him, the good-hearted Czar replied, with emotion, 'If it be so, and the most holy patriarch Nikon has reposed all his confidence in me, the will of the Lord be done. I will not forget him.' He gave orders for conveying the body to the New Jerusalem.

This was not, however, the end of contention. The patriarch Joachim declined to officiate at his interment, unless the œcumenical degradation were respected; and it was only by the surreptitious service of a friendly metropolitan that the dead body was interred with befitting respect. They carried it to the tomb which Nikon had prepared for his long rest, under the Calvary of his New Jerusalem. The Czar Theodore—soon himself to be borne on the same journey—was one of his bearers. This gentle-spirited prince had done all in his power to redeem his father's name from the stain of ingratitude; it was at his personal intercession that the four Patriarchs of the East sent their letters of absolution for the deceased, and re-admitted him into their pontifical assembly. To the feeling of the people of Russia, Nikon was never excluded from that assembly. His rough sincerity, and general devotion to high aims, secured him the love of the mass. His memory has always been dear to them. Amongst the multitudes who perpetually crowd, in a kind of imitative pilgrimage, to these imitative 'Holy Places,' there is but one feeling of love for the memory of the reformer, who, spared the mockery of the Church's canonization, is canonized far more really and effectually in the reverence and love of the Russian people.

So passed off the stage of human action one of the most remarkable men that ever played a part on it. We have sketched the outline of his life with something like completeness,—more fully, indeed, than it is found in any easily accessible documents,—and it only remains that we make a few further observations upon his representative character as a typical Russian of the 'orthodox faith.'

As to his personal characteristics, it seems to us that they were moulded by that singular admixture of ascetic gloom and public splendour which made up his life. The greater part of his days were spent in such solitude, amidst such severities, and under such a fearful burden of superstitious ceremonial, as never had its parallel in the world, and could be found only in the Eastern Church. From such a secret discipline of everlasting and hopeless struggle with his own will, he emerges into the fifth patriarchate of what he would call Christendom. Such a

sudden transition could not but prove a fearful trial of his moral nature; and he fell—not into the abysses of sensuality, or love of the world simply, but into the wild excesses of presumption and pride. What he might have been, had his temptations been less; what he might have done, had he entered upon his reforming career with a more chastened spirit,—it is vain to inquire. He made himself a fool by his unbounded and reckless despotism; he alienated almost all men from himself; and, although he was the greatest benefactor of his country that that century had produced, he was forgiven only when a pathetic death pleaded for him.

As a reformer, he has never had full justice done to him. It was scarcely his fault that doctrinal errors never came within the range of his plan of reform. He knew of no doctrinal errors in the system of faith in which he was trained. In this he was a pattern Greek of the orthodox communion. It never occurred to him to question the soundness of the doctrines which were based upon the decrees of the Seven Councils. Upon him, as upon all the long array of patriarchs and doctors of that community, that spirit of deadly slumber rested which has fallen upon the whole Greek Church by the decree of God. Their eyes have been holden. To them there has never been development of any kind, either for good or evil. The errors that were stereotyped when East and West divided are their errors still, and seem to bid fair to remain untouched by reformation from within. 'Nikon,' we quote the words of Stanley, 'was the first Russian reformer; but we must not expect from this parallel a direct reformation of doctrine or of philosophy. Such a reformation has never taken place in any branch of the Eastern Church; partly because it was less needed than in the West, partly because the whole character of the nations composing the Eastern Church has set in another direction. But still Nikon was, so far as we know, the first great Eastern ecclesiastic, with the single exception of Cyril Lucar, who saw that the time was come for giving life to the ceremonial observances, and a moral direction to the devotional feelings of Oriental worship.' That doctrinal reform was less needed in the East than in the West is an assertion for which Canon Stanley's very broad leanings are responsible; and it is one which we have no vocation to do more than question here. But the remainder is true. Nikon was the only man who strove to amend the morals and elevate the devotional tastes of the Muscovite people. He set the example of austere morality in his own person, so far as outward propriety and all the offices of visible charity went; and he ruthlessly visited their offences upon the heads of all notorious offenders. Moreover, he certainly did all in his own power to

restore to correctness, and to circulate universally, the old Slavonic Scriptures and religious books. And it must be remembered that the very council that degraded him, adopted all his reforms, and thus set its seal to the virtue of his public life.

In estimating the character of Nikon, it is essential to remember the times in which he lived. In comparison of all the other illustrious names of ecclesiastical Russia, his shines with a peculiar lustre. From the days of Nikon, the monk of Kieff, downwards, there is not one person in all the series of metropolitans and patriarchs who is marked as a great and noble spirit, until we come to Nikon. In him the ignorance of the heads of the Russian Church ceased, and their ferocity was in him softened into an almost Christian type of character. In him the Russian patriarchate came to a worthy end; for, although there were one or two shadowy patriarchs before Peter the Great put an end to the office, and exchanged it for the Holy Governing Synod, he was in reality the last of the patriarchs. And when we turn to the modern Russian Church, with its dead Oriental barrenness, its multitude of sects fighting, not for the truth, but for exploded superstitions, and all its endless contradictions, we find that the influence of this remarkable man has been greater than that of any other, Peter scarcely excepted, in moulding the character and destiny of Christianity in Russia. There is in it very much that is evil, and very little that is hopeful; but whatever of hopeful is found, may be traced up to the patriarch Nikon.

ART. VIII.—*Australia; with Notes by the Way, on Egypt, Ceylon, Bombay, and the Holy Land.* By FREDERICK J. JOBSON, D.D. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; and John Mason. 1862.

ALL Methodist ministers are great travellers, though but few of them can know much of foreign parts. Within the limits of England, and, as respects some of them, also of Scotland, they see more of the country and the people than perhaps any other class of men. There are very few of them who have arrived at middle life, that have not passed some years both in the manufacturing and the agricultural districts; and, wherever they settle for a time, be it for one or two, or the now customary term of three, years, they generally become familiar with the country as well as the town. They take their periodical walks to their 'country appointments,' through old-world villages, out-of-the-way hamlets, long-decaying places of ancient name and

fame; they push their evangelistic enterprises in thriving young boroughs, and in new industrial centres of sudden growth, where the long incubus of ancient feudalism has never rested, and the rude spirit of the commonalty has never been tamed, and where modern education and civilization have as yet much of their work to do. They know every turn and point of the pleasant vale, undimmed by smoke, through which the bright stream runs its cheery way, and in which comfortable farmsteads here and there gleam among their stacks and orchards; and are at home not less in every court and nook of the crowded and grimy seat of manufacturing industry. Some of them know the whole country, from Cumberland to Cornwall, from Berwick to the Isle of Wight, and are familiar with most of the diversities of life and manners, and bodily appearance and stature, which distinguish the different classes of the inhabitants, and which, notwithstanding the generic identity of Englishmen, are more numerous and marked in this island, with its manifold varieties of climate, surface, and soil, and of race and occupation among the people, than in any area of equal dimensions in the world. Methodist ministers not only walk the roads, they are found in all kinds of homes: they visit the inmates in distress, they are the friends and counsellors of the family. They learn to be at home with every sort of men. They understand the ways and character of the Lancashire 'factory-hand' and the West Riding loomsman as well as of the Lincolnshire labourer or the Somerset boor. They know the respective differences which so strongly mark the Cumberland lead-miner, the Staffordshire collier, and the intelligent, but, alas! short-lived Cornishman, who comes 'up to grass' fearfully exhausted, from the ladder of a tin or copper mine; or, again, which render the Northumbrian collier of the present day so different a being from his too-often brutal and debased brother who works in the coal-pits of Wales or the Forest of Dean; and which have during the last thirty years made the colliers of the Worsley pits superior, perhaps, on the whole, to any of the same occupation in England. They understand the views and feelings of millowners as well as of farmers, and are at the same time equally at home among decent shopkeepers. The only classes with which they, as a class, are not familiar, are the vicious and criminal, the 'fast' and fashionable, the refined and highly cultured, the aristocracy of wealth, and the aristocracy of blood. They are a middle-class brotherhood, and among the middle and lower classes is their ordinary walk. Very few of them have had the *entrée* of the upper circles; and when, upon occasion, they find themselves within that quiet, proper, semi-frigid zone, we suspect that these somewhat free and easy,

hearty, chum-loving 'brethren,'—although their habitual gentility of behaviour be undeniable,—will not feel themselves, for the most part, perfectly at ease; far more so, however, we do not doubt, than in some over-grand and glaring drawing-rooms of *parvenu* millionnaires.

It follows from this preamble that a Methodist minister ought to be an intelligent and observant traveller, let him go where he may. Certain it is, that the 'brethren' have unrivalled opportunities, within the wide limits we have indicated, of observing life and manners at home, although, with their busy and laborious, often far too laborious and busy, lives, they have but little time for speculating on all they see, and are precluded from imparting to the public the benefit of their wide observation and varied experience. What a shrewd and observant man, with sufficient time and means at his disposal, may do in the way of entertaining the world with his walks, even though he make no pretensions to science, has been shown by the sale of the successive records of the 'Londoner's' perambulations. But Methodist itinerants have too much walking and working to be able to write profitable books about their walks and the people they see.

These reflections have been suggested to us by the perusal of this second book of travels from the pen of Dr. Jobson. Dr. Jobson is a Methodist minister, but has had opportunities beyond most of his brethren in the 'home-work.' They travel only in Britain; he has travelled a good deal abroad, and visited the most distant parts of the earth. He is able, therefore, to bring his knowledge of the world, and his experience of men and things, to bear on a wide sphere. The result has been two good books; of which this second, chiefly relating to Australia, is, we think, not less interesting or valuable than the former, which contained an account of his visit, a few years ago, in company with the Rev. Dr. Hannah, to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) in the United States. At that time Dr. Jobson saw something of America, from St. Louis and Indiana to Detroit and Niagara, and from Baltimore to Quebec, including, of course, the chief cities of the North. Before that time he had contrived to see the Low Countries and the Rhine; and he has since, if we are not mistaken, been enabled, through the necessity of a 'clergyman's sore throat,' to visit France and Italy. He was prepared, therefore, for his last travels, by a tolerably extensive training.

The Wesleyan Conference of 1860 deputed Dr. Jobson to visit

the Australian Colonies, and to attend the sittings of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Conference, at Sydney, in order to give and receive explanations respecting the mutual relations of the two Conferences. Seven years previously, the Rev. Robert Young had been deputed by the British Conference to preside at the formation of the 'affiliated' Conference of Australia, in order to the establishment of Wesleyan Methodism in Australasia on an independent basis, as respects both self-government and (eventually) self-support,—a mission of which Mr. Young has given an account in his interesting and valuable volume, entitled, *The Southern World*. Questions, had, however, arisen which seemed to render another deputation necessary; besides which, an occasional interchange of visits between the two Conferences is, on independent grounds, desirable. Such an interchange is kept up between the British Conference and the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) in the United States, which for seventy or eighty years past has been separated from English Methodism. Between the national Methodist Church and one of its colonial branches it is yet more natural; besides which, the colonial Church derives as yet a very considerable yearly subsidy from the missionary income of the parent Body, chiefly towards the maintenance of the Polynesian missionary churches, which are under the immediate direction of the Australasian Conference; and has also received, during the last eight years, large supplies of ministerial agency from this country. Indeed, although the Australasian Conference has, in some points of administrative detail, departed from the precedents of the British Conference, it is still organically, as well as in part financially, dependent upon it; and its nomination of a minister to the presidency, year by year, needs to be confirmed by the approval of the parent Conference.

Dr. Jobson, therefore, having been appointed by the Conference assembled at London, in August, 1860, set sail from Southampton, in company with Mrs. Jobson, in the early part of the following month. It had been arranged that he should go overland by way of Alexandria, Aden, and Ceylon, as the most expeditious route, and also as affording him an opportunity of visiting by the way the earliest mission field of the Wesleyans in the East. He visited the principal Australian colonies, and, returning home again by way of Ceylon, made a *détour* for the sake of doing the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he and his companion in travel made the best of the short fortnight at their disposal; and, finally, taking steamer at Jaffa for Alex-

andria, and so returning home, they reached Southampton pier on June 11th, having been absent nine months on their 'grand tour.'

With the voyage to and up the Mediterranean, in one of the Peninsular and Oriental steam-vessels, touching, of course, at Gibraltar and Malta, many a general reader is much more familiar than with the journey by rail between Birmingham and Manchester. Alexandria, too, and Cairo,—with their Arabs, and backsheesh, and donkeys,—with their motleyest of all conceivable motley scenes, wanting scarcely any type of life or element of contrast but what is dignified, or home-like, or pure,—with glare, and filth, and wretchedness;—all this is an 'oft-told tale.' Our author, who not only wields the artist's pencil, but commands a graphic pen, describes Egypt, as he saw it, picturesquely, and without affectation or sentimentalism, or antiquarian pedantry. We shall, however, be readily excused by our readers if we pass by 'Cairo and its wonders,' the 'petrified forest,' and the 'tombs of the Caliphs,' the Pyramids and the Sphinx, to give them the following singular and interesting relation :—

'*Tues., Oct. 9.*—We could not leave our room for sickness till the latter part of the day, when the Pasha's chief engineer, who boarded at our hotel, proposed to drive us down to Boulak, the port of Cairo, where he would introduce us to an interesting character—the Pasha's naval architect. We accepted his proposal; and on reaching the house of the architect were surprised to see on his book-shelves, Adam Clarke's Commentary, Wesley's and Watson's Works; and the Reports and Notices of our Wesleyan Missionary Society. We were wondering at the unexpected sight, when the master of the dwelling entered, and was introduced to us by the engineer as "Hassan-ain-Effendi." He was a finely-framed man, with large round head and face of true Egyptian or red olive complexion, and in full dress, of red cap, embroidered, tight jacket, baggy breeches, and broad sash, &c. He very courteously bade us be seated; and when I told him that I was a Methodist minister, on my way to a Conference in Australia, he became greatly excited, and related to us how, when in England for education in his profession, under the patronage of Mohammed Ali, he had seen much of the Wesleyans at Sheerness and Rochester, and in London; that he had received favours from them both in social entertainment and religious instruction; had heard their most talented preachers, such as Watson, Bunting, and Newton; and that he felt as if he could never repay the debt of gratitude he owed the Methodists for what they had done for him. He further stated that he continued to read their publications, and thus explained what had so greatly surprised us in the books on his shelves. He expressed his great delight at seeing us; and said that he had seen me on a former day in the city, and was strongly moved "by a mysterious impulse"

to step up to me, and introduce himself; but refrained from doing so, lest he should be deemed by one who knew nothing of him as a mere touter, seeking to make gain of a traveller. The friend who had brought us said he knew nothing of this, nor that I was a Methodist minister; but simply thought that we should be gratified by intercourse with an intelligent and accomplished Egyptian. We mutually rejoiced in our acquaintance, thus strangely brought about; and, not willing to enjoy his pleasure alone, he went and brought to us his beautiful wife. After the ceremonies of introduction, she gradually unveiled herself, and became very free and conversable. His youthful son, the true image of his honest faced father, was also brought to us. We conversed on various subjects; and arranged with him rides and walks for sight-seeing in the city and its neighbourhood. He told us of wonderful deliverances he had received under persevering persecutions from men who, as he described, had "the wayward minds of children with the despotic power of lions and tigers;" and he thankfully ascribed his deliverances to God.'—Pp. 37–39.

The following glimpse has some novelty as well as interest; and as it is but a brief passage, we will venture to quote it:—

'Thurs., Oct. 18.—Went with Hassan-ain-Effendi to see the tombs of the Mamelukes, and found the royal ladies of the Hareem at the family burial-place of Mahommed Ali, close by. The tombs of the Mamelukes are on an elevated platform, and adorned with pillars, or upright marble slabs at the ends, bearing Arabic inscriptions. After examining them, we went to the celebrated Mosque of Mehemet Ali. It is his family burial-place, and has within it some gorgeous tombs, with embroidered blue and green cloth and velvet coverings. The ladies of the Hareem were still on the premises, having come there to mourn for the princely dead; and their sumptuous carriages, with Nubian attendants, and lounging eunuchs, were waiting for them outside. When following our Turkish guides among the tombs, we heard some laughing voices in the adjoining court. I stepped hastily to the window to see who they were, but there were shouts and gestures of warning to me not to look; and we were afterwards informed that the ladies of the Hareem with their white slaves had been peeping at us from the court-yard, through the mosque windows, and that their keepers were alarmed. Of all the sights of Egypt, nothing was more offensive to me than the huge, turtle-fleshed eunuchs who had the guardianship of higher-class women. It is true that, in mere physique, some of them were large, grand men. But they looked so bloated and dead-eyed, and were so brutally haughty and overbearing, that one could only feel disgust for them.'—Pp. 50, 51.

The Desert railway from Cairo to Suez; a disagreeable voyage down the Red Sea in an incommodious and overcrowded steamer; (the 'Candia,' by which they had expected to sail, having broken down in her way up from Aden to Suez;) the intolerable

heat by day and by night in the narrow sea ; the volcanic region of Aden, looking 'grim and grand,'—or, as otherwise described by Sir Charles Napier, like 'a gigantic ciuder,'—with its wild, black 'Arabs,' by no means belonging to the higher tribes, its 'greasy Arab Jews, who stank of dirt, and its cleanly, respectable-looking Parsees ;' and, after leaving Aden, a swift run of ten days through the Indian Ocean ; are noted in our voyager's diary, but need not be more particularly noted by us. We must, however, stay a while, with the deputation and his good lady, to look at Ceylon and the Mission Stations there. There is scarcely another point in the wide Missionary field which a Methodist minister can regard with so deep an interest as Point de Galle, in Ceylon. Here, having lost their veteran leader, Dr. Coke, on the voyage from England, a few plain, and altogether inexperienced, youths landed, forty-seven years ago, to commence a Christian Mission among the Singhalese inhabitants. But their way had been 'prepared of the Lord.' At Bombay, where they had first touched Indian land, God had raised up friends for them, in their time of need and even destitution ; and from Bombay news of their coming had reached the fine-spirited Englishmen who were in power at Point de Galle. Sir Robert Brownrigg, the governor of Ceylon, had ordered the government house to be prepared for their reception ; and Lord Molesworth, the commandant of the garrison, was waiting to receive them on the jetty. When Mr. Squance landed,—who was the first to step out of the boat, and who still survives to relate, with unflagging liveliness and with the ever-fresh glow of a heart which Christian faith and love have kept young, the singularly providential beginnings of the East Indian Mission,—Lord Molesworth took him by the hand, asked his name, and, finding it to be that of one of the expected missionaries, said, 'Yes, you are the man,' and added, with great emotion, 'All this is in answer to prayer. I have long been praying that missionaries might be sent to India, and the Lord has answered.' Lord Molesworth, under the Christian teaching of the missionaries, soon obtained 'the witness of the Spirit,' 'the full assurance of hope,' and 'the peace which passeth understanding ;' and when, not long afterward, he and his lady perished at sea, near Cape Laguellas, on the coast of South Africa, it was stated by the survivors that, 'while the ship was sinking, Lord Molesworth was employed in walking up and down the decks, pointing the dying seamen, soldiers, and passengers to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world ;"' and that, 'having finished this work of mercy, he embraced Lady Molesworth, and they sank, locked in each

other's arms, and thus, folded together in death, they were washed on shore.*

From the beginning thus made at Point-de-Galle, in 1815, 'a net-work of organized churches,' as Dr. Jobson informs us, 'has spread over the most populous parts of Ceylon. These are under the efficient instruction and training, 'for the most part, of native teachers and ministers; and though the influence of corrupt and idolatrous systems is still powerful in the island, yet the leaven of Christianity is in the midst of the native mass, and in due time will, undoubtedly, leaven the whole lump.' (P. 172.)

Dr. and Mrs. Jobson reached Point-de-Galle at six A.M., on November 6th, were presently welcomed by the resident Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. John Scott, who came to them on board the steamer, and landed in Ceylon at eight A.M. The effeminate appearance of the beardless and ear-ringed natives, with their petticoat-like wrappers, at first misled our travellers, as the Doctor honestly tells us, into the notion that they were all women! After landing, first came breakfast, and then—fortunately for the travellers it was the cool season—a visit to the mission-school. Dr. Jobson 'heard some of the boys read a lesson on astronomy; then examined them on their conceptions of God, who made the heavens, and on what they knew of the way of salvation. Their understanding of Divine things, as well as their general intelligence, was most gratifying.' The next day they went to Matura, skirting the coast in a southerly direction. We must here allow ourselves to quote a descriptive extract.

'There were European officials in loose clothing, covering themselves with large cotton umbrellas; there were Singhalese natives, clothed as I have described; and the women, some of them prematurely old and very ugly, in white jackets: there were Moors and Mussulmen in turbans and yellow coverings, carrying japanned paper umbrellas: there were Malabars and Malays, and Buddhist priests with shaven heads and saffron robes; and mingled with these were English soldiers in cotton uniform, and native chiefs in gay, embroidered dresses, and jewelled ornaments. On quitting the town, we skirted along the side of the harbour, passed by the crowded market-places, and entered a splendid avenue of tall cocoa-nut trees, over-arching the road, and rendering it pleasantly cool. The natives, like living bronzes, and in their pink, yellow, red, blue, and white costumes, thronged the road, and, blending with the green foliage, formed a gay and pleasing picture. We saw many long snakes in our way, and several cameleons. Sometimes the guano—a large, green lizard, three or four feet long: a pre-adamite looking reptile, but little afraid of

* Smith's *History of Methodism*, vol. ii., book v., chap. vi.

man—ran across our way, or dragged up its length on the banks at the road-side. There were beautiful openings of the sea-coast at intervals, with masses of snow-white coral strewing the shore. As we advanced, innumerable insects of various kinds thronged the air, and filled it with a perpetual hum. Among these were large, gorgeous butterflies, and huge dragon-flies, of bright metallic lustre; while ever and anon would come booming on their short wings lustrous beetles of rainbow hues. The dark natives were turning their cocoa-nut mills under shady trees, at the sides of the road, or working in the open "paddies" or rice-fields. Long, slender cranes were standing in pools, and buffaloes, like huge black pigs, were luxuriating in deep, soft mud. Gay flowers, of bright yellow and deep crimson, on trees, and not on mere bushes, lined the way; and a vast variety of orchids climbed the boles of the palms, and entwined themselves gracefully around them. Trees with roots above ground,—seeming formed of writhing snakes,—were seen at intervals; as also the drooping banyan tree, with its long, rope-like roots descending from its branches. We passed a gigantic figure of Buddha, carved out of the rock by the wayside, and reached Belligam in the forenoon, when the heat had become very oppressive, and when the hum of insects had ceased, and all living things had retired for rest into the shade. At Belligam there is a "Rest-house," provided by the Government for travellers,—as there is at certain distances on all the high roads of Ceylon. In these "Rest-houses" needful refreshment can be had at appointed prices. While the ladies reclined under the shade, and breakfast was being prepared, Mr. Scott and I went forth to see the village, our chapel and school in it, and some Buddhist temples."—Pp. 67-69.

Matura, their destination for the day, was reached soon after five P.M. The Matura Wesleyan minister stationed there, the Rev. Daniel Henry Pereira, received the party very hospitably within 'the fine, spacious, Mission-premises.' Quite a picture, 'a Rembrandtic picture,' to quote one of Dr. Jobson's own phrases, is given us of their sitting at their 'eastern dinner, served up in native fashion, in a verandah open to the garden and broad river beyond, with the dim lamps swinging over their heads, and the native servitors gliding in stealthily out of the dusk, from among the clumps of palm trees;' the 'fair pleasure,' as Chaucer might have said, of the scene being somewhat abated by the consideration 'that there were large deadly snakes in the garden beneath their feet,' and that the river before them was full of 'huge alligators,' the 'snapping of whose fell teeth,' in savage combat, was often heard.

Several days were passed in visiting stations within easy reach from Point de Galle. On the 9th of November, Dr. Jobson returned from Belligam to attend a 'tea-meeting' at Richmond Hill, Point de Galle, which was specially got up to

do the visitors honour. A Singhalese tea-meeting deserves description.

'On leaving Belligam we overtook a marriage procession. The bride was borne in one of three palanquins in front, and at some distance behind was the bridegroom. The woman was attended by a crowd of native females gaily dressed: and the man by his male friends, dressed up in blue European-looking coats, gilt buttons, breast belts, and swords. The bridegroom had more ornaments than the others. On the road we also saw natives at work under the trees and elsewhere, breaking up cocoa-nut, and drying it in the open air, and pressing out the oil in rude mills turned as on the pivot cup by oxen or men. We reached Richmond Hill by half-past five, and had a welcome tea-meeting in the school-room at six. This tea-meeting had been spontaneously provided by the natives for Mrs. Jobson and myself, as an expression of their esteem for us and for the Churches from which we had come. The room was most tastefully decorated with the various flowers and fruits of the island, as well as with emblematic figures and forms suited to the occasion. The company filled the place. Around us, at the upper end, sat native women in clean white and gay coloured dresses, and adorned with ear-rings and bracelets. Beyond them sat native men, with large combs upon their heads; and among them were Dutch burghers, clad in loose European style; while, in the verandah encircling the building, the native children of the schools were crowded, and peered at us with their sharp black eyes. The room was lighted by lamps swung from the rafters of the open roof; and beyond it was the solemn darkness of the forest and the jungle. The tea and cakes were good, and were most courteously handed round by natives who were officers in our Wesleyan Society. We sang and prayed together; and afterwards I addressed them on the social character of Christianity, and on what British Methodists from whom I had come wished them to be, as professing members of the Church of Christ in Ceylon. It was a cheerful, happy meeting, and I trust not without profit to any of us. The excitement of the evening prevented sleep, and we lay through the night on our bed at the Mission-house listening to the chirping of numerous lizards from the open roof above us.'—*PP. 74, 75.*

From Point de Galle Dr. Jobson shifted his centre of view to Colombo, in a suburb of which—Colpetty—resides the Rev. D. J. Gogerly, a most learned Singhalese scholar, and the General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in South Ceylon. Dr. Jobson thus describes this eminent missionary.

'He is "a noticeable man, with grey eyes," as poor Hazlitt, in his boyhood, remarked of Coleridge; and much resembles, both in face and figure, the portraits given us of that "dreamer." But Mr. Gogerly is most successfully active, both in learning and in practical life. He is acknowledged to be the best Singhalese scholar on the

island; and, while preaching several times a week to the natives in their own language, and superintending the Singhalese press for the most important books of all kinds, he has most carefully instructed and trained many of the native ministers and catechists employed in the seventeen circuits spread over the south-west parts of Ceylon. He has thoroughly studied the works of Buddha, and has mastered the system of Buddhism, as far as it can be comprehended with its numerous inconsistencies. He showed me, with evident delight, a complete copy of the works of Buddha, which had been made for him by an intelligent and learned Buddhist priest, belonging to one of the chief temples; and out of which he refutes the advocates of the atheistical system from their own standards. He explained the system of Buddha to me, and showed me its contradictions in scientific teaching, and its impositions upon the deluded Buddhist worshippers. He also showed me his quarterly returns of the missionary work under his care. They are kept in the most exact order; and he is minutely and regularly informed of what the several agents for Methodism are doing in the island. He took me to the Printing Establishment at Colombo; and showed me, on the premises first obtained by our brave pioneer Missionaries,—Clough, Harvard, Squance, and others,—native printers at work in their different departments upon the Singhalese Scriptures and school-books which he was then superintending. He is now seventy years of age, and is anxious that some English minister should be prepared for his place.'—Pp. 79–81.

The journey to Colombo from Point de Galle was by coach, and very interesting. The party started at five A.M.

'For some time we could not see who were our companions in the coach; but as the day opened, we found we had before us a native of high class, wearing a full Moslem turban, a crimson vest, and a large signet-ring. Before this, we had found, to our annoyance, that he was strongly scented with cocoa-nut oil. By his side sat a dark-looking Dutch burgher, in a sort of settler's loose dress. An Englishman and a native were with the burgher coachman on the box; and a native guard hung on behind, or rode upon the step at the side. The horses were rather small; but, being stallions, were usually restive and ungovernable at starting. Our road throughout was deeply interesting. For good part of seventy miles it was in an avenue of lofty palms, which, at first, solemnly overshadowed us. As we proceeded, we perceived fires by huts, where the natives were cooking their breakfasts, gleaming out in the distance from among dark cocoa-nut trees. As the day dawned, fine underwood and creepers, and beautiful flowers, and banyan trees with branches returning to the earth and taking root, graced our road on either side.'—Pp. 75, 76.

The following description of Sunday services taken by our traveller will be read with interest. The morning service was

at Morotto, a village of twelve thousand inhabitants, chiefly carpenters and fishermen, situated not far from Colombo.

'Our chapel here is a new structure comparatively; and with its pointed arches, gables, buttresses, and pinnacles, is as good as Gothic as many of the churches and chapels in England. It is seventy-two feet long, forty-two feet wide; and cost some four hundred pounds. The central roof of the nave is supported by rows of lofty columns. Towards its erection the natives had contributed liberally; and one man in humble circumstances was pointed out to me as having at very great sacrifice contributed as much as twenty pounds. The congregation filled the building. The men were in their native costumes, clean and neat, and some of them with high combs in their hair; and the women were dressed in white and flowered cottons, muslins, and silks, with bracelets, necklaces, and earrings. Our native minister then read Wesley's Abridgment of the Liturgy, and the entire congregation responded earnestly. After the singing of a Methodist hymn in an English tune, I preached, by interpretation, on the Mercies of the Lord, and saw several moved with devout feeling under the truth. At the close of the service multitudes gathered round me, looking as if wishful to know whether they might shake hands with me or not. I greeted them fraternally, and delivered to them Christian salutations from my brethren and people in England. The dark, serious faces of the Singhalese men beamed with pleasure, and several of the women laughed out, like children, with joy. Peter Gerhardt de Zylva, our native minister at Morotto, is a good example of what may be expected by the Church from Singhalese preachers and pastors, under proper direction and training. He has been labouring with his dark flock for many years; and though it has been divided again and again, and considerable numbers have been given to the charge of other native ministers, yet he has still in his circuit, of Morotto and the neighbourhood, three hundred and twenty-seven fully accredited Church members under his pastoral care. In the surrounding parts, he has several chapels, or preaching bungalows, as well as schools, which he regularly visits; and, perhaps, on the whole, has as flourishing native Churches under his care as can be found under any minister of his class in India or Ceylon. He is somewhat worn by his labours; but his grey hairs are a crown of glory to him in his old age; and he is venerated and beloved as a father by his people.... I was sorry to learn from him, and from others of our native teachers, that high ecclesiasticism had of late cruelly sought to disturb native converts by the introduction among them of foolish questions on priestly authority, and the validity of the sacraments. In the evening I preached in the large Wesleyan chapel at Colombo to a crowded congregation of different denominations.'—Pp. 78, 79.

On 'Tuesday, November 13th,' Dr. Jobson begins the entry in his diary with the words: 'Rose at half-past three, A.M., and at

five left Colombo by coach for Kandy.' This coaching pervades the island. How striking and significant a result of the enlightened and progressive policy of the English rulers of this imperial possession! Four-horse stage-coaches in the ancient Taprobane, the far-famed oriental isle, which ranks among other isles as her own topaz among pebbles; in Ceylon, the beauteous and gorgeous, and mythical! Common-place stage-coaches within the region of palanquins and elephants! These stage-coaches certainly strike one as an ultra-English innovation. Perhaps, however, we may live to see a system of four-horse stages fully organized upon the Indian continent, or at least in the northern provinces, pending the full completion of railway communications. A four-horse coach between Simla and Patna, or Benares, to meet the steam-boat or the train, would be a grand idea indeed, and might be a great convenience to the suite of the Governor-general, and the gentry of the lower provinces, on their excursions northward to seek the invigorating airs of the Himalayan slopes.

We must not be tempted by the visit to Kandy,—with its famous temple of Buddhu, and its lovely lake, and the rich scenery by the way,—but must make room for an account of a chapel-opening at Papaliano, six miles from Colombo, which awaited the English minister on his return from Kandy.

'Lofty columns, with high pedestals and well moulded capitals, supported the central roof, and all over the spacious area were the crowded natives in their gay and picturesque costumes, with not a white face among them. Here and there might be seen native ministers and catechists from different parts, in half European clothing; and near to the pulpit were a few burghers and their families. The pulpit was a large hexagon, made of brick and plaster, and was surrounded by a wide cedar communion rail. Mr. Gogerly read the abridged form of the Liturgy and the Commandments in Singhalese; and the responses of the people were loud as the sound of many waters. I then ascended the pulpit, to preach to them through interpretation by their own native minister. The sight was novel and affecting. The many colours of women's dresses made them like garden beds of lilies and dahlias, and the trinkets on their necks, arms, and ears, gave a glitter to the scene; while, beyond the women and the better-dressed men, lining the walls, and crowding the doors and windows, were fine, bronze forms, bare down to the loins. All were devout and attentive, and after the sermon plates, neatly covered with white napkins, were handed courteously round among them by native office-bearers, upon which they respectively placed their contributions for the house of God. Some of them had given liberally before, both in labour and money. Some among the poor had devoted as much as two or three months' pay for work to it; and the chapel is a standing memorial

both of their generosity and devotion. In this service, also, I saw the stolid, cautious Singhalese tremble and shed tears under the free proclamations of the Gospel to sinners, and at the declarations made of the love and sympathy for them in Christian England. After the service in the chapel, I met the native ministers and catechists present in the school-room opposite, and addressed them in the name of my ministerial brethren at home. They gathered closely around me, and brought their wives and little ones near, that I might speak to them also. They gave me fruit and milk, which I enjoyed in their society more than I should have done a sumptuous banquet in the company of nobles and their heirs. We wept at parting; and as I returned to Colombo with Mr. Gogerly, I learned from him that Singhalese women are not the abused and oppressed drudges under their husbands that women are generally in heathen countries. In Ceylon many of them have their due place and influence in the household.'—Pp. 84, 85.

On November 21st, after spending just a fortnight and a day in Ceylon, Dr. Jobson sailed from Point-de-Galle for Australia in the 'Behar.' Cape Leuwin, the south-west angle of the Australian land, was passed on December the 7th. Our author makes a note here which reveals the close observer of nature. 'The sunset among all these fantastic forms was gorgeously picturesque, but had more of deep orange than crimson. *It was more American than Egyptian in its tinge.*'—P. 92.

Having coaled at King George's Sound in Western Australia, the steamer arrived at Port Philip early in the morning of the 14th of December. 'Day broke with a most gorgeous sunrise. The clouds were dappled crimson. The sky glowed like burnished gold; and when the sun appeared above the coast-hills on our right, the quarantine houses under them, and the lighthouses and coast opposite, were all bathed in a flood of golden light of the purest and brightest lustre.' Of the city of Melbourne, Dr. Jobson says:—

'Its large, massive, granite buildings, its wide and numerous streets, its sumptuous shops and stores, and its extent and advancement greatly surprised me. In general character, it struck me as being most like Birmingham, with some of the larger London streets intermixed. There were park-like suburbs around, uniting it with rising townships of large extent. These surrounding towns have still houses of boards or of zinc, and, in some few instances, of canvas. The government offices and public buildings of Melbourne surpass anything in England to be found out of London; and the Houses of Legislature, with the Treasury, &c., when finished, will, in their sumptuous style and decorations, rival the Senate Chambers and buildings in Paris.'—Page 96.

Two days after his arrival, on Sunday, December 16th, the deputation began his public appearances in Australia, by preach-

ing twice to very crowded congregations in 'Wesley Church, Lonsdale Street,—a large, Gothic structure, with tower, spire, transepts, and chancel, all on a good scale, and in good keeping.' On the 18th he left for Ballarat.

'Left Melbourne at eight o'clock in the morning for Ballarat, Mr. Draper accompanying me. Travelled to Geelong by railway, over wide-spread pasture and arable lands, and arrived there by eleven; having had a stoppage on the way, through the failure of a bridge over a creek. We now got into a large, swing coach, with fifteen or sixteen persons inside, and with nearly as many outside. It was a long, boat-like conveyance, on leathern springs, of American construction, and driven by a dashing American coachman. We had all kinds of persons with us as fellow-passengers: Chinamen, in their blouse-like dresses, and their long tails curled up behind their heads; long, loose-limbed colonists, with stiff, grizzly beards; gentlemen gold-seekers; and rough, enterprising labourers, with their wives and children. The road was good in some places, but rugged and jolting in others. The land on both sides was mostly fenced in, except where we drove through the bush and scrub, and had to drive over plank and "corduroy" roads at full speed. In loose and swampy parts they saw trees in two, from the top to the roots, and then place the flat side of the half trees upon the ground, and the coach rattles and jolts over the round upper half of the trees. Roads thus formed are called "corduroy," from their striped resemblance to that material.

'There are inns at every stage; and on the road we often met bullock-drays, laden with bales of wool, and going slowly and heavily down to the capital, for transit to England. At intervals, by the way, were to be seen settlers' huts and clearings, with trunks and charred stumps of trees, and with the gradually-acquired stock feeding on the field and forest-like pastures around. Here and there would be seen a larger dwelling, of more substantial material, with larger herds of cattle, and with park-like grounds in its neighbourhood. It was surprising to see, as we went along, what wide, spacious plains opened to us on either hand, which in their primitive condition were entirely free from bush and scrub, and had not more trees upon them than would be desired for ornament, or for the shelter of cattle. It seemed as if the settler had nothing to do, in such parts, but to plough up the turf, and turn out his flocks and herds; for no primeval forests were there to be rooted out before cultivation began. In other parts, gentle slopes and shady glens were seen, and over them long ranges of hills, wooded to the summits, giving breadth and variety to the landscape. Some of the trees were large and grand in their forms; but they were nearly all gum trees, which shed their bark instead of their leaves, and thus present, in stem and branches, a stripped and naked appearance. There was, also, the lack of rivers and streams. Otherwise, if there had been greater variety of foliage, and the winding of flowing water, the scenes in our way would not unfrequently have been equal to the best parts of Yorkshire.

'About five o'clock in the evening we found ourselves at the point of descent from an elevation into a valley where a street of two miles or more wound its serpentine length between stores and houses of various materials, but chiefly of wood; and with the ground on either hand, in the valley, and up the sides of the hill, all in heaps and hollows, covered with machinery and temporary dwellings; while in various directions, amidst the disembowelled yellow-white earth, were running, in gullies and channels, streams of muddy water. This was Ballarat, and its gold-diggings. Our American Jehu had dashed along at a quick rate previously, but now he hurried forward his "eight-in-hand" at their utmost speed, and galloped furiously down the hill into the town. We drove with wonder through the strange street, with its variously formed structures and stores—some of boards, some of zinc, others of brick and stone; and so oddly and grotesquely fashioned and coloured, that they seemed more like the temporary show erections of a pleasure-fair than the buildings of a central thoroughfare in a town of forty thousand inhabitants. We gazed curiously upon the "signs" and names of the possessors from different nations, gaudily painted on the fronts of the motley erections, as we passed along, and saw sleek-faced Chinamen and bearded Europeans mingled together upon the pavement at the sides. At length we emerged from the more hastily constructed portion of the town, and ascended the upper part, with its substantial buildings of good, ornamental styles of architecture. On the arrival of the coach at the hotel, I was cordially welcomed by our Wesleyan friends, and preached in their large chapel in the evening.'—Pp. 96-99.

The following day Dr. Jobson visited, among other localities, the 'Chinese camp,' where 'some three thousand Chinamen were located together, on an eminence near to their side of the gold diggings.'

'Their dwellings were, as might be expected, of the light boarded kind, with small rooms and cupboard-like shops in front. There were, in the midst of their frail, crowded structures, a joss-house for their gods, and a large theatre for their sports. As they knew our guide by his efforts to benefit them religiously, they allowed us to look at their abodes, shops, cooking-rooms, and gaming-houses, and even courteously invited us to partake with them of cakes, tea, and fruit. Their numerous gaming-houses were crowded with eager-looking actors, at the counters or boards. In their houses and shops were suspended idol-shrines and lanterns. We saw scarcely any women among them. Their wives are left behind in China, as hostages, we were told, for the return of the men to their own country. A few of them, who, I suppose, have made up their minds to settle permanently in Australia, have taken Irishwomen for wives. But the reports of domestic morals among the Chinese are awful; and, from what I heard and saw, I do not wonder at the prejudice existing in the minds of Anglo-Saxon colonists against them.....As we left this saddening

sight, the short twilight passed away ; the din of labour ceased ; and in one direction we could hear a few bars of the sweet German hymn ; in another snatches of a roaring song by boisterous sailors ; in another the harsh sounds of quarrel, or the echoes of laughter. With space and distance the discordant sounds blended into a general hum ; and when the last sound died away, as we re-entered the Methodist parsonage of Upper Ballarat, we recounted the old saw of England, that "One half of the world does not know how the other half lives."—Pp. 101, 102.

Dr. Jobson gives a good summary of information respecting Melbourne, both from a general and from a Wesleyan point of view. The imperishable dark-grey granite of its chief buildings,—its shops and warehouses of grey-white grit-stone,—its spacious macadamized streets, with their broad footways,—the motley throng of passengers, on horse and foot, some sunburnt and bearded, in high leathern boots and 'cabbage-tree' hats, others portly and gentlemanly, or fair, and gay, and fashionable, coming and going, crowding and jostling, and promenading,—the splendid carriages and nondescript vehicles of every form and fancy,—the waggons, and bullock-drays, and carts, are painted to the life. 'Rags and beggary are almost unknown. No tattered urchin tips his cap at the crossing, and, with scraggy besom in hand, besieges you for halfpence. All but rakes and profligates are well-dressed ; for, all who *will* work *may* work, and that at wages which will feed and clothe them.' Wages are not so high as they were ; but 'a common labourer in the field, or breaking stones upon the road, has from seven to ten shillings per day ;' and 'a mechanic or artisan from fifteen to twenty shillings.' 'A good female servant has as much as from thirty to forty, and even to fifty pounds a year.' Rents and the prices of manufactured articles are, indeed, so high,—although very greatly fallen of late years,—that these amounts are not actually worth more, perhaps, than in England the half would be ; but still they allow a large margin, beyond bare necessities, not only for comfort, but for saving. Melbourne 'has, lengthwise, nine spacious thoroughfares or principal streets, which are crossed by streets equally broad and imposing ; and these are intersected at right angles by numerous narrower streets, running parallel to the larger streets, and branching out into the outskirts in all directions.' Thus laid out in straight streets, in right angles, and in parallelograms, it possesses in its regularity that advantage over most great European towns, which modern cities of sudden growth and of great prosperity may always command. 'The city is daily washed and kept clean by an abundant flow of water,' of great fall and force, brought from a distance. It

possesses a university and colleges, orphan-houses, hospitals, and asylums; and its population exceeds 100,000. Yet, considerably within twenty years ago, Melbourne was nothing. The colony of which Melbourne is the chief city, and which includes the port of Geelong, with its 25,000 inhabitants, various gold-digging towns or townships, besides Ballarat, and a vast stretch of land in the interior, contains a population of nearly 600,000 souls, being more than sevenfold the population in 1851, when it was first made a separate colony.

Dr. Jobson has given a particular description of his first sermon in the colony, which, as we have seen, was preached in Wesley church, Lonsdale Street. All the appointments of this 'church' seem to be of a superior, and somewhat ambitious, character. It is 'the best and most imposing ecclesiastical structure' in Melbourne, built (as we have already noted) in the Gothic style, 'with tower, spire, transept, and chancel.' Dr. Jobson speaks of 'the beautiful cedar pulpit' with its 'spiral staircase,' of 'the desk' from which the chief resident minister 'read the Liturgy' of the Church of England, and tells us that 'in appearance' this church is 'the cathedral of the city.' The congregation which crowded it to hear the English deputation on the evening that he made his first public appearance in Australia is thus graphically described:—

'I looked forth upon the sea of upturned, eager faces, browned with the Australian sun, nearly all of persons in middle life;—many of the men with stiff furze-like beards and long hair, and some of the women worn and subdued by the heat;—and the vast assembly sprinkled all over with countenances familiar to me from preaching to congregations in different parts of our parent country; so that on a careful computation, afterwards made, it was reckoned that I knew one-third of the whole, either in their own faces, or in their family-likenesses. The effect of a voice familiar to so many of them, and calling up at a moment, as by a single link, a host of home associations, was indescribably exciting. In all directions eyes gushed full with tears; faces flushed and quivered with emotion; and a sigh of deep feeling heaved and swayed the mighty mass, until it waved before and around the preacher like the swelling billows of a sea.'—Pp. 109, 110.

Here let us pause a while to mark the different position occupied in Australia by the Church of England, and by the various 'sects' respectively, from that which they occupy in the mother country. The word 'church,' instead of chapel, which is coming to be generally applied to places of worship, of whatever denomination, is of itself sufficient to indicate that in Australia, as in British America, we are in altogether a different ecclesiastical atmosphere from that which surrounds the Churches

of England. In these colonies there is no Established Church. In Adelaide and South Australia all the Churches are alike independent of State support; and this will probably soon be the case in all the colonies. Where any government aid is granted to the denominations, it is granted equally to all that seek for it, in proportion to their numbers and claims. The Roman Catholics, especially in New South Wales, receive a full share of the bounty, and assume an imposing attitude. This is, doubtless, the chief reason why the feeling which has prevailed in Adelaide, against receiving State aid for religion in any form, is spreading strongly through the colonies. The consequence of this state of things is, that Methodism, which throughout the colonies stands virtually first in the number of its conscientious and practical adherents, and which in Adelaide is, in all respects, the most powerful among the different denominations, takes an ecclesiastical position much superior relatively to that which it holds at home. Throughout these colonies the clergy of the Church of England do not necessarily take the first rank, though, from courtesy, it is usually conceded to them; the Episcopal Church itself has no special or primary relation to the Government; it is but allowed the position among the sister Churches of a first among equals; at *levées*, and public receptions, the clergy of other denominations receive their invitations, and take their places equally with those of the Church of England. When the Rev. W. B. Boyce was the General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Churches in Australia, he and the Bishop of Sydney and the Roman Catholic Bishop of the province were the great ecclesiastical authorities whom it was necessary to consult upon all points relating to education, public libraries, and denominational affairs.

To a true view of the subject, however, it is necessary that we should add, that the state of society, and the laws relating to land, fundamentally differ in the colonies from those which have so long been established in the old country; and also that, though there are here and there, in the colonial Episcopal churches, some modern endowments,—for example, the bishoprics are moderately endowed,—yet the absence, in the case of the Australian Episcopal Church, of such vast and ancient revenues as those which are possessed by the Church of England,—and which have been derived, for the most part, from private, though it may be princely or even royal, benefactors, or from state-grants bestowed at a time when there were no denominations,—makes the question of endowment or non-endowment in the colonies entirely distinct from the like question in the mother-country. If Australia were covered over with real English

villages, inhabited by real English labourers,—if almost the whole land were in the hands of great proprietors, who hold it and transmit it under the law of entail,—and if, from the combined operation of the law of entail and the law of settlement, the labourers could neither purchase land, nor build themselves houses; endowed churches and the parochial system would probably be deemed by the philosophers and legislators of the colonies an absolute necessity for the poor earth-bound peasant-fixtures. On the other hand, supposing the colonies to be just what they are, and that the Church of England, or any other Church, had land-possession which yielded a large revenue, it is scarcely to be doubted that the general activity, enterprise, competition, the perfect freedom and untrammelled life, of the colonies, would prevent those endowments from becoming the causes of stagnancy and sloth, and would turn them into sources of steady force and of superior enlightenment and training.

From Melbourne, Geelong, and Ballarat, the messenger of the English Churches took his voyage, on December 28th, to Tasmania, leaving Mrs. Jobson behind him at 'St. Kilda, a pleasant suburb, some two miles beyond the centre of Melbourne,' at 'the hospitable home of the Hon. Alexander Fraser.'

Tasmania or Van Diemen's Land (as formerly) is the most English and home-like of the Australian colonies. It has grown slowly and steadily, having participated, indirectly rather than directly, in the hurry, rush, and general stimulus, of the gold discoveries. Indeed, for a time, its population was lessened from that cause, there being no gold fields in the island. It has almost worked itself clear of the taint and demoralization of the convict population; and Dr. Jobson was impressed with 'the outward observance of the Sabbath' at Launceston, where he landed, and passed his first Sunday. At one time there were as many as fifty thousand persons of the convict class—convicts and their families—in Australia. The discipline to which the convicts were subjected was in harmony with their fierce character,—a rugged rule of coercion and prevention. Marched in fetters to church, Dr. Jobson tells us that 'the women wore iron collars with sharp prongs or spikes, to prevent them from reclining their heads for indulgence in sleep.' But surely this harsh *régime* would not be for the women exclusively!

Dr. Jobson spent his New Year's Day in travelling by coach from Launceston towards Hobart-Town. The following charming description makes one wish that Van Diemen's Land were somewhat nearer home.

'At five o'clock in the morning left Launceston for Hobart Town, by a four-horse coach, which daily runs in fourteen hours from the

principal town in the north of the island to the capital city, or principal town in the south. The road is very good, having been made by convict labour, and having had no amount of necessary work spared from it. The coach was well horsed, and reminded one, as it bowled over the macadamized surface, of the "Age," "Highflyer," and "Red-Rover," along the famed North Road of England. The resemblance would have been complete, only there lacked the guard's cheery horn. The country is mountainous, and yet pleasant in its general aspect. Two chains of mountains run through it longitudinally, called the eastern and western tiers, and the great road passes through a cultivated valley between. The best arable land is in the northern part of the island, and the landscape, though mostly indigo-green, yet exhibits more variety of tint than Australia, and is far more English in its appearance. English flowers and fruits thrive here in full perfection; sweet-brier hedges perfume the way for the traveller; and the climate is salubrious and pleasant. Familiar names from the old country are given to the principal mountains, some of which rise from four to six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Towns and villages, with their cottages, houses, shops, gardens, and places of public worship, all look as if they were English. It has been observed that the Englishman reproduces his home wherever he goes; and this may be fully seen in Tasmania. It appears in the small, slab-built hut, smothered with geraniums and honeysuckles; in the dairy farm house, with its trailing vines, climbing plants, surrounding flower garden, and orchard of apple and pear trees; and in the solid stone mansion, flanked by oaks from the old country, with its smooth green lawn in front, its tastefully formed flower and strawberry beds at the sides, its surrounding domain of paddocks and pastures, divided by hedges of hawthorn and sweet-brier, and with its clustering hay-stacks, corn-ricks, barns, wool-sheds, and outhouses. Almost every house we passed had its garden; and in the very smallest garden would be seen the simple flowers of our childhood, such as primroses, pansies, cowslips, and daisies; while the sweet little violet shed its perfume under hedges of ever-flowering geraniums, that were, in some instances, ten feet high. In many of the gardens were seen the English beehive. As we rode through the country, we saw the golden corn waving in the breeze over fields of many acres, or bending to the sickle of the reaper. This seemed strange. It was more like an English New Year's Day to see signs of holiday and feasting in the towns and villages as we passed through them. And where we stopped to change horses, it was pleasant on alighting to receive from the portly inn-keeper in his doorway the old English greeting of, "A happy New Year to you, Sir!"

'Some of the trees and birds in Tasmania render the scene un-English, if you let your eyes dwell upon them; for here, as in Australia, the gum-trees are indigenous, and, though evergreen in their foliage, shed their ash-grey bark entirely from boles and branches; and flocks of green and gold parrots and parroquets flash to and fro

in the sun, with their brilliant colours, while swarming crickets, or "locusts" on the leaves, chirp unceasingly their summer-song. We passed through Perth, Cleveland, Campbell Town and Ross, in which towns we saw Methodism had its chapels; and, in the greater number of towns, I was met and cordially greeted by Methodist ministers resident in the several neighbourhoods. About a mile beyond Ross we reached Horton College, where I alighted to look over our educational establishment there. It is a neat brick building of Tudor style, with stone windows and dressings, near the road, backed by round-moulded hills, and surrounded by arable and pasture lands. It was built at a cost of from four to five thousand pounds, the money being chiefly provided by Captain Horton, a retired naval officer from Lincolnshire, who lives on his garden and farm opposite. It is a high class collegiate school, accommodating at present some sixty students; and recently obtained, on government examination of education in the colony, the most satisfactory commendation. The Rev. William A. Quick, is its president; Mr. Fiddian, who so signally distinguished himself in literary examinations and prizes in England, is its head-master; and under him there are other efficient teachers. Only one wing of the building has yet been erected; when the other wing shall be added, the college will accommodate one hundred students..... It was delightful to see the school-children sporting themselves in the surrounding fields, on this their New Year's festival, and to hear their merry voices ringing out among the hills the music of their Sunday school ditties and songs, as they went home at sunset, in Captain Horton's farm-waggons, to Ross and other adjacent places. This, too, was English-like; it reminded one of happy Sabbath school festivities in dear old Yorkshire and Lincolnshire.'—Pp. 120–123.

The next day Dr. Jobson pursued his journey. The scenery grew bolder as they proceeded.

'In our course, the forests on the mountain-ranges at the sides thickened and darkened; and we were joined on the coach by some kangaroo-hunters, and their large Scotch-deer-houndlike dogs... They had been on the high table-land, where there are large lakes,—one of them, they said, as much as ninety miles in circumference, and more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea. These lakes form the heads of several rivers; and are surrounded by extensive plains and forests.

'Some of the trees we passed were of gigantic growth, with trunks as much as five or six feet in diameter, and wild flowers and heaths of great luxuriance and beauty were, in part, spread over the ground,—while orchids and elegantly interwoven creepers gracefully festooned the extending branches. Moths were seen almost equal in size to small birds. The wren, the king-fisher, and diamond-birds of brilliant plumage, appeared at intervals. Some of the feathered songsters were musical, yet they were not equal to the singing birds of Europe; and, on the whole, the voice of the cheerful magpie, which, instead

of the noisy chattering it makes in England, here often seems to mock the flute, was the most pleasing to my ears. Our road lay through increasingly neat towns and hamlets, as we advanced. We crossed a lake-like branch of the Derwent river, at Bridgewater, on a sort of tramway, made by convict labour; and after passing through New Town, with its orphan-schools on the right, and its shops, houses, and places of worship on the left, we descended, among suburban villas and cottages, into the main street of Hobart Town, arriving at the coach office by about seven in the evening. I found there a group of Methodist friends waiting to welcome me. One of the sons of the late Rev. John Waterhouse, the first general superintendent of our Australasian Missions, drove me to his pleasant residence at Sandy Bay, from which I could survey at leisure, and with advantage, both the harbour and the town. Here I found the widow of Mr. Waterhouse, residing with her son; and spent the evening with a company of friends, in answering inquiries concerning Methodism and its supporters in England.—Pp. 124-126.

On the first Sunday of the year, the Wesleyan Churches at Hobart-Town, according to the custom of their brethren throughout the world, renewed their 'Covenant.' Many a 'covenant service' has Dr. Jobson held. How would that at Hobart-Town, in the height of the Australian summer, contrast with the one which he had held just twelve months before, at bleak Huddersfield, in the depth of one of the coldest of English winters!

Like all travellers, Dr. Jobson admired the position and environs of Hobart Town, lying, with its twenty thousand inhabitants, pleasantly along its bay, its outskirts rising behind on seven hills, and finely backed by Mount Wellington, 'which, with its grand basaltic columns, rises, in sombre magnificence, four thousand two hundred feet high, and casts its dark, solemn shadow over much of the scene, from its roots to the water's edge.'

In Tasmania, there is more of 'old England' than elsewhere in Australia. Episcopal churches predominate amongst the places of worship; and, in accordance with this, there is much less of American 'go-a-headativeness' than in the other colonies. 'The Church of England numbers, by its comprehensive mode of reckoning all not claimed by other denominations, about one-half of the population; and on this account receives large government aid. The Roman Catholics number some seventeen thousand, and have a seat for their chief prelate in the Legislative Council. Methodism has its network of Circuits spread over the island, and has its chapels, preaching-places, and schools in every place of importance.' Almost all other denominations are represented in the island.

Perhaps there is no island in the world the climate of which is, on the whole, so temperate and genial, or in which so large a proportion of useful and pleasant fruits and esculents flourish luxuriantly. Much of the soil, too, is remarkably rich, as is evident from the fact, that some of the trees approach in size the monster-growths of California, rising to the height of three hundred feet, and being of correspondent girth. Coal is found pretty plentifully, and a little gold here and there.

Dr. Jobson returned to Melbourne on the 8th of January, and thence, in company with Mrs. Jobson and several Wesleyan ministers from Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania, sailed for Sydney on the 10th, arriving at four A.M. on Sunday, the 13th, on which day, though 'sorely weary for want of sleep,' because of the rough voyage, he preached twice in the Wesleyan chapels, as at Sydney they continue to be called, 'to large and exciting congregations.'

We have intimated that Dr. Jobson is an artist. Some of the friends who were looking for him at Sydney must have been aware of this; for, the very day after his arrival, he visited, by special invitation, the house of Mr. Mart, 'a gentleman of great taste,' where he was surprised to find 'a superb collection of pictures by the best masters,' which had been brought over from England.

On the 15th, the Stationing Committee of the Australasian Conference held its first meeting, preparatory to the assembling of the Conference itself. At this committee there were present ministers delegated to represent not only the Australian colonies and New Zealand, but the Missionary Districts of the Tonga and the Fiji groups among the islands of Polynesia; some of the representatives having sailed as many as eight hundred, and some one thousand five hundred, miles. The business of the Stationing Committee was to 'sketch out a draft of ministerial appointments for the Circuits, as nearly as possible according to the recommendations of the annual District Committee Meetings, to be afterwards modified, or confirmed, by the Conference.' We must quote the English deputation's description of this Australasian Conference, and of his reception by it:—

'It opened on the 17th of January, and continued seventeen days. It was held in the York Street chapel; and was attended by most of our ministers of New South Wales, by ministers from the colonies of Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania, and by missionaries from New Zealand and the islands of the Pacific,—some sixty ministers in all. It was a good Conference. It was orderly and dignified in its proceedings, and considerate and satisfactory in its measures. The ministers on the floor of the chapel were, in large proportion, young,

as we regard ministers in Methodism; but they were intelligent, gentlemanly, and earnestly attentive to business. In front of them, and also on the platform, were older ministers, who had been the pioneer-labourers in Australia, and who had their position and cares by years and experience, as they would have in the British Conference. An elder among them was Nathaniel Turner, our first missionary to New Zealand, who there, as also in the Pacific Islands, hazarded his life for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. We had, also, on the platform the ex-presidents, Manton, Butters, Draper, and Eggleston: all noticeable and impressive men in their persons and countenances, as well as by their missionary labours in earlier and harder times. The Rev. Stephen Rabone, formerly a successful missionary in the South Sea Islands, was the appointed president; the Rev. Thomas Buddle, from New Zealand, was elected secretary; and scattered up and down in the Conference were missionaries and ministers of familiar name, such as Watkins, the appointed president for next year's assembly at Adelaide; Buller, from New Zealand; Watsford and Adams, from the islands;—the latter, brother to Professor Adams, of Cambridge, who discovered the planet Neptune;—with Ironside, Bickford, Ward, Chapman, Hurst, Harris, Waugh, Binks, Hessel, Waterhouse, Oram, Rigg, Cope, and others, known and loved by many in our part of the world. Though few attendants, compared with the four or five hundred ministers at an English Conference, it was, nevertheless, an affecting and impressive scene. It was only seven years ago that the Rev. Robert Young, my honoured predecessor, the first deputation to Australia, and the Rev. William B. Boyce, our active and devoted general-superintendent, and first president there, formed the Affiliated Conference of Australia, and established Methodism there for independent government and support; and now the ministers who could leave their circuits to attend a Conference were, on the platform and scattered over the lower part of a large chapel, a goodly company. They all received me with the heartiest affection, and gave me as cordial a greeting as could possibly be given to a brother by a body of ministers..... Throughout the entire proceedings they showed the truest veneration and love both for the present Conference and the Methodists of England. We discussed together, freely, and at considerable length, vital and delicate questions on the relative position and powers of the parent and the affiliated Conference; and in all not an ungenerous sentiment, or ungentlemanly word, was spoken. We argued fully the pressure of the large Mission-work upon the colonies, and which amidst financial difficulties bore heavily upon their home-funds and personal comforts, when as fine a flame of missionary zeal burst forth as ever kindled in a missionary meeting at home.

The Reports brought by the chairmen of the Districts were very encouraging, and showed that in the southern region of the world Methodism is a mighty power, which is steadily and rapidly progressing. Our intelligent and faithful missionaries from New-Zealand told us of the triumphs of the Gospel in their respective fields of labour among a population of 80,000 colonists and settlers, and 55,000 native

New-Zealanders. They made known to us that we had 63 chapels and preaching-places in the two Districts of Auckland and Wellington, for English worshippers, with 4,787 attendants at public worship, 737 church members, and 1,375 Sunday-school scholars; while in the native department we have 140 chapels and preaching-places, 154 native local-preachers, 110 native class-leaders, 3,791 scholars, 180 native Sunday-school teachers, 6,247 native attendants at public worship, and 1,546 native church members. They spake with sadness of the war then raging in New-Zealand; describing it as being far from the rude, brutal rebellion which some supposed; and said that by misrepresentations of the designs of the British Government upon their lands, a sort of William Tell feeling of patriotism had been roused among them that would not be easily allayed. They told us how Christian natives who had been misled into the conflict, took with them native preachers, and held daily worship in their respective tribes; but rejoiced to assure us, that most Methodist converts, and nearly all our various agents among the natives, had been loyal to the government and throne of Britain.....

'The missionaries from the Friendly and Fiji Islands gladdened our hearts with their reports. They stated that in groups of islands where a few years ago there was not a Christian, and where cannibalism prevailed in its most fearful forms, there is scarcely a heathen now to be found. Their returns for the two districts named, showed that in them Methodism has 629 chapels and preaching-places, 262 native ministers and catechists, nearly 2,000 native school teachers, 34,431 day and Sunday scholars, 18,554 native church members, and 81,410 native attendants on Methodist worship. A letter was read from King George, our local preacher at Tonga, asking counsel on a law of divorce which he found it difficult to uphold; and several most interesting topics on Missions were brought before the Conference....

'The General Summary of Returns made at the Australasian Conference of Wesleyan Methodism which I attended at Sydney, for Australia, Tasmania, New-Zealand, the Fiji and Friendly Islands, is as follows:—955 chapels, 628 other preaching-places, 175 ministers, 775 day schools, 41,565 day scholars, 1,292 Sunday-schools, 41,565 day scholars, 33,964 church members, and 181,468 attendants on Wesleyan worship. The total amount expended in the year on the Missions in New-Zealand and the Islands was, £16,535; of which £5,005 were supplied from our Missionary Society in England, and the remainder from the colonies and from the Mission-stations themselves. Towards this the Islands contributed £3,000 in net proceeds from oil.'—Pp. 165-171.

In the New South Wales colony, as might be expected from its antecedents as a convict settlement, and from its longer establishment, there is more of England, in its worst extremes of vice, and also in its higher social characteristics, than in Victoria; whilst there is somewhat less of the fiery, yet truly practical, energy which distinguishes the younger colony. Speaking

of the congregations to which he preached, Dr. Jobson says: 'Here, in this colony, were a due proportion of aged persons; so that the general aspect of the assemblies was still more British than in the younger colony of Victoria, where few in the congregations are advanced in years. Indeed, the order, tone, and appearance at the public services were so truly English, that one might have imagined they were held in the heart of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, or Lancashire, rather than fifteen thousand miles distant from our shores.'

We cannot follow our journalist through his various visits and journeys in and about Sydney and Paramatta. We must pass by the University, as yet imperfect, and its friendly principal, Dr. Woolley, who courteously and handsomely entertained the deputation. Nor can we indulge ourselves or our readers by quoting Dr. Jobson's descriptions of scenery and climate, and, in particular, of Port Jackson and Botany Bay. Only we must note that if, in many respects, the climate and country have an undeniable advantage over humid and misty England, yet the landscape, after all, appears to an Englishman 'heavy in colouring, and lacks the warmer greens, golden yellows, and the rich browns,' of our English scenery; while the mosquitos, and the Australian simooms, the red storms of heated dust, called 'brickfielders,' which shrivel up the trees, kill birds and sometimes men, and make the scorched earth crack under them, as they pass, go some way towards abating our longing after the otherwise bright and inspiring climate of the colony; which, moreover, notwithstanding what is said by all visitors, as by Dr. Jobson, of its exhilarating and invigorating character, does not avail, it appears, to preserve beauty in freshness much beyond the limit of fast-fleeting youth.

The following glimpse at life on the road between Sydney and Paramatta is, however, so fresh, that we must make room for it.

'We overtook several heavily-laden bullock drays with their wool packs, on their way to Sydney. Some of them were dragging their ponderous loads slowly along through the deep ruts of mud roads, and others were resting by road-side inns, and sheltering weary teamsmen stretched out at full length under them for sleep. In some instances, these loads of wool were dragged by eight or ten oxen. The rough, bony, sun-browned men by their side have whips, short in the stock, but with long cow-hide lashes, which, after whirling round their heads, they throw with amazing skill to the extremity of their team of bullocks, so as to hit with fearful certainty any lagging animal on the ear, nostril, or other tender part selected. We rested some time at one of these way-side inns, and saw, while there, much of rough colonial life. We saw the bushman, tall, spare, active, and

wiry, canter up the road, and come leaping with loose rein over fences till he reached the inn door, where, with face, hands, and throat burnt to a ruddy bronze, he quenched his thirst. We saw the stockman, with gaunt frame, long limbs, and weather-worn countenance, seated upon his bony, long-limbed steed, on which he has his home, driving his cattle before him to the stockyard, aided by skilful dogs. And we saw traveller after traveller enter for refreshment and for rest.'—P. 145.

The main streets of Sydney are eighty feet wide. The city is said greatly to resemble London. A friend of ours, who has travelled over a great part of the world, said to us that, of all places in the world, he loved best to live in London; but that if he could not live in London, then he should wish to live in Sydney. After these two, he could hardly think another place worth living in. He was, of course, an Englishman; a Frenchman's taste might have been very different. Dr. Jobson says of Sydney,—‘The crowds, the stir, and the gay equipages, would almost lead you to suppose you were in Bond Street, or in Oxford Street; whilst the various public cries of “fish ho!” “old clo’!” &c., the shouts of omnibus conductors for “Paddington,” “Surrey Hills,” &c., and the hail from the driver behind his “Hansom,” all remind you of dear old London. The only reminders that you are on foreign ground are, that here and there you see, amidst slender vehicles and gay equipages, on the middle carriage-way, a bullock-waggon, dragging its heavy load down towards the quay; and that, on the pathways at the sides, you meet rough, sun-burnt men from the interior, clad in loose clothing, bound around the waist with broad buckled straps, and wearing muddy leathern boots, which reach far up their thighs.’

The colonial legislature, the imports and exports, the ‘squating interests,’ ‘the Land Bill,’ learned and college-bred sheep-breeders, gold-diggers and Chinamen, the rate of wages for labourers, artisans, and servants,—much the same, it seems, as at Victoria, though for servants rather lower, perhaps,—Queensland and its cotton-field;—on all these subjects the Methodist ministerial delegate has interesting information to give; for which, however, we must refer our readers to his volume. As respects religion, he tells us, in conformity with what we stated some pages back, that ‘there is no disposition in the colony to increase the *status*, or enlarge the power, of the dignitaries of the English Church;’ that it is not regarded as ‘the Establishment;’ and that, partly on account of the State-aid now rendered to Popery, ‘which is seen in mitred pomp and state at public assemblies and ceremonies, beyond what usually appears in our home country,’ there is a

'growing effort to abolish state-aid to religion, which, no doubt, will succeed before long.' (P. 163.)

After a stay of nearly seven weeks, our author and his wife left Sydney, on Saturday, March 2nd, for Melbourne, where they arrived at six A.M. on the next Tuesday. They bade farewell to their friends on the following Monday, the Doctor having opened 'a large, new gothic' (nothing will serve in Melbourne but gothic) 'Methodist church at Collingwood,' a suburb of Melbourne, on the Sunday. On Wednesday they arrived at Port Adelaide. Being now the middle of March, it was the very height of the Australian late summer heats, which in South Australia are particularly oppressive. The Doctor is the very reverse of a slender figure, and with the thermometer at 107° in the shade, and 154° in the sun, we may conceive the meaning of the following entry in his journal: 'It required some exertion to get my luggage safely landed; and though some working men from England, who had known me in Manchester, gave all the assistance they could, yet, by the time I reached the railway station, I was nearly prostrated with fatigue.' 'We languished through the day, scarcely speaking to our kind host, or to the friends who called to welcome us to South Australia.' 154° in the sun, however, is a trifle compared to 133° in the shade, a degree of heat commemorated, if we remember aright, by Henry Martyn, in his diary, as having occurred during his journey from the coast of the Persian Gulf upwards towards Shiraz. It is remarkable, however, that Dr. Jobson does not seem to have felt the heat in Egypt and Palestine in May nearly so oppressive as in South Australia in March.

Only a short stay was made by our traveller at Adelaide—not a fortnight. But he seems to have been greatly pleased with what he saw in this orderly and substantial colony, so well circumstanced with its rich copper mines, its sheep-farms, its almost unequalled corn-lands and flourishing vineyards. Methodism here occupies a pre-eminent position—numbering nearly twice as many attendants at its worship as any other denomination. No aid is afforded by the State to any of the denominations. Hence Romanism, left to itself, though it has a considerable proportion of adherents, is feeble and declining. The Bishop of Adelaide has an endowment derived from the bounty of Miss Coutts, but 'most of the clergy have to eke out their scanty livings by teaching, or by cultivating vineyards.'

Wesleyans have great influence in all the colonies. In Melbourne the Hon. A. Fraser, and J. T. Sumner, Esq., J. P., (son of the late Rev. J. Sumner, an English Wesleyan minister,) with several others, occupy a high position. At Sydney Dr.

Jobson's 'good and princely host, the Hon. Alexander M'Arthur'—who is a son-in-law of the Rev. W. B. Boyce—is a member of the Upper House. The Hon. George Allen, a Methodist of old standing, has long been a member of the Upper House, and is chairman of its Committees; he has also the higher honour to be president of the New South Wales Bible Society. His son, George Wigram Allen, Esq., is another son-in-law of the Rev. W. B. Boyce, and stands high in the legal profession. And at Adelaide, where, as we have seen, the Wesleyans constitute the most powerful element of the population, the Hon. G. M. Waterhouse, son of the late Rev. John Waterhouse, first general superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in Australia, is the treasurer of the colony, was till recently the chief secretary, and possesses, perhaps, more influence than any other resident.

It is remarkable, indeed, how the sons and daughters of Wesleyan ministers occupy influential positions at every point throughout Australia; but especially this family of the Waterhouses. A Waterhouse, as we have seen, (the eldest, we believe, of the sons surviving,) met Dr. Jobson at Hobart Town, and drove him to 'his pleasant residence at Sandy Bay;' three of the brothers are in the ministry, two of these having devoted themselves specially to the Missionary cause; a daughter is married to the Rev. W. Butters, chairman of the South Australian District, and a minister of great influence; and the Hon. G. M. Waterhouse holds the position we have described in South Australia.

The departure of the deputation from South Australia was with all ambassadorial honours. 'The distance from Adelaide to Port Glenelg is six miles. We were driven there,' says Dr. Jobson, 'in a coach and four, and were accompanied by friends, in their private carriages, who followed us in procession the whole way down to the pier, where they watched our departure in the "Balclutha," and beckoned us "farewell" as long as we were in sight.' From Port Adelaide Dr. and Mrs. Jobson returned to Ceylon, touching again at St. George's Sound, where they again saw many natives, as on their voyage out. Dr. Jobson has written some pages, full of sad interest, respecting this unhappy race, which we shall extract, without comment, for the meditation of our readers. To us it seems to be a reproach upon the Christianity of Britain that these tribes remain as they are. If the colonies cannot cope with their case, let the whole English Church lay it to heart, but especially the Wesleyan Church, which has won such triumphs in the southern hemisphere.

'One enigma presents itself to the reflecting mind in relation to Australia, which a visitor and traveller there like myself cannot escape the consideration of,—that is the fate of the poor ABORIGINES. One sees remnants of their different tribes in every colony, and one learns everywhere that they are fast fading away both in strength and numbers. They are the lowest and most degraded of the human family; have persistently withstood all attempts to civilize and Christianize them; and in another generation, probably, will have entirely ceased to exist in the hitherto occupied portions of Australia. Poor, wretched beings! inferior in figure and feature to untutored Africans. Dark earth-brown in colour; with sloe-black savage eyes widely set against their high cheek-bones and under protruding eyebrows; with distended nostrils, broad, pouting lips, matted, long, black hair, shrunken frame, spindle-legs, bedaubed and greased from head to foot, and without decency and shame. Such were the natives I saw in the different colonies, in their forlorn groups of men and women,—with their sickly children and lean, hungry dogs; and though in climbing trees, hurling the boomerang, or throwing the spear, they exhibit in their attitudes and movements vigour and grace which would ally them with the great Papuan race, so widely spread over the vast south-eastern hemisphere, and show them to be the descendants of an enterprising and a skilful people,—yet as soon as they resume their ordinary forms and modes of life and countenance, they exhibit a feeble, dejected, and dispirited look which tells of wretchedness and destruction. It is reported that in the north, where they have been less disturbed by Europeans, the aborigines are a bold, athletic, and valiant people. It may be so. I suppose from concurrent testimonies on this question it is so. But I can only write of what I saw; and those which I beheld are among the most feeble and abject of the human family; and had upon their very frames and looks the signs of dejection and death.

'Laudable and praiseworthy efforts to rescue the dark natives from their impending fate have been made in all the colonies by the Government, as well as by voluntary associations and benevolent individuals; but with almost universal failure. Whatever might be the dishonourable conduct of early colonists, who, for safety, or amusement, hunted and shot down this "black game" in the woods and forests, no ill-treatment of the aborigines is allowed now, with impunity. On the other hand, paternal tenderness and compassion towards them has in recent times been carried almost to excess. No expense, or labour, has been spared on their behalf; yet they refuse continued association with the civilizing race, and waste away in their own wretchedness. Numberless instances are quoted of education and employment of the aborigines by European colonists; but, almost in every case, the native child or servant, taught and clothed, has gone back to the wild tribe to which he or she belonged, and sunk back into barbarism. In some few instances conversions to God have been known among them; and our Wesleyan Methodists, who, like most other Christian communities in the land, organized special

Missions for them, have had, in more than one case, religious teachers raised up among the natives; but sooner or later the seed died in the ground, and brought forth no fruit. A short time before I was at Adelaide, the Legislative Council for South Australia had, in concern for the wasting aborigines, appointed a special committee to inquire into their state, and into the best means to be employed for their rescue and improvement. The Hon. G. M. Waterhouse was on that committee, and reported to me its proceedings and results, as well as presented to me official documents concerning it. That committee examined the most competent witnesses to be obtained, both Europeans and natives, and found that the rapid decrease of the aborigines was attributable to infanticide, the women, or "gins," being unwilling to bear the burden of more than one or two children; to certain rites performed upon young men of some tribes, impairing their physical powers; to the introduction among them, by Europeans, of more aggravating sensual disease than existed previously; to excess in the use of intoxicating liquors; to promiscuous intercourse of the sexes among the youth of the natives as well as with Europeans, by which the births among the aborigines were seriously reduced; and to the great disproportion of males and females in the several tribes. In addition to these causes of diminution in numbers, it was also explicitly elicited, that the adoption by the natives of semi-civilized habits, such as sleeping in thin tattered blankets instead of thick and warm opossum rugs, was inducing pulmonary disease, which had become extensively destructive and wasting to their lives. The evidence supplied gave other fearful glimpses into their state of ignorance and degradation. Cannibalism was more than hinted at. There seemed to be no knowledge, or idea, of a supreme Being among them, except that of a dark spirit who came forth at night prowling abroad to inflict disease and death. Deeds of treachery, murder, and blood, were referred to, as well as sensual rioting among old and young the most revolting. And the testimonies borne by benevolent labourers for the sinking race, on their own failures and disappointments, were the most disheartening. The doom of this people creates in us afflictive thoughts on the fearful consequences of sin to nations; but the filling of the vast island-continent with a better and prosperous race silvers the edge of the black cloud which hangs over the mind while we think of the Australian aborigines. In God's counsels concerning nations and tribes we must humbly and reverently acquiesce: "the Judge of all the earth shall do right!"—Pp. 198-201.

After re-visiting for a week Point de Galle and 'beautiful Ceylon,' Dr. and Mrs. Jobson took steamer for Bombay, and, after a three days' stay at that city, sailed for Aden and Suez. Being detained at Alexandria by the loss of their luggage, they made their opportunity of the delay to take a fortnight's trip into Palestine, and, finally, regained the shores of England before

the middle of June, in good time for the Wesleyan Conference, at Newcastle, in the end of July.

We must not be tempted out into a sea of speculation as to the future of the magnificent Australian colonies. That one day a great empire will have its seat in the territory of which these define the outline—who can doubt? With such a climate, far superior, on the average, to that of the United States, and in every part favourable to high human development,—with such internal resources,—with so grand and wonderful a ‘start in life,’—with no slavery, no feudalism, no pauperism,—cleared, as it soon will be, from the taint of the convict system,—into what an empire must Australia grow! Perhaps it may be altogether independent of Britain,—perhaps, as was suggested and sketched in this Review some years ago, it may be one of a sisterhood of affiliated sub-empires, owning the common tie of allegiance and affection to the parent-land. But, in any case, what fortunes are in store for it! It is true that, in some matters, our colonial brethren seem to drive too fast. But it may be fairly hoped that they will work up to the necessary standard,—the standard of moral and intellectual elevation which their institutions require, and which the body of the people in such lands ought much more readily to reach than in an old and crowded country like Great Britain. We feel persuaded, in any event, that the connexion of such colonies with England is most beneficial for themselves; and we earnestly hope that the Anglo-Saxon predominance in population may long be preserved. At the same time, the view by Englishmen of such colonies, with their special institutions, must have a refreshing and rejuvenescent effect upon the old land. The action and re-action, between mother-country and colonies, must be greatly for the good of both parties. The two are now united as integral parts of the same great empire; long may it continue so to be!

Not the least significant or important element in attempting to set down the prognostics of the Australian colonies, is their religious condition and temperament. The Established Church and Wesleyan Methodism are at present, in reality, about equal in their influence,—the Episcopalians, however, having more of the more cultured, and also of the less earnestly convinced, classes: next to these, perhaps, on the whole, may come the Presbyterian element; then the Roman Catholic; then the Congregationalists, who have had, and still have, some very able ministers and very influential congregations; then the Baptists. On the whole, Episcopalianism is likely to have a larger development in these colonies than in the United States, and Popery to have immensely less hold; while Methodism will doubtless

become, as in the States, much the most numerous Church in the colonies. The Baptists will be greatly below their brethren in America; and the Congregationalists decidedly more numerous. The result, on the whole, will, as we hope, be a more conservative, cultivated, moderate, and genial people than in the United States. There will be less narrowness, less fanaticism, less of extremes. As the sky partakes of the colouring of the Mediterranean and of America, so our semi-tropical colonial brethren will have the warm glow of the balmy south of Europe united to the enterprise of America; will have the English character and colouring softened, and yet heightened and enriched. Will they have the English heart of oak left unimpaired? Will they, among their vineyards, be as firm, and true, and enduring? Time must show.

ART. IX.—*The Re-Revised Code.*

JUST as we are passing these final sheets through the press, the great controversy on the New Minute, as revised by government, is about to commence in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston has certainly been sorely committed by his subordinate in the present case, and, we doubt not, has many a time heartily wished that he had never been encumbered with so daring and dangerously clever a follower as Mr. Lowe. That ill-starred minister, in his long speech at the commencement of the session, tried to make the best of a bad matter. He spared the Normal Colleges, hoping thus to divert from himself formidable opposition, but with an ill-concealed intention to make a mouthful of them another time and before long. He corrected the glaring error of prescribing individual examinations in reading, writing, and arithmetic, for little folks under six; and made improvements at one or two other points, he in some degree abated the mischief and nuisance of his scheme; but its chief and fundamental errors and iniquities he left untouched. Delivering a speech which he had carefully prepared through the recess, which was garnished with well-selected and sometimes perverted extracts, and spiced with some acrid jests at the expense of schoolmasters and managers; and dealing with a house for the most part lamentably ignorant of the whole matter under discussion; his speech seemed for the moment to make a decisive impression. But the facts and the philosophy were too stubbornly against the flippant Vice-President, and, from the morrow after he had in his speech done his best endeavour, the

tide of feeling against the New Code has been steadily rising. It is possible the Government may drag the Minute through; but not, we think, likely. Mr. Walpole's Resolutions are admirable texts, each and all of them capable of convincing and ample illustration. Their author has wisely confined himself to criticism of the Minute, without hazarding a counter scheme of his own,—a just retribution on Mr. Lowe for refusing to reduce his own Minute to its principles, by way of resolutions to be submitted to the House; (which, however, it would hardly have borne, since its principles are false, whether judged by experience or true philosophy;) the attacks on the New Minute in the Upper House, especially the speeches of the Bishop of Oxford and the Earl of Derby, have been very damaging; the personal character of Mr. Walpole contrasts most favourably with that of Mr. Lowe; the opposition is supported, with unexampled unanimity, by all educationists of any great mark, and by the representative Committees of every educational body, whatever their creed, or church-principles, or the colour of their politics. Even the government and the *Times*, (under the inspiration of Mr. Lowe,) although backed by the low utilitarians, the mere secularists, and the ultra voluntaries, will find themselves unable, we imagine, to cope with so powerful an opposition—powerful in numbers, but much more so because of its character—as that which is arrayed against it.

Since the publication of our last number, Mr. Menet, in a *Letter to a Friend*, has effectively replied to the half-defence of the Code put forward by its two would-be friends, the Rev. James Fraser and the Rev. Dr. C. J. Vaughan; Mr. Birks, in an admirable style of polished incisiveness, and with great power of mingled argument and sarcasm. He has exposed the New Minute, in a *Letter to Earl Granville*, in which, among other disreputable errors and miscalculations, the arithmetical blunderings of its authors, who would scarcely seem themselves to be up to 'examination' mark; while, in his profound and beautiful tract, entitled, *The Teachers of the People*, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge has read lessons to such amateur and sciolist educationists as the bureaucrats who have devised the New Minute, which, if they will heed, they will be the wiser for hereafter. Nor must we omit to note that the Rev. John Scott, the sagacious and benevolent Principal of the Wesleyan Training Institution, has just published his excellent and convincing Inaugural Address for the lately commenced Session at his college, under the title of *The Working Classes Entitled to a Good Education*. These pamphlets are still doing their work. Members of Parliament are beginning to understand the ques-

tion. Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth's new work, on the educational controversies and progress of the past and passing age, will help those who are willing to understand it fully. We have little fear that the New Minute can ever really become law. Doubtless, some of Mr. Walpole's resolutions, if not all, will pass; and the total effect of a protracted discussion, from night to night, and of repeated attacks in both Houses, will probably be that eventually the Minute will be withdrawn bodily. Never did a Whig government play a falsier card than Lord Palmerston and his colleagues have done in this matter. The party of Lansdowne and Russell have wantonly thrown away, as the great educationist party of the state, one of the strongest claims which they possessed to the confidence and gratitude of the most earnest and philanthropic workers in the country: and they have handed over to their political antagonists the credit of championing and rescuing the educational interests of the nation. My Lord of Derby and Mr. Disraeli thoroughly understand this. Not only Mr. Walpole, but Sir J. Pakington and Mr. Henley may be expected to come forth in force upon this question. The upshot will be a settlement of principles, and a greatly-to-be-desired diffusion of knowledge and ideas respecting popular education.

In closing this brief notice of an all-important controversy, we would correct an incidental mistake in our article for January on the Revised Code. We find that, except in a very few cases, which, through the recommendation of the Rev. F. C. Cook, to which we referred in that article, are likely to be remedied, it has been the practice for Her Majesty's Inspectors to require every candidate for a certificate to give a lesson publicly, as a part of the examination for the certificate.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

History of the Martyrs in Palestine, by Eusebius, Bishop of Caesarea, discovered in a very ancient Syriac Manuscript. Edited, &c., by William Cureton, D.D. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

DR. CURETON has long distinguished himself as the discoverer, editor, and translator of various important remains of the Syriac literature of the early Christian centuries. The romantic story of the Nitrian MSS. of the British Museum, which are at once his workshop and harvest-field, is familiar to every one; and though the learned alone can appreciate the erudition, the critical judgment, and the marvellous industry and patience, which mark his labours, he cannot fail to win, what he well deserves, the gratitude of all who prize the past for the light which it sheds upon the dark ways of the present, and who feel it to be good to turn over the family chronicles of the universal Church. Viewed under this last aspect, Dr. Cureton's latest production above named has a value and interest no way inferior to that of any of its predecessors.—Readers of Eusebius are aware, that in the eighth book of the *Ecclesiastical History*, there is a passage, in which the scholar-bishop promises an account, in a separate form, of the martyrs whose sufferings had come under his own observation or immediate knowledge. At the same time most of the Greek MSS. of the 'History' itself are known to contain a brief narrative, which answers to this description, but which has no fixed place in the work, being found now in this position, now in another, though commonly at the end of the eighth book, where it appears in Heinichen's and other printed editions. It could scarcely be doubted that this was substantially the monograph of which Eusebius speaks; yet no Greek copy of it is known to exist apart from the larger 'History'; and various considerations led to a general belief among the commentators, that the piece in question was an abridgment, made by the author's own hand, of a more complete and detailed account, which had perished. A discovery of Dr. Cureton's put a new face on the matter. In that 'wonderful volume' of the Nitrian Syriac MSS., whose biography Dr. Cureton has written in the preface

to his *Festal Letters of Athanasius*, he found, among other treasures, a work 'On the Martyrs of Palestine, by Eusebius of Cæsarea,' transcribed, like the rest of the volume, at the early date of A.D. 411, within about seventy years, that is to say, of Eusebius's death. Examination soon showed that this was not a mere translation of the paragraph in the *Ecclesiastical History*, but a distinct and fuller tractate on the same subject; and all subsequent scrutiny and criticism have verified the conclusion to which Dr. Cureton was very early led respecting it, namely, that this Syriac text must be considered to be a near reproduction of that larger Greek martyrology, which Eusebius is supposed to have afterwards condensed and shaped to the purposes of his more general 'History.' What the precise historical relations may be, which connect the longer and shorter narratives both with one another and the 'History,' it is hard to say. It is not improbable, that Eusebius, having promised the Book of the Palestinian martyrs in the first edition of his greater work, found time to write it very shortly after that edition was published, and that in the later recensions of the *Ecclesiastical History*, he introduced that modification of his treatise, which is found in the Greek copies. It may be properly called a modification; for though there are details and descriptions in the larger treatise, which are wanting in the smaller, and which we are glad to recover from the wreck of the ages, the two are one in their leading features, and there is often an all but absolute verbal correspondence between them running through sentences and paragraphs together.

Whether in the more curtailed or extended form, the narrative itself does infinite credit to the heart of Eusebius; and despite its tautology and its other artistic defects, it is worth all the fine writing in Christendom as a simple and touching memorial of the piety, patience, and faith of the days of old. An age like our own—one not distinguished by a fanatical love of the stake—will be quick at finding weak points in the conduct of the holy men and women, whose sufferings are here recorded. And we do not pretend to say that there are no such points. Let it be enough, however, to hint at their existence. To linger on them for a moment, side by side with the amazing spectacle of courage, fidelity, zeal, and love for Christ, which these ancient saints exhibited, would make a noble nature quail with scorn of itself. If any one wishes to escape a while from the tedious presence of factitious graces and spiritual sauntering, he cannot do better than ask Eusebius to tell him the pathetic story of the life and martyr-death of Epiphanius, the Lycian, or to describe the good confession which his beloved Pamphilus's noble disciple Porphyrius witnessed, or to recite to him, as long as his hearer can bear to listen, what Theodosia of Tyre passed through, or that tried saint 'of the land of Gaza,' or Valentina of Cæsarea, her companion in the fire, or the poor girl from Baishan, whose pitiful case he describes near the end of his piece. Verily Christianity was something fifteen centuries ago, whatever it is now.

Dr. Cureton has executed his task of editor with the accuracy, pre-

cision, and completeness which characterize all his publications. The compliment which he pays his French fellow-labourer for the scholarly exactness of his Syriac texts belongs in full measure to himself. An explanatory and critical preface of some ten or eleven pages forms the first part of the contents of the thin but comely octavo, in which the results of his recent Eusebian studies present themselves. This is followed by an English translation of the Syriac, which merits commendation not only for its faithfulness to the original, but also for the happy manner in which it preserves the middle line between a slavish adherence to the Semitic idiom on the one hand, and an unwarrantable disregard of its just claims on the other. To this second section of the book—the most interesting of all for the general reader—succeeds a number of well-written notes, very much on the plan adopted by our author in his ‘Syriac Gospels.’ Finally, we have more than fifty pages in which the Syriac text spreads its forms of beauty and grace before the eye. We should like to hear some philological Ruskin talk about the Estrangelo character, as it appears in Dr. Cureton’s volume. We are greatly mistaken, if he would not find witcheries akin to those of cloudland and woodland in this fair creation of ‘art and man’s device.’ We do not know how many more literary discoveries Dr. Cureton intends to make, or how many more good books he thinks of writing. If his future fortunes and achievements at all equal his past ones—may he live for ever!

The Destiny of the Creature: and other Sermons. Preached before the University of Cambridge. By Charles J. Ellicott, B.D., Dean of Exeter, and Professor of Divinity, King’s College, London. Second Edition. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn. 1862.

THIS little volume contains six sermons, the first four of which were delivered by Professor Ellicott, before the University of Cambridge, in his capacity of select preacher, during the month of March, 1858. The fifth and sixth were delivered on other occasions, and are added to the volume partly because of the wish of the Professor’s friends, but mainly because of their relation to the preceding four. Some forty pages are filled with notes, which, though introduced with great modesty and many apologies, materially enhance the value of the volume. It is to be regretted that these notes are placed at the end of the book, rather than at the foot of the page which they are intended to illustrate.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of these Sermons. They are all on subjects of profound interest; and, though mainly speculative, are pervaded by a reverence for revealed truth, and an unaffected distrust of human wisdom, which, in these days of temerity and presumption, are indeed refreshing. The earnest thinker will find in these discourses answers more than ‘faltering’ to some of the most solemn and complicated questions by which his researches into truth

are hampered. No one need hesitate to submit himself to the guidance of one who, even in speculative discursions, allows no latitude beyond that of an exact interpretation of the word of God. 'I have neither the will nor the ability,' says the Professor, 'to enter into controversy; but this only will I say, that I would sooner trust the results of an honest, fair, yet *exact* interpretation of Scripture, than the mere plausibilities of a specious philosophy. Nay, I am old-fashioned enough to be fully persuaded that if modern thinkers lent an ear to the express declarations of Inspiration, as readily as they do to the deductions of philosophy,—if we perused the Book of Life as studiously and as dutifully as we do the Book of Nature, our theology would be of a higher strain, and our philosophy no less attractive and veracious.' Such a protest for Inspiration, coming from the lips of perhaps the ablest exegetical scholar in the land, is most assuring.

The four sermons on the Destiny of the Creature have respect to the four aspects of that destiny,—Vanity, Suffering, Death, Restitution. The first, entitled 'Vanity,' is founded upon the well-known and hotly contested passage in the Epistle to the Romans. (viii. 21, 22.) Rejecting the exposition of Augustine, who limits the word 'creature' to man in his unconverted state, and passing over the supposed impropriety of ascribing a feeling of yearning and longing to an inanimate world, the Professor adopts an interpretation sanctioned by the most venerable traditions of the Church, and in substantial accordance with the opinions of modern commentators, and gives to *κρίσις* its widest application, referring it to 'all creation, animate and inanimate, which stands in any degree of relation to man.' The nature of the subjection of creation, by the determination of the wise and holy God, is to be understood by a careful consideration of the word '*vanity*,' which points to a certain 'purposelessness, to an inability to realize its natural tendencies and the ends for which it was called into being, to baffled endeavour and mocked expectation, to a blossoming and not bearing fruit, a pursuing and not attaining, and, as the analogies of the language of the original significantly imply, to a searching and never finding.'

This subjection of the Creation to vanity is not to be referred to some primal law, but to a counter law, a judicial dispensation, called forth by antagonism to the will of a beneficent Creator. It is Sin that has cast a shadow over creation, 'and drawn the bar sinister across the broad shield of the handiwork of God.' The argument of a popular philosophy, based on the geological evidence of the existence of destruction and death ages before man was called into being, is of no real weight; for it confounds 'the more generic term "vanity" with the more specific term "death;" it assumes that man was created to share the lot of creatures called into being under conditions significantly different; it clashes with the assertion that 'death passed through unto all men,' (Rom. v. 12. *eis pántas ανθρώπους διήλθεν*.) a passage which seems to intimate that death was a law and process that originally had no existence or significance for man; and it robs of all its real meaning and potency the curse which man's sin brought

on the material earth, and, by consequence, on all the forms of life to which that earth gave origin.'

This Vanity is not to last for ever. Hope, a blessed gift of heaven, not denied even to the irrational creatures, binds nature and mankind in a close and enduring union. The Church, the souls under the altar, the kindreds of the earth, the world of inanimate things, the realm of inanimate nature,—all are waiting in 'self-acknowledged suffering,' and blended in a 'never-quenched aspiration' after the hour 'when man, the master-piece of God's works, shall be clothed with incorruption,' and the apocalyptic vision of a new heaven and a new earth shall be a mighty and living reality.

The germs of thought contained in the first sermon are developed in full in the second, third, and fourth, which treat successively of Suffering, Death, and Restitution. In each of these, Professor Ellicott grapples with and masters some of the strongest objections of sceptical philosophy. The sermon on Restitution is the climax to which the others pave the way. The seductive belief which is to be traced in much of the popular literature, and to which even Cambridge dignitaries have given sanction,—'that a time is coming when good and evil will lose their ineffaceable characteristics, and when all will be swallowed up in an abyss of love and restoration,'—is dealt with most vigorously, and by a line of argument as original as it is cogent. The restitution of the creature is to be '*in Christ*,' according to the profoundly significant passage in Ephesians, (i. 9-11,) and all 'which, from the nature of things and the truceless opposition between light and darkness, between sin and holiness, cannot, without blasphemy, be convinced as *in Him* and in union with Him, will in the end be only as the dross and scum that is purged off by the refining and sublimating flame.' The effect of the restituent powers of Christ on the two extremes of creation,—the holy angels, and the lower realms of nature,—is a mystery on which Revelation throws but little light. Perhaps the 'sons of the morning' may be illumined with a yet higher knowledge, while from the productive bosom of the material earth will issue 'races of living creatures, that in all their instincts, capabilities, and existences, may ceaselessly glorify the creative wisdom.'

The two concluding sermons, on the Threefold Nature of Man, and the Communion of Saints, are not less valuable. In the former of these, Professor Ellicott asserts, on the authority of the word of God, the existence and association of three elements in man,—body, soul, and spirit. The objection that the text on which this assertion is mainly founded, 1 Thess. v. 23, has simply a cumulative and rhetorical character, and that the grouping of spirit, soul, and body, implies the material and the immaterial part of those for whom the apostle prayed, is triumphantly met by an analysis of several kindred passages in which this triplicity is distinctly indicated. The 'spirit' is the realm of the intellectual forces and the shrine of the Holy Ghost. The 'soul' is the region of the feelings, affections, and impulses,—of all indeed that peculiarly individualizes and personifies. These three parts, body, soul, and spirit, are intrinsically associated and united, and

form the media of communication, both with each other, and with the higher and the lower elements. The practical value of this doctrine is seen in the estimate it gives of the mystery of our humanity, with its complicated responsibilities, as well as in the juster appreciation it induces of those temptations which try alike body, soul, and spirit, while they loosen the bands of the compound nature, and destroy the entirety of its constituent parts.

The limited space at our disposal forbids a more extended notice of these Sermons, which we hail as a most precious contribution to the speculative theology of the day. It would, however, be unjust to the learned Professor, were we to omit saying, that, while they are speculative and polemical, they are practical and consolatory. If the narrow-minded, who are incapable of entertaining the problems to which they refer, fail to derive advantage from them, they will unquestionably be welcomed with enthusiasm by the young, the generous, the pure, and the thoughtful, to whom they are specially dedicated. All lovers of truth will hail a volume which, while instinct with the vigorous thought of the scholar, breathes throughout the spirit of the earnest and humble Christian.

The Supernatural in Relation to the Natural. By the Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D. Author of 'The Method of the Divine Government,' &c., &c. Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co. 1862.

WE have already, in a previous page, incidentally referred to this last publication of Dr. M'Cosh's diligent pen; but we feel that a specific and fuller notice is due. We run no hazard in predicting that this volume will be a favourite. The subject possesses that vague and lofty interest which to many minds, perhaps to the young student especially, is so attractive; the views unfolded are broad and rich and bright; and the charm of the style is great. Dr. M'Cosh has so familiarised himself with the laws of the universe, and at the same time with the great principles of theological thought and inquiry,—he is so richly furnished a student both of the works and the word of God,—and his mind is so full of analogies and illustrations, drawn from every department of nature and of science,—that a subject like that of this volume, which opens to him at once the range of the two worlds of nature and the supernatural, seems to be especially congenial to him; and he dilates on his theme with an easy command of materials, and with an unlaboured eloquence, which are very delightful. There is a glow throughout this book, from the first page to the last, which the reader cannot but feel. The only fault which our hypercriticism has to allege, is, that occasionally the writer's pen is too free and rapid, and his illustrations scarcely in strict keeping. His mind and memory appear to be surcharged, and the suggestions of his fertile fancy would sometimes bear with advantage the application of the pruning-knife.

The present volume vindicates for miracles a place in the great

system of the universe. The general scope of the treatise is, to show that supernatural interpositions are not, in themselves, infringements of the laws, or, in very truth, antagonistic to the uniformity, of Nature; that the natural is itself a manifestation of the supernatural; that there is system in the latter, no less than in the former; that types, prophecies, miracles, the life of Christ, the doctrines of Christianity, the economy of Divine grace, are all portions of one great system of the supernatural, the parts of which are in harmony with each other, and the general principles and character of which are in analogy with those of the system of Nature.

A chapter is specially devoted to 'the evidences of Christianity,' in which it is shown that in these also there is method, system, completeness. The second section of this chapter discusses the nature of 'the connexion between the Miracle and the Doctrine.' We do not remember anywhere to have seen this important point so judiciously treated. Dr. M'Cosh avoids equally the error of those who deny that a miracle is in itself any part of the proper evidence of revelation, and the opposite error of those whose teaching would lead to the inference that any prodigy, seemingly beyond the power of human instrumentality, would legitimately and apart from all other criteria warrant, for him who worked or seemed to work it, the credit of a Divine mission, at least with those who could not but believe in its supernatural character.

There can be no doubt that the subject of this volume embraces the very battle-ground on which the issues of the last great conflict between the reason of Christian faith and the unbelief of self-sufficient human reason must be fought out. Like all its esteemed author's works, it is eminently seasonable; and the reader feels throughout that the author is combating the principles which underlie the *Essays and Reviews*. The volume, however, is not intended by the author for merely temporary service, or as an isolated tractate; it is the first portion of a work which Dr. M'Cosh has long contemplated, on *The Method of the Divine Government, Supernatural and Spiritual*, and which is to be regarded as a supplement—or, as we should perhaps say, as the complement—of his standard work on *The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral*. It is an august undertaking, viewed as a whole,—too much, we might almost think, for one man to accomplish. We are happy, however, to know that Dr. M'Cosh is not the ancient sage we might have supposed him to be, from the number and character of his writings, and the length of time he has been widely known as an author; but that he is still in the prime of his life,—and may, with the Divine permission and blessing, fairly expect to accomplish the great work which he has set before himself.

An Introduction to the Study of the Gospels. By B. F. Westcott, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1860.

THIS work is what it professes to be, an Introduction to the *Study* of the Gospels. If any one wishes to while away an hour or two by turning over pretty garlands twined round texts of Scripture, entirely hiding what they profess to adorn, let him keep aloof from these pages. Not that the book is dull or uninteresting; but it is written for those who want to know what the Gospels are, not what may be said about them. It is an expansion 'of the outline sketched in the "Elements of the Gospel Harmony," published in 1851:' not, however, the same enlarged in bulk; it is improved as well as enlarged. 'Scarcely a paragraph is retained in the form in which it was originally written.' One of the greatest merits of the work is its *suggestiveness*. It wholesomely stirs the mind to seek more deeply into the words of truth. Without pledging one's self to all the minute, and sometimes almost fanciful, criticism found in it, we may safely say that no young student can fail to gain much from this attempt to find 'a true mean between the formal harmonization of the Gospels and the abandonment of their absolute truth.' 'I have,' says the author, 'confined myself in many cases to the mere indication of lines of thought and inquiry, from the conviction that truth is felt to be more precious in proportion as it is opened to us by our own work. Claims are made upon the reader's attention which would be unreasonable if he were not regarded as a fellow-student with the writer.'

On these three points modern philosophy has most obviously affected the popular views of Christianity: the inspiration, the completeness, and the interpretation of Scripture. The consideration of these topics forms the Introduction. After the Reformation, the Protestant Churches 'invested the Bible, as a whole, with all the attributes of mechanical infallibility which the Romanists had claimed for their Church.' Accordingly, God was looked on as *speaking by* and not *through* man. Man was the passive instrument—God the agent. On the other side, 'Those who were captivated by the first vigorous achievements of historical criticism and mental analysis, hastened to the other extreme. The Bible is, with them, merely the book of the legends of the Hebrews, which will yield to the skilful inquirer their residuum of truth, like those of the Greeks and Romans. Inspiration is but another name for that poetic faculty which embodies whatever is of typical and permanent import in things around, and invests with a lasting form the transitory growths of time.'

These views are opposite, but not contrary. 'If we combine the outward and the inward,—God and man,—the moving power and the living instrument,—we have a great and noble doctrine to which our inmost nature bears its witness. We have a Bible competent to calm our doubts, and able to speak to our weakness. It then becomes not an utterance in strange tongues, but in the words of wisdom and knowledge. It is authoritative, for it is the voice of God; it is intelligible, for it is in the language of men.' Inspiration is pre-

supposed in all religions, and is the quickening of natural powers. Revelation, which is essentially Christian, unveils the true springs and issues of life. In heathen systems, inspiration supposes the annihilation of consciousness and will in the subject; in Christianity, the vision of truth is unveiled by God, man retaining his individuality, but being quickened into newness of life. 'The notion of dynamical inspiration, *i. e.*, one acting upon living powers, and manifesting itself through them, according to their natural laws, is alone simple, sufficient, and natural. It supposes that the same Providential Power which gave the message, selected the messenger; and implies that the traits of individual character, and the peculiarities of manner and purpose, which are displayed in the composition and language of the sacred writings, are essential to the perfect exhibition of their meaning. Each element performs its perfect work. The letter becomes as perfect as the spirit; and it may well seem that the image of the Incarnation is reflected in the Christian Scriptures, which, as I believe, exhibit the human and Divine in the highest form and most perfect union.' The proofs of inspiration, external and internal, and the support drawn from the fragmentariness of the Gospels, their simplicity, their subject, and their social teaching, are well sketched. Some striking instances of careful analysis, patient investigation, and copious use of the concordance, are found in this part.

When speaking of the completeness of the Gospels, the author's treatment is in accordance with the principles and practice of Bishop Butler. The modesty of the language in which the conclusions are drawn, creates a refreshing feeling when compared with the dogmatic assertions to which we are sometimes treated.

The earnest deprecation of all inertness in study, and of the fashion of explaining all difficulties as Orientalisms, cannot but be profitable to all who believe the Gospels to be the records of Divine wisdom and truth, and who would interpret them accordingly. 'To suppose that words and cases are convertible, that terms have no absolute meaning, that forms of expression are accidental, is to betray the fundamental principles on which all intercourse between men is based. Nor is it any valid reason to allege for looseness of exegesis, that the New Testament language is Alexandrine and dialectic. Every dialect has its own laws. Let us then have our "Grammars of the New Testament Diction."' On the correct literal sense, depends the true spiritual sense. To grudge any pains in ascertaining the literal sense, is to imitate the folly of a man who rests a beautiful arch on weak buttresses. An elaborate Appendix to this part shows the primitive doctrine of inspiration. It contains an account of Origen, evidently the production of a kindred spirit. The evidence of the early Fathers to the action of the human element in the delivery of Divine truth seems rather overpressed. Traces of their having been on this track are made into prominent footprints. Yet one who has read and studied them as much as the author has, may easily be excused for seeing more than most persons can discern at first sight.

In treating the 'Preparation for the Gospel,' more than usual prominence is given to the revolutions in mind and thought among the Jews during the Persian period. The apocryphal books come under review, as throwing light on the workings of national belief after the withdrawal of God's direct communication with His chosen people. Under our author's guidance, we travel over the land where Aristobulus flits before us, Philo looms through the mists, and the Therapeutæ wander on the shores of Lake Mœris, spending the whole day in meditation, esteeming hyssop-flavoured bread a luxury, and only breaking the solemnity of their life by mystic dances. While the Jewish glebe thus mouldered beneath varied frosts and showers, the untilled heathen lands brought forth nothing save mutually destructive systems, that paved the way for the triumph of Christianity.

A careful consideration of the 'Jewish Doctrine of the Messiah' contains much valuable information in a condensed form, and will repay any amount of attention bestowed upon it. The summing up is this: 'The essentially Divine nature of Messiah was not acknowledged. The import of His human nature was not felt. The full character of His work with regard to man, to the nation, to the world, was not apprehended. The consciousness of personal sin turning the mind of the believer to the thought of a new birth was hardly awakened. And as it is impossible to conceive that any Jew could have pictured to himself Christ as He really came,—so is it equally impossible to imagine any other Saviour who could have satisfied all the wants which were felt at the time of His coming. Times of triumph and of sorrow, the government of judges, kings, and priests,—the open manifestation of Divine power, and the brilliant display of human courage,—the teaching of prophets and the teaching of experience,—the concentration of Eastern meditation and the activity of Western thought,—the scepticism of learning and the enthusiasm of hope,—each form of discipline, and each phase of speculation, had contributed to bring out into clear forms upon one narrow stage the spiritual capacities and aspirations of men.'

What is 'the origin of the Gospels?' The tendency of the Jewish mind set strongly against written records; the labours of the apostles were unfavourable to the formation of literary habits, and their testimony preceded the production of the evangelists' records. The Gospel was the source, the Gospels the result, of apostolic preaching. Not that a vague tradition is pleaded for, but one unique in its kind, defended from change by the vividness of the impression that produced it, its cautious formation and solemn utterance, renewed by daily teaching and catechetical instruction; bounded by the life of its originators; and, above all, the fruit of that Spirit of Truth whose office was 'to bring all things to remembrance.' From this common stock each evangelist took what suited his purpose in writing, and gave the stamp of his own mind to his coinage. From this we see, 'the work of an Evangelist was not the simple result of Divine inspiration or human thought, but rather the complex issues

of both, when applied to such a collection of Christ's words and works as the various phases of the apostolic preaching had shown to be best suited to the wants of men.' The gold of truth was first tested by the touchstone, and then its choicest particles were wrought up. 'Objections may be urged against a definite oral Gospel, chiefly from a misapprehension of the spirit and work of the apostolic times; but, without affecting to say that it removes every difficulty in the mutual relations of the written Gospels, it explains so much with perfect simplicity and naturalness, that it would be unreasonable not to acquiesce readily in the existence of some doubts.'

'The characteristics of the Gospels' receive the fullest attention. For many, particularly those who have, as faithful stewards, to dispense the mysteries of the kingdom, this, and the remaining chapters, will be the most valuable in the whole book. The Synoptists are compared with each other in the first place; then St. John's spiritual Gospel is brought forward and considered in its own nature, and in relation to the other Gospels. The difference in the Synoptists' treatment of various crises in our Lord's life and passion, is traced to difference in their ruling idea, deduced from the contemplation of their distinguishing traits, as set forth in the first part of this inquiry. The differences in detail are referred to the same cause with much acuteness. The reasonings here are illustrated by schemes of the Miracles and Parables, and plans of the Gospels. In this portion of the work, the peculiar endowments of the author are most conspicuous. He detects differences easily overlooked, but felt to be real when once pointed out; shows lines of thought generally divergent, but occasionally concurrent; and puts his finger on the links connecting the Gospel records with the Past, the Present, and the Future; and, in the case of St. John, with Eternity itself. 'The minute divergences of the Synoptists, in order and narrative, subserve their special uses; they imply and explain fundamental differences of scope, and unfold the Christian faith as it falls within each separate range. The events recorded are not generally distinct; but they are variously regarded, that we may be led to recognise the manifold instinctiveness and application of every word and work of Christ. We have followed no arbitrary plan; but, in the mere simplicity of the Gospels, we have traced the great signs of a new and noble sequence, too uniform and pregnant to be attributable to chance, too unpretending and obscure to be the work of design. And surely the conviction of this truth must fill us with the devoutest reverence for the Gospel histories,—a reverence which is no vain "Bibliolatry," but a feeling which springs from the satisfaction of our inmost wants, and furnishes the fullest materials for patient study.'

When writing of St. John's Gospel, that 'divine Hebrew epic,' the author is fairly carried away by his theme. His admiration of it is great; but founded on patient investigation, and hearty appreciation of its peculiarities, beauties, and plan. Merely to state that St. John is distinguished from the other evangelists, would be easy for the crudest criticism. It is a harder task to show the points of contact.

This is done at some length; and the notes, after the fashion of the author, suggest further matter for research. Coincidences between St. John and the Synoptists, in the relation of facts, the manner of our Lord's teaching, and the portraiture they give of their Master's character, and of their fellow-disciples, are brought together to vindicate the truthfulness and reality of the spiritual Gospel. When St. John wrote, St. Paul had given Christianity its intellectual development 'according to his Gospel.' Will the 'ideal Gospel' contradict the logical Gospel? On these great topics they agree: the rejection of the Jewish nation; Faith, Love, Providence, Redemption, and the Threefold Nature of Man. The words in which this chapter concludes, are: 'The prophecies which ushered in this new dispensation failed; the tongues which gave utterance to the raptures of the first believers ceased; the knowledge of the early Church vanished before the fuller development of Christianity; but love still remained; and at Ephesus, which combined all the refinement of Greek culture with the freedom of Eastern thought, St. John wrote the "Gospel of the world," resolving reason into intuition, and faith into light.'

If the comprehensiveness of view and carefulness of study shown in this volume were generally imitated, more correct views of truth would be obtained, and we should run less danger of exclusive attachment to any one phase of it. The full proportions of the whole would be appreciated, and the 'analogy of faith' be preserved. The glory of the Son of God would not be hidden by a distorted image of His humanity, nor the humanity lost in the rays of the Divine Majesty.

All young students will thank Mr. Westcott most heartily for throwing open the storehouse of his research, the contents of which we have hinted at rather than described; and will feel their obligations to him the more deeply because of the reverent, earnest, and sympathetic manner in which he searches into those words whose 'entrance giveth light.' At the same time, those who have long 'pondered these things in their hearts,' will not turn away disappointed.

Theological and Homiletical Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. Specially designed and adapted for the Use of Ministers and Students. From the German of J. P. Lange, D.D. Vols. I and II. By the Rev. Alfred Edersheim, Ph.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS is the first instalment of the promised translation of the great work of Dr. Lange on the New Testament. The author ranks high among evangelical German critics and expositors, and has spared no pains to make this Commentary excellent and complete.

Elaborate Introductions occupy the beginning of the volume before us. First, we have two chapters of 'General Introduction to the Holy Scriptures,' and of 'General and Special Introduction to the New Testament;' which, in a series of brief sections, contain

much to instruct the Bible student, and to guide his researches; and, then, since the work is intended as a help for preachers, a chapter on Homiletics is subjoined, which supplies not a few hints which which ministers might use to advantage in pulpit preparation.

The Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew has also an introduction, in which the writer ably treats of its character, author, and fundamental idea and arrangement. In harmony with his scheme, as laid down in this section, is the divisional plan which is followed in the Commentary itself. On this principle, Dr. Lange has distributed this Gospel into seven distinct, but connected, parts, subdivided into sections, which, when needful or allowable, are broken up into integral portions, for analysis, criticism, and comment. The 'Critical Notes' seem to leave little to be desired in that careful investigation, acumen, and prodigious learning for which this school of divines is so remarkable. In the 'Doctrinal Reflections,' amidst much that is most excellent, there is sometimes a latitude of thought, which, though we are prepared to find, we are not yet ready to follow. Moreover, Dr. Lange does not always avoid an error which is very common among our keen-witted German expositors. In their intense anxiety to exhaust the meaning of passages, and to bring all up to the surface which lies hidden, they sometimes penetrate so deeply into matters as to bore clean through them, and show us, instead of the truth at which we are working, something else lying on its other side. But it is better to be exposed to this mishap sometimes, than to be for ever, as we read, repeating the same trim and tame surfaces of flat thought: a process as intellectually wearisome as the dykes, windmills, and dead levels of fen country scenery are tiring to the eyes. The 'Homiletical Hints,' although liable, sometimes, in their suggestions, to carry the thoughts far enough away from the text, may render most rare and desirable service to such preachers as will judiciously use them.

On the whole, this work promises to be one of the most useful of the Messrs. Clark's issues, and to contribute not a little to establish and enlarge public confidence in their series of theological translations.

Mysteries: or, Faith the Knowledge of God. Two Vols.
London: George Manwaring. 1861.

WITH these books before us demanding notice we are in a dilemma. If we say that we have not read them, the wiser may ask indignantly, 'What right, then, have you to pronounce upon their contents?' But, on the other hand, to have read them through would involve such a total want of common sense, that our verdict would be valueless. In this difficulty, nothing remains but to confess that our few statements and extracts result from reading the preface only, and from a cursory glance through the remainder.

The volumes are so unique a curiosity in literature, that it may be worth while first to describe their general form and contents. They

are in large octavo, closely printed, and contain together one thousand one hundred and eighty-nine pages. Of these 'the Preface' alone occupies one hundred and twenty-six, room being allowed in the course of it for ninety-two foot notes, one of which is made up of fourteen paragraphs, and another, on an average of the lines, must contain about three thousand words. Then follows an 'Introduction of two hundred and nineteen pages;' next we have a section entitled 'UNITY,' occupying only half a page in itself, but supplemented by footnotes, which closely fill a whole one; and then, two hundred and forty-nine unbroken pages headed with the words 'ONE SUPREME WILL,' complete the first volume. The second is composed of a mammoth chapter of five hundred and four pages, entitled 'THE ISRAEL OF GOD,' with a Supplementary Paper of 'Remarks on the Modern Astronomy.'

The writer himself declares that the work is 'very badly written,' 'full of faults,' 'the most unpardonable of which is, frequent, wearisome, and unnecessary reiteration of the same arguments; and that it can boast neither style, nor arrangement, nor eloquence, nor even orthography.' On the strength of all this candour he makes 'an appeal *ad misericordiam* of the critics,' entreating their mercy, because he was '*in a great hurry*' to publish, and wrote while suffering from 'delicate health' and 'feverishness.' We grant his appeal so far as to hold our peace, only saying that his confessions are most true; as also when he adds, that 'as a specimen of literature this work is utterly valueless, and unworthy even of being read.'

If it be asked, Why then are these books written? who should—for who could—reply, save the author?—'*On account of the invaluable truths which they contain, their incalculable value, the important influence which they must have upon the religious opinions of all who are able to comprehend them, upon civil and religious liberty in general, and, perhaps, even upon the future destinies of the world.*' The exquisite modesty of this '*perhaps,*' which we have italicized, every one must appreciate, especially in association with the phrase which limits the influence of the books to 'all who can comprehend them.'

Further, the writer tells us that 'the whole subject of this work is to show that OPINION is not faith, but unbelief, and that true faith should have understanding, and perception of truth, and absolute certainty, and cannot rest upon authority of any kind,' (not even upon the authority of God, he explains elsewhere). 'I say, at least for myself, that I am absolutely certain of almost all the propositions which this work contains, and I do not except a single one of importance; and I call this certainty FAITH.' 'To be a Christian is to believe THE TRUTH, simply on the evidence which it gives of itself.' 'Except we know who God is, and what He is, and what He does, and why He does all things, we cannot know Christ to be the Son of God; and, therefore, when we understand and know that Christ is the Son of God, we understand and know also all the mysteries of God.' 'When men understand what truth is, what are its character-

istics, and how it may be known and discerned, certainly, from falsehood, they will acknowledge, THAT TRUE FAITH IS THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD, and that OPINION is only uncertainty and unbelief. All the mathematical truths are derived from the simple axiom, 'A whole is greater than a part;' and when we analyse this axiom, we find that it may be still more simply expressed in the four words, "That is which is;" so that when we announce any mathematical proposition, however difficult of understanding, we only affirm in other words, "That is which is." Now this is the name of God, who alone is Positive, and Real, and True, "I am, who am;" so that from this principle or axiom we may derive all truth; and therefore no proposition is true which may not be resolved into it, and which may not be expressed in the simple terms, "I am, who am," or "That is, which is."

Now, if all this means anything, it is the monstrous absurdity, that we can know Christ as the Son of God, and God Himself, who He is, and what He does, and why He does all things, in the same way, and with the same certainty, that we know that a whole is greater than its part; and that by Scriptural Faith is intended mathematical certainty. We need scarcely say, that this is not to explain what Faith is, but to do away with it, and substitute something else.—But we cannot persuade ourselves to go any further.

Companion to the New Testament. Designed for the Use of Theological Students and the Upper Forms in Schools. By A. C. Barrett, M.A., Caius College, Author of a Treatise on Mechanics and Hydrostatics. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co. London: Bell and Daldy. 1861.

COMPACT, copious, and trustworthy; this is a book for which every one who obtains and digests it will often thank the painstaking author. Into the smallest possible compass, it compresses a marvellous amount of information essential to the intelligent reading of the New Testament, and such as only a judicious scholar, well-stored with modern Biblical learning, could produce. We cannot too strongly recommend theological students to procure and use it.

The Gospel the only true Foundation of Morality: or, the practical Nature and Tendency of Christian Doctrine, illustrated in a Series of Discourses from the Pulpit. Addressed to a Country Congregation. By the Rev. Joseph Jacques, Vicar of Bywell St. Andrew, Northumberland. London: F. and J. Rivington. 1861.

THIS book has excellencies, but it does not redeem the promise of the title page. Nothing equal to a proof, nor even to distinct presentation of the leading thesis which its cover announces, can we find in any one or in all the twenty-six sermons within it. Moreover, these 'Discourses' lack that continuity of aim and idea which are necessary to a 'series' properly so called. The sentiments are

intended to be evangelical; but the exposition of Scripture is superficial; and here and there sentiments occur which must grate on an educated Christian ear. As, for instance, when we read more than once of God's love to sinners 'in *parting with His Son*;' and have an idea, bad enough in the original, made even worse in the borrower's language, thus: 'The cleansing fountain here intended, is, *that which was filled with the blood supplied by Immanuel's veins*.' While certainly there is enough practical and earnest Gospel in these Discourses to have afforded the hearers of them opportunity of profitable listening, we cannot see in what respects they so far rise above the ordinary level of preached sermons, as to deserve the distinction of being printed, much less of being reprinted, by permission, as we are told some of them are.

Three Months' Ministry: a Series of Sermons. By Thomas T. Lynch. London: W. Kent and Co. 1861.

THE circumstances under which this volume is sent forth into the world are such as to excite our sympathy, and almost disarm our criticism. We learn from the Preface that most of the Sermons were delivered by the author, after a tedious illness of two years and when it seemed likely that he might lose his voice altogether. His hearers very naturally wished to have some permanent memorial of a ministry thus prematurely threatened. Hence this volume, which contains fourteen sermons, all of which, with the exception of one or two sketches introduced to complete the chain of thought, were delivered consecutively in London, during the last quarter of the year 1860.

But, deeply as we sympathize with Mr. Lynch in an affliction, the possible issue of which may be so painful, we cannot altogether escape the influence of certain antecedents in his history, in our study of his book. It will be remembered, that no small stir was made in the religious world some few years ago by the publication of a volume of hymns, for domestic and social worship, entitled *The Rivulet*. These hymns would not probably have passed beyond the range of Mr. Lynch's immediate friends, had they not been seasoned with a spice of heterodoxy, which, for a time, made the author notorious, and exalted his opinions to the dignity of a 'controversy.'

Having been once cited before the bar of public religious opinion on a charge of erroneous and dangerous teaching, it is clear that Mr. Lynch can never again appear in print, without exciting more than usual attention. He is fair game for the critic. The very circumstances under which he publishes his Sermons, strengthen the right of the religious public to examine more closely. The charge of heterodoxy against a Christian minister is not a trifling thing. An eccentric and vainglorious man might, in the ordinary course of his teaching, affect a certain looseness and latitude; but the man who stands before his congregation threatened with a total suspension of his work, will surely give utterance to his most solemn convictions, and

preach the truth, so far as he holds it, in all its integrity and perfection. That ministry upon which the grave casts back its shadow, will surely be full of the deepest beliefs of a man's heart.

We are justified, therefore, in accepting this volume of Mr. Lynch's Sermons as a fair representative of his creed, if, indeed, he will allow that he holds any creed at all. From a literary point of view, the volume is worthy of unaffected commendation. It has some beautiful and fascinating passages, and bears the impress of a strong individuality and originality of thought. Its illustrations are picturesque and forceful; though, it must be confessed, that Mr. Lynch sinks sometimes to a bathos unworthy of his capable mind. But we have to deal rather with the theology of the Sermons, than with their literary character; and honesty to the truth compels us to say that we deeply regret their publication, not only because they fail to set Mr. Lynch right with the religious world, but because they offer few satisfactory solutions of the problems which, at this day, absorb the attention of many earnest hearts.

We do not mean to arraign Mr. Lynch's orthodoxy, or to question his sincerity. There are passages in his Sermons which bear the 'image and superscription' of the truth in its purity and experimental power. But we do deplore that Mr. Lynch introduces the most vital doctrines of the faith under aspects so shadowy and undefined, that it would be impossible for any truth-seeker to realize in them satisfaction and rest. It may be that the simple truth of God is imperilled, in some cases, by an over exact definition. An excessive systematizing may enthrall the life of the Word. But does this danger warrant the entire abandonment of the ancient land-marks? Because some men have reduced the doctrines of redemption to a skeleton, are we to forswear the *form* of sound words? Surely it is better to have even an unelastic creed, with the germs of truth in it, than to hold the propositions of the faith as mere phantoms, flitting, shapeless, and inconstant.

The last sermon in the volume is evidently a favourite with the author, and has been prepared with unusual care. It precisely illustrates the points of our strictures. It is entitled, *The Benediction of the Church*, and is founded upon the text, 'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.' This passage is not quite clear enough for Mr. Lynch, or his congregation. He, therefore, renders it: 'May your Christian Faith, Hope, and Love be replenished!' To our mind, there is more meaning in the original, than in the paraphrase. But even Mr. Lynch's rendering opens a broad field of evangelical truth; and in a sermon founded upon a text instinct with the life of the Gospel, we naturally expect a clear and definite outline, at least, of the great redemption. How can a Christian minister talk and write of 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,' &c., without marked and constant reference to the sublime doctrine of the atonement? How can one, whose ostensible mission it is to lead men to Jesus, fail, with such a text in his hand, to show how this grace, and love,

and communion are obtained? But this sort of thing is not in Mr. Lynch's vein. We have many beautiful things about grace, and love, and brotherhood; but of the foundation of these things in the Cross of Christ, we have nothing at all: and a poor sinner longing to find rest, and listening to this sermon, would be much in the same case as that of the child to whom Mr. Lynch refers, lost 'amongst the low bushes on Hampstead Heath.' Platitudes are sorry meat for a soul hungering after the 'bread of life.'

The sublime doctrine of the Trinity, and the relation of the three Persons of the Godhead to man, do not appear to Mr. Lynch as the life and glory of his text. In his view, the Trinity, which he affirms as 'the intellectual expression of the doctrine of God's being,' may be a necessary truth; but it is 'not necessary for all of us to know at present.' 'It is possible not to see this truth, and yet to see God.' He, therefore, passes it by, hinting that some day he may give the world a treatise, 'little or large,' on the elucidation of the doctrine. For the present, he contents himself with falling foul of the Athanasian Creed. 'It makes God a liar.' It is like a 'knotted scourge prepared to lash the shoulders of a victim.' It is like 'a net to catch us when we would fly abroad in our happiness.' 'It is like a cage to confine us where we are caught.' 'O for freedom!' sighs Mr. Lynch. We have no objection. We are not prepared to champion here the creed of Athanasius. Yet we cannot but think that a dose or two of its exact logic would be a benefit to Mr. Lynch. This flying 'abroad in our happiness,' is just his danger. Even a straitened form of sound words is better for the soul than the no-creed of the latitudinarian. There is all the difference in the world between liberty and licence.

The Harp of God: Twelve Letters on Liturgical Music, its Import, History, Present State, and Reformation. By the Rev. Edward Young, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1861.

THE most noticeable feature in these Letters is Mr. Young's objection to the chant. Acknowledging that it is 'gifted with an extraordinary amount of mesmeric power and harmonic beauty,' he compares 'its structural obstinacy and absolute independence of the words it professes to utter, to the tender mercies of a certain instrument of torture in the dark ages,' to wit, the Iron Maiden! The law of emphasis, which underlies all thought, feeling, and language, demands that all Liturgical Music should be faithfully observant of the words; the essential rhythm of which should be preserved unbroken. This law, however, was first transgressed by Pope Gregory the Great, who substituted '*the pendulum power of the notes, for the rhythmical power of the words.*' We have reformed our liturgical words; why, asks Mr. Young, should we not reform our liturgical notes? There is a great deal to be said in favour of the argument of these Letters. They evince, too, considerable

musical taste; and are pervaded throughout by a deep devotion. It is, however, to be regretted that Mr. Young should advance his propositions with the air of a martyr, who expects to be annihilated forthwith. He may be perfectly at ease. His head is safe, even though he have hardihood enough to denounce the time-honoured chant, which even his eloquent protest is not likely to banish from our 'service of song.'

A Series of Sermons on Important Subjects, Doctrinal and Practical. By John Petty. Second Edition, Revised. London: R. Davies. 1861.

It is no small compliment to Mr. Petty to say that his volume deserves to be published. The Sermons, which he introduces to the public with great modesty, are plain and unvarnished; but they are full of wholesome truth, earnestly and faithfully put. This is the kind of preaching which will benefit the masses; and we hope that the encouragement with which Mr. Petty has met, in the sale of a first edition, will lead him to give more of his plain sermons to the world.

The Works of Thomas Adams, &c., &c. Vol. I., containing Sermons from Texts in the Old Testament, &c. Edinburgh: James Nichol. 8vo., pp. 506. 1861.—Vol. II., pp. 578.

THESE are the fourth and fifth volumes of Mr. Nichol's series of Puritan reprints, and it is much to his credit that they are published so soon, notwithstanding the failure of Mr. Spurgeon (caused by ill-health) to supply the promised biography. The writings of Adams have long been favourites with the few who could afford to buy them in their original forms. It is not too much to anticipate that they will now be favourites with many. He is so witty, and withal so devout, so hearty and honest, so thoroughly straightforward and English, and has such a brilliant fancy, that, unless we are much mistaken, he will dispute the palm of popularity in this series with Sibbes, and perhaps bear it away from him.

We observe with concern an announcement by the general Editor, who has undertaken this task since the first two volumes were issued, that in a few instances he has 'altered the forms of words that have become obsolete.' Such a practice will go far to deprive these reprints of their value. For the study of the language they will be useless. Readers will never know when they are listening to Adams, and when to Mr. Smith. And it is wholly unnecessary. Why not put into brackets, or throw into a footnote, the modern word which 'ordinary readers' are held to stand in need of? If we must lose the ancient orthography, which is often curious and instructive, this additional loss ought not to be inflicted upon us. Mr. Smith tells us 'that when the printing had proceeded a little way, he adopted a resolution to discard the article whenever it was manifestly the representative of

the neuter possessive pronoun.' In this we are of opinion that he has made a great mistake, and the principle by which he justifies his proceeding shows it to be so. 'In very many cases this sounds awkwardly to a modern ear, and in some instances might prevent the immediate apprehension of the sense of a passage.' Suppose it did, what then? Is it a great mischief to be obliged to look again at a passage of an ancient author, and inquire what is meant? Are we to fly over these precious pages at a railroad speed? If an editor is to do whatever he thinks necessary to secure 'an immediate apprehension of the sense of a passage,' or remove from these writers whatever might prevent it, he must sometimes recast their sentences, as well as alter their language, and so greatly change the character of their composition, that they would scarcely know themselves. 'Ordinary readers' might like this, but students in divinity and ministers, for whom, as a class, these reprints are mainly intended, would not, we think, be flattered by such a mode of dealing with them. We trust it is not too late to reconsider this matter; the reprint of Adams, indeed, will be damaged, but the mischief need not go farther; and in regard to him a list should be compiled, and published with each volume, showing exactly what words have been changed, and in what passages they occur. So much, indeed, the publisher owes to himself, if he intends to fulfil his promise of 'reproducing' the works of the Puritan Divines, and having them edited 'with all the care necessary to secure accuracy.'

We see reason to regret further that the numerous dedications which were prefixed to the Sermons as they were printed by the author are not inserted here in their appropriate places, but reserved to appear elsewhere. They can hardly be so intelligible or interesting when gathered together as they would have been each in its own place. The arrangement in virtue of which the Sermons appear in the order of their texts, we suppose, rendered this change necessary; but we think it would have been far better to arrange them all chronologically; and we hope that Sibbes's works will be so arranged.

It is pleasant to note that the scheme appears to succeed so well, that Henry Smith and Samuel Ward are to be forthwith included in the number of those whose works are to be reprinted. Neither of these writers is on the whole equal to Adams; but as the works of both are now scarce and dear, it may be well to preserve them in this series, which, notwithstanding some points in which it requires improvement, will be of great advantage to the rising race of ministers in 'all churches of the saints.'

History of the Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ. By Dr. J. B. Dörner, Professor of Theology in Göttingen. Vols. I. and II.

We hope to be spared to see the completion of this great work, one of the masterpieces of modern German theology, and the translation of which we have been long expecting. It is a work worthy of being

placed by the side of the best controversial English works of the nineteenth century, and that is no mean praise. It has characteristics of its own, however, which are not met with in any similar work: it gives the grand outline of the development of doctrine with supreme skill and learning, and at the same time sets before the reader such an abundant series of extracts in confirmation and illustration as may be said to amount to a *Catena* of the Fathers on the subject. In due time, we shall give an idea of some of Dörner's theological peculiarities. Meanwhile, we most sincerely hope the volumes already issued will be read, digested, and pondered by all young men whose mental training may fit them for such an encounter.

Sermons by Jabez Bunting, D.D. Two Vols. crown 8vo. London : John Mason. 1861-2.

WE have looked through these volumes with very varied emotions. They have recalled pleasant memories, and awakened mournful recollections of not a few whose names are mentioned in them,—Clarke, Benson, Watson, Entwistle, and others,—but principally of the author, to whose character and labours Methodism owes so much, but whose voice will be heard no more. Our 'fathers, where are they?'

It is a source of some relief, under the sense of bereavement, however, to find ourselves in possession of no less than fifty-three of his sermons, carefully edited by the Rev. W. L. Thornton, with the assistance of the Rev. W. M. Bunting. These two names are a pledge that no effort which filial love, accurate scholarship, refined taste, or skilled labour could supply, would be wanting to make the publication as worthy of the author's name as the means at the disposal of these gentlemen would allow. The task was a responsible one, and it has been well executed. The volumes are accurately printed by the son of the author's old and highly valued friend, Mr. Nichols,* and well got up,—though possibly, to some, one of the four or five earlier portraits of the preacher might have been more acceptable than the last for which he sat.

Dr. Bunting's reluctance to publish his own sermons was remarkable. Neither the prospect of gain, the solicitations of friends, nor, except in a single instance, even the request of the Conference, could prevail with him. Three single sermons were all that he would

* We gladly take this opportunity to commemorate one of the 'worthies' of our age. The late Mr. James Nichols was one of the most erudite of modern printers,—a man whose name, wherever it is known, will grace his calling, as do those of Aldus and Robert Stephens. To an indefatigable industry, and a quenchless ardour in pursuit of knowledge, he added the simplicity and ingenuousness of a child, and a most genial disposition, which did not grudge to communicate freely of his stores. In his own peculiar department of theological study, the extent and accuracy of his information were truly wonderful; and the remembrance of his various knowledge, unaffected piety, gentle manners, sprightly humour, and other excellencies, will be long and affectionately cherished by those who were acquainted with him. Dr. Bunting's testimony to the worth of two of his publications will be found in p. 316 of vol. ii.

venture to commit to the press: one preached before the Sunday School Union in London, in 1805, during the sixth year of his ministry; one preached before the Conference in 1812, when he had travelled thirteen years; and his funeral sermon for Mr. Watson in 1833, the year in which he finally exchanged the duties of a Circuit for those of the secretaryship of the Missionary Society. Even when he published in the 'Magazine' his sketch of the character of Mr. Benson, he withheld the discourse of which it was the sequel; so unaffectedly did he shrink from printing what multitudes would have been glad to purchase, so 'genuine,' in his case, was that 'modesty,' which, as Mr. Thornton beautifully says, 'attends and crowns high intellectual qualities.'

That all his sermons had been carefully, some even laboriously, prepared, was obvious enough: how far those preparations had been made in writing, was a secret which, during his life, was well kept. That no more than fifty-three, including those published by himself, are found in these volumes, seems to point to the conclusion that the remainder are not left in a state which would justify their publication. We may regret this, but must applaud the firmness which has excluded mere sketches and fragments from the collection. A great man is not really honoured by the publication of every scrap that can be traced to his pen; and it seems due to the memory of one who was so scrupulously exact regarding such matters not to parade him in his undress. We sigh, notwithstanding, to think that such discourses as that on 'Lot's wife,' on fighting 'the good fight of faith,' on seeking 'the kingdom of God,' on holding 'fast the profession of our faith without wavering,' (a very different discourse from that printed as No. 9, on a similar text,) and others, will now be lost to posterity.

But let us rather be thankful for what we have, than repine after what is wanting. First in order we may notice the sermons prepared for missionary occasions, of which the first volume contains four, and the second three. The last in order of these seven seems to have been prepared, and first preached, before the Missionary Society was formed, and while the Mission work was mainly upheld and directed by Dr. Coke. The history of it will be found in Dr. Bunting's Life, vol. i., p. 211. The remaining six were, we should suppose, produced in the full vigour of his manhood, between 1814 and 1820; and probably contributed more than any other single agency to develop, guide, and extend that spirit of missionary zeal and enterprise, which has ever since, by God's great goodness, characterized the Connexion. We are not unmindful of the invaluable aid which the cause received from other distinguished men, both in the pulpit and on the platform; but neither the majestic utterances of Watson, the fascinating eloquence of Newton, the large-hearted sympathy and powerful reasoning of Clarke, the melting tones of Lessey, nor the combined efforts of a host of others whom space forbids us to mention, did for this cause what he did. He vindicated its principles, asserted its claims, and pleaded its necessities, with a force, an ingenuity, an authority, a tenderness all his own. His sermons not only carried conviction

with them,—all did that in their several ways,—but appeared to us to surpass them all in the extent to which they *left it behind* them; sometimes insinuated in the softest manner, at others lodged, as it were, by force in the judgments, and burnt into the consciences of his hearers. His words were quoted for years after they were first uttered, and are quoted still, as watchwords in the host of the elect, encouraging hope, and stirring men up to duty. Not a few have become missionaries, under the influence of his appeals, either to a sanctified ambition regarding the honour of the employment, or to a tender conscience as to the duty of paying our debt to Greeks and barbarians by personal service. In reference to pecuniary contributions, not merely made at the time, but continued and renewed long afterwards, the efficacy of those appeals has been manifested in instances too numerous to be exemplified. Their full success will never be disclosed here. Nor, in estimating his services to the cause of Missions, must the influence of these discourses upon the body of ministers, who from time to time listened to them, be overlooked, any more than the personal influence of the author upon Watson, whom he was largely instrumental in bringing back to the Connexion, and in inducing to associate himself with this hallowed enterprise soon after he returned. We return to the volumes before us, glad that they contain so large a proportion of missionary sermons, and trusting that, by means of these remains, the author's signal usefulness in this department of holy service will be still further augmented.

Of those discourses which may be said to represent Dr. Bunting in the ordinary exercise of his ministry, we find about forty to which, we suppose, the editor's remark, that 'these sermons are not the fruit of mature years,' is mainly intended to apply. The remark is corroborated by a reference to his Life, where the texts of many of these are mentioned as having been preached from, in London, and elsewhere, at the beginning of his course. In this point of view they are very remarkable. We cease to wonder at the young preacher's great popularity, or at the bold saying of his early friend, that he preached as well at first as ever he did. For the qualities in which young preachers are so often wanting, are among the most conspicuous in these productions. His accuracy of statement, comprehensive views, careful discrimination, and modesty in the expression of opinions which had evidently been formed with care, must have excited a most pleasing surprise; while his holy boldness, fervent desire, and even determination, to be useful, won the respect and confidence of those who could scarcely appreciate his literary excellences. The solidity and sobriety of his mind is clearly reflected in these volumes. Here are no flights of fancy, no ambitious endeavours to astonish by a display of polyglot lore, no selections of strange texts to challenge attention, no discussions of profound mysteries, no balancing of metaphysical arguments, and no vain endeavours to guess the secrets of futurity. And these things are not found in these volumes, because they were not found in the author's ministry. He avoided them while young, and was not likely to introduce them when he ceased to be

young. THE TRUTH was the matter of his preaching,—not, however, all truth, but the truth of the Gospel,—not, even, every truth which could be in any way connected with the Gospel, but that which is characteristic of the Gospel. He might honestly, throughout his long course, apply to himself the words of St. Paul, as to his determination to make known ‘nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.’

And while we admire the solidity and sobriety of mind which these volumes so fairly exhibit, we may appeal to the experience of many that this strict limitation of his topics did not produce dullness. He was eminently a fresh and lively preacher, though he resorted to no questionable expedients to secure variety of matter, and studiously cultivated a grave style; and though, above all, he used the same discourse on many occasions. The wheels went straight forward, but, like those which the prophet saw, they were ‘full of eyes,’ an active intelligence constantly intermingled with what had been prepared before, something adapted to present circumstances; and a ‘living spirit’ was in them, a jealous concern for the honour of God, a tender pity for perishing men, a keen sense of the sinfulness of sin, and an earnest desire for the salvation of souls. This was the ‘living spirit’ sustained by continual devotion, which rendered his preaching so vigorous and interesting, and so pre-eminently powerful in its bearing upon men’s consciences. It is not the fault of any one that this grand characteristic of his ministry is not adequately represented in these volumes; for it is incapable of being so represented. We read Dr. Bunting’s applications and appeals with pleasure, and trust they will long serve preachers as models for imitation; but the spirit which expanded the prepared matter, which gave force to the warning, dilated the heart in expostulation, and opened the mouth now in importunate entreaty, now in overwhelming rebuke, and now in irresistible persuasion, defies all attempts to seize and represent it; and, if it is still to be found in the world, and not to become a mere thing of memory, must be secured for themselves, as, thank God, it may be, by such preachers as ‘covet earnestly the best gifts.’

We are glad to recognise, among these admirable productions of Dr. Bunting’s youth, several of those sermons which, as growing years and infirmities compelled him to diminish the number of his appearances in public, he thought fit to make very frequent use of: and which will serve as mementoes of the calm evening of his days. Such are those on ‘Jesus sent to Bless,’ ‘Submission to God,’ ‘The all-comprising Gift,’ ‘The Reason of our Hope,’ ‘Confession,’ (unhappily not written in full,) ‘The Law that makes free,’ &c. One or more of these will be the main subjects of such personal reminiscences as will survive in the next generation; and it is much to be wished that they could all have been as fully preserved, as are those two, which we, judging from the frequency of their use, were accustomed to think of as the preacher’s personal favourites; viz., that on ‘the High Priest of our Profession,’ and that on Romans viii. 17, which Mr. Watson used to refer to as a pattern of the complete discussion of a subject.

We consider it a happy circumstance, that these volumes appear in

the interval between the commencement and completion of the author's Life,—an interval which, though apparently inevitable, is not, on that account, the less to be regretted. We congratulate the Methodist public on an accession to their denominational literature, which they will prize highly,—but not more highly than justly; and which will enrich the theological literature of the country, even in that department of which Englishmen have already so much—we will not say, to be proud of, but—to rejoice over.

The 'Essays and Reviews' Examined, on the Principles of Common Sense, &c. By One who wishes to ascertain what is the 'True Faith of a Christian.' London: Walton and Maberly. 1861.

'THE writer of these observations is now in his seventy-fourth year. Since the age of fourteen he has been engaged in trade;' and this is his protest against the *Essays and Reviews*. Common sense, trained spiritual sensibility and insight, much knowledge of the Scriptures, and not a little of patient intellectual power and of general knowledge, have gone to the making of this unpretending pamphlet. On the principle that 'there are more fish in the sea than were ever taken out of it,' we look upon this manifesto with great pleasure, as an indication of the way in which the attempt of the Essayists will be tested by many a plain but powerful mind among the commercial upper class in England.

Seven Answers to the Seven Essays and Reviews. By John Nash Griffin, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin; formerly Senior Moderator and University Gold Medallist in Mathematics and Physics; and Moderator and Medallist in Ethics and Logic; Incumbent of St. Mary's, Spring Grove. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland. London: Longmans. 1862.

WE have a name-sake weekly, the confounding of which with ourselves is, in our judgment, an inconvenience, and, to some extent, a grievance. Owing to its appearance every week, it of necessity monopolizes, as regards the general public, all the credit and attention which may be attached to the title *London Review*. If we are quoted as the *London Review*, most people imagine that our hebdomadal contemporary is intended. Now we have nothing evil to say of our namesake. It appears to be conducted with spirit and ability, and its general tone and principles seem to be excellent. Only we are of opinion that the title *Weekly Review*, or the *London Weekly Review*, should have been adopted; and that our prior appropriation of *London Review* as a title should not have been invaded.

These remarks seem to be called for by the first sentence in the preface of the volume before us, which informs us that 'the following answers to the *Essays and Reviews* were originally published in

special supplements to *The London Review*.' Certainly they were not published as special supplements to *THE London Review*, but to an excellent weekly journal which has usurped that title.

We are happy, however, to bear our testimony to the high principle shown by the conductors of the *weekly London Review*, in opening their pages to Mr. Griffin for the discussion of the *Essays and Reviews*, 'at a time when,' as Mr. Griffin truly says, 'it was most important it should be noticed;' as well as to Mr. Griffin himself, for the manner in which he, single-handed, has done his work. None but a very accomplished man,—a general scholar, a theologian, a man of science, an acute and disciplined thinker, an able and practised writer,—could, in weekly series, have thrown off these valuable and effective papers, which even the more recent appearance of two collections of elaborate replies, severally composed by picked men, will not deprive of interest and value to the student. We are disposed to think that some of these *Essays* are superior to the corresponding *Essays* in the other long-looked-for volumes.

Brief Memorials of the Rev. Alphonse François Lacroix, Missionary of the London Missionary Society in Calcutta. By his Son-in-law, Joseph Mullens, D.D. With Brief Memorials of Mrs. Mullens, by her Sister. London: Nisbet and Co. 1862.

A MEMOIR of Lacroix from the pen of Joseph Mullens,—this says enough of this volume to those who know anything whatever either of the one or the other. Those who have read Weitbrecht's Memoirs, will remember how often, and with what terms of love and respect, that exemplary missionary speaks, in his diaries and his letters, of his friend Lacroix, though Mr. Lacroix laboured in connexion with another Society. Mr. Lacroix was, indeed, one of the most able and distinguished, as he was one of the most devoted and successful, of Indian missionaries; and, with the sole exception of Dr. Duff, Dr. Mullens occupies, perhaps, at this moment, the foremost position among the missionaries in Bengal, being, moreover, an able and practised writer. We can most heartily recommend this interesting and excellent memoir, the value of which, moreover, is enhanced by the touching sketch of the daughter, Dr. Mullens's own wife,—who very soon followed her honoured father,—prepared, by a sister's hand, as an appendix to the memorial of Mr. Lacroix.

Health and Disease, as Influenced by the Daily, Seasonal, and other Cyclical Changes in the Human System. By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S., &c., &c. London: Walton and Maberly. 1861.

THE author of this treatise, already a distinguished physician, though as yet comparatively young, is the brother of a popular

Wesleyan minister, and the member of a well-known and now widely-spread Wesleyan family.

The subject of the volume is one of great interest even to the unprofessional reader. Dr. Smith appears to have been the first to make it a special theme, on which to concentrate exhaustive attention and inquiry. The result has been several papers read before medical societies, and the British Association, which have attracted much notice, and received high commendation; and the present volume, in which the substance of those papers, with much additional detail and illustration, is given in a permanent form to the world.

No one can read these pages without being impressed with the acuteness, minuteness, and scientific value of the author's observations, as well as with the intense strain which he must sometimes have put upon his own powers in order to complete them. On one occasion, he made hourly observations upon himself and four other subjects during seventy-two hours, keeping awake during the whole time, and, to sustain his energies, taking food twice in the course of each night. Perhaps the greatest recommendation of the volume is its suggestiveness, and the practical character of the rules and inferences which the author deduces from his observations. That his inferences are in all cases proved, or that his suggestions are always more than probable conjectures, we do not suppose that Dr. Smith himself would contend. But in its bearing, not only upon the treatment of invalids, but also on the ordinary arrangements of the family, and habits of the student or man of business, this unpretending volume will be found exceedingly valuable.

**The Bible and Modern Thought. By Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A.
The Religious Tract Society.**

THIS is a welcome book, and to Mr. Birks as its author, and to the Committee of the Tract Society as his prompters, our best thanks are due. Mr. Birks tells us in his Preface, that his aim has been 'to treat the subject of the Christian evidences and the authority of the Bible in a simple, clear, and solid style of argument, logically connected and continuous.' We can assure our readers that he has succeeded as authors seldom do. The work is written 'for thoughtful Christians, or serious inquirers, and not for scholars and learned divines.' Yet many 'learned divines' will read it, and to all students of theology we gladly recommend it, as a meet companion for another of the Society's valuable publications, Dr. Angus's Bible Hand-book.

The author has not fallen into an error which has often appeared to weaken a good cause. To claim more than the Bible claims, to attempt to define where definition is impossible, or to discuss modes when the question is one of facts—is but to 'sow to the flesh.' It is a token of the healthier character of religious feeling and belief, that Christian writers are taking what is truly higher ground. Christianity depends not on human defence for; its life is hid with Christ in God. To furnish its credentials, to assert its claims, to proclaim its message,

is the duty and privilege of all who have proved its light and life. But the faith of Christ is never endangered; and 'he is guilty of treason against the faith who fears the result of any investigation, whether philosophical, or scientific, or historical,' if only it be fair and full. Meanwhile sincere inquirers are to be received, though weak in faith, not to doubtful disputations; but to a candid, temperate, and sympathizing examination of all difficulties. All mere objectors, and still more, all opponents of the Gospel, may be, without compunction or hesitancy, sent back to the well-known lines of old Horace:—

'Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.'

Nothing is more certain than the utterly negative and destructive character of sceptical, or, so-called, rational criticism. There is no positive proof of error, no explanation of the facts of the case.

A Book and a system of doctrine exist. The Book consists of several parts, distinct and diverse,—of many forms, yet all breathing the same spirit,—originated in different ages, yet all pointing to one event and one Person. The doctrines depend upon the book, and they have never been found before it, apart from it, or long after it. The rejection of the Book is invariably associated with the rejection of its distinctive teaching.

This Book and its story rely for their chief external credentials upon an age clearly historic, in which the Divine Man lived. That age, it is said, was not critical. It was anti-Christian, and that is much more to the point. If it was not critical, they were sufficient judges of facts. Whether critical or not, from it we have derived a Gospel and a Bible which have hitherto baffled all the adverse skill and profound investigation of modern censors. Now the constructive faculty must needs be higher than the critical. Synthesis presupposes analysis. Either the fishermen of Galilee in the first century were so much superior to the doctors of the nineteenth, that the latter cannot solve the problem which the former constructed; or the doctors are by so much inferior in knowledge as they hold to be false what the fishermen declared to be true.

The Book and its teaching must stand or fall together. Mr. Birks says truly:—'Every midway position between belief and disbelief becomes untenable, in the presence of a distinct claim by our Lord and His apostles to a miraculous commission. If this claim be true, then a merely eclectic Christianity is an absurdity in logic, and, in morals, a direct rebellion against the authority of God.' If the book be unauthorized from above, the teaching is false. And then we have falsehood fitting into the realities of life, and not only working in harmony with the facts of man's nature, but actually remedying evil, restoring moral vigour, infusing energy into all human agencies, brightening all phases of social relationship, and originating the grandest marvels in thought, in word, in work, and in being, of which the marvellous annals of human kind can boast. Then falsehood has

worked together with the laws of God in nature, far better than the highest results of a would-be unaided reason. Can this thing be?

These dilemmas are not novel, but for that very reason we have believed that the arguments are unanswerable. And let it be understood that we designedly do honour to the learning, and the research, and the acumen, and the mental power of the negative critics and positive philosophers of the day, when, rising from the patient perusal of all they have had to say, we thus declare those arguments to be unanswerable. Since the rationalists of the nineteenth century, amid all the triumphs of physical, social, and critical science, can do no more than re-forged and re-furbish the broken and rusted weapons of the past, we have indeed nothing to fear.

Bearing all this in mind, and not waiting until the opponents of Christianity have provided some better thing, we refer all earnest and sincere inquirers to Mr. Birks. They will find a full, calm, dignified, and, withal, very complete digest of much that can be advanced in explanation and support of the truth. The nature of inspiration is well stated.

‘The only true and safe definition of Bible inspiration must be of a positive kind. These books are written by accredited messengers of God, for a special purpose, in order to be a standing record of Divine truth for the use of mankind. They are thus stamped throughout with a Divine authority. And this authority belongs to every part, even in that form in which the message reaches every one of us; until clear reasons can be shown for excepting any portion from the high sanction which belongs naturally to the whole. There are two ways in which such an exception may arise. It may be shown by historical evidence that such a verse or clause, or construction, is due to wrong translation, or a defective reading, and is disproved by exact criticism, or by earlier or more numerous manuscripts. Or else, the mere fact of a discrepancy may prove in itself the presence of a slight error, though we may be unable to point out, historically, when or how it first entered into the text. Such flaws, however few in number, and chiefly in numerical readings, or lists of names, cannot affect in the least the direct evidence, which affixes a Divine sanction to all the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. But when errors are asserted to exist which cannot be referred, with any show of reason, to changes due merely to the transmission of the message, as when the narrative of Genesis i. is pronounced to be scientifically false in every part, or the genealogies of the patriarchs are affirmed to be a mere disguise of national migration, then a blow is aimed at the very root of the authority of the Scriptures. They are plainly degraded from being faithful messages of God to the level of erroneous and deceptive writings of fallible men.’—P. 198.

And again:—‘The presence of a few slight inaccuracies in the Gospels, or in other histories of Scripture, would be no decisive argument for a lowered theory of their inspiration, consistent with the entrance of human error; unless these were clearly inwrought into the texture of the narrative, and were more than solitary specks on

the surface, easily accounted for by defective transmission, and as easily removed. But while there is ample proof, in the Gospels, of the diversity of the testimonies, and the independent authority of the four witnesses, the attempt to establish a contradiction, whether by Christian critics or sceptical adversaries of the faith, when submitted to a close examination invariably fails. Its usual result will be to bring to light some undesigned coincidence, some delicate harmony of truth, which escapes the careless reader, and only reveals itself to a patient, humble, and reverent study of the oracles of God.'—Pp. 289–291.

Another extract we would give from a chapter on the interpretation of Scripture, a discussion of the subject of No. VII. of the *Essays and Reviews*.

'Astronomy is the most certain of all the sciences. But this certainty is not gained by resting in the first impressions of the senses on the motions of the stars, but by using them and multiplying them by assiduous observation, increasing their accuracy by instrumental aids, and thus rising through them and beyond them to a knowledge of the true system of the starry universe. The same law applies to Christian theology. It cannot be gained by neglecting the letter of the Scriptures; but it will never be reached by a superficial, self-confident approach to them, in the neglect of all aid from Christian teachers and guides, as human writings, to be scanned by critical industry alone. The Bible is the most certain of all books, and its theology the surest and highest of all sciences, when it is read with prayer, with humility, with perseverance, in dependence upon the promised teaching of the Spirit of God, and in the use of all the varied helps which He has provided for His Church, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, searching for heavenly wisdom as for hidden treasure.'—P. 264.

We hope that enough has been given to lead many of our readers to study the book for themselves. It is not one of those of which Bacon says, they 'may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others;' but rather one which should 'be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.'

The Recreations of a Country Parson. First and Second Series.

London: Parker, Son, and Bourn. 1861.

Leisure Hours in Town. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn. 1861.

THE author of these volumes states (*Leisure Hours*, p. 11) that 'numbers of men and women, otherwise unknown to him, from either side of the Atlantic, have cheered and encouraged him, sometimes in weary hours, by thanking him for some little good impression left by these pages on heart and life.' We find no difficulty in believing him. Indeed, if we could have persuaded ourselves into the idea that any feeble eulogy of ours could have cheered his weary moments, we might perhaps have been led to do precisely the same thing. As it is, our

gratitude shall assume a more practical and substantial form. Whatever we feel constrained to say, shall be said, not to him, but to others : we will content ourselves with cordially commending his effusions to the notice of such of our readers as are not already acquainted with them.

The form of composition known as 'the Essay' was said some time ago to be at a discount. Volumes of 'Essays' were the horror alike of the prudent publisher and the discriminating public. And no wonder people have not patience for such prosy-profound compositions as the regular cut and dried essay. To get through one of these volumes was a serious undertaking. An 'essay' after dinner was altogether out of the question. Now we may safely predict that if ever the essay is to recover its forfeited popularity, it will be by means of that variety of the composition of which we have specimens in the volumes before us. For these *Recreations* and *Leisure Hours*, despite their attractive title, are, for the most part, downright moral essays : but moral essays, sparkling with fancy and radiant with wit,—essays, alluring by their originality and smartness, and captivating by their kindliness and common sense.

Originally contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*, we are glad to see these *Ephemera* embodied in a more permanent form. They are volumes which we 'would not willingly let die ;' for we are persuaded there are few who can rise from reading these without being better and, it may be, wiser men too.

A. K. H. B. has found his forte in the study of human nature. For though his style is exceedingly discursive, and his subjects are strangely varied, he has devoted himself chiefly to the anatomy of character. And whether he writes *Concerning Country Houses*, or *Concerning College Life at Glasgow*, *Concerning Veal*, or *Concerning the Swing of the Pendulum*, the chief value of his pages consists in their portraiture of human nature, in his happy, racy way of showing up the greatness and littleness of man. Without being (we should say) much of a metaphysician, he has given us a good deal of mental pathology ; without being a professed moralist, he inculcates admirable morality ; and without being a profound theologian, he preaches some first-rate week-day sermons.

For example, in the Essay 'Concerning Future Years,' (*Leisure Hours*, p. 119,) he says, 'There is in human nature a marvellous power of accommodation to circumstances. We can gradually make up our mind to almost anything. If this were a sermon instead of an essay, I should explain my theory of how this comes to be. I see in all this something beyond the mere natural instinct of acquiescence in what is inevitable—something beyond the benevolent law in the human mind that it shall adapt itself to whatever circumstances it may be placed in ; something beyond the doing of the gentle comforter Time. Yes, it is wonderful what people can go through, wonderful what people can get reconciled to. I dare say my friend Smith, when his hair began to fall off, made frantic efforts to keep it on. I have no doubt he anxiously tried all the vile concoctions which quackery advertises in the newspapers for the

advantage of those who wish for luxuriant locks. I dare say for a while, it really weighed upon his mind, and disturbed his quiet, that he was getting bald. But now he has quite reconciled himself to his lot, and, with a head smooth and sheeny as the egg of the ostrich, Smith goes on through life, and feels no pang at the remembrance of the ambrosial curls of his youth. Most young people, I dare say, think it will be a dreadful thing to grow old; a girl of eighteen thinks it must be an awful sensation to be thirty. Believe me, not at all. You are brought to it bit by bit, and when you reach the spot you rather like the view. And it is so with graver things. We grow able to do and bear that which it is necessary we should do and bear. As is the day, so the strength proves to be. And you have heard people tell you truly, that they have been enabled to bear what they never thought they could have come through with their reason or their life. I have no fear for the Christian man, so he keeps to the path of duty. Straining up the steep hill, his heart will grow stout in proportion to its steepness. Yes, and if the call to martyrdom came, I should not despair of finding men who would show themselves equal to it, even in this common-place age, and among people who wear Highland cloaks and knickerbockers. The martyr's strength would come with the martyr's day.'

Another fragment, from the Essay, *Concerning Things slowly learnt*, may give some idea of his happy way of writing.

'That people think very little about you, is a thing slowly learnt; by many not learnt at all. How many persons you meet, walking along the street, who evidently think that everybody is looking at them. Men who have recently attained to a moderate eminence are sometimes, if of small minds, much affected by this disagreeable frailty. Small literary men and preachers, with no great head or heart, have, within my own observation, suffered from it severely. I have witnessed a poet, whose writings I have never read, walking along a certain street. I call him a poet to avoid periphrasis. The whole get up of the man, his dress, his hair, his hat, the style in which he walked, showed unmistakeably that he fancied that everybody was looking at him, and that he was the admired of all admirers. In fact, nobody was looking at him at all. Sometime since I beheld a portrait of a very small literary man. It was easy to discern from it, that the small author lives in the belief that wherever he goes he is the object of universal observation. The intense self-consciousness and self-conceit apparent in that portrait were, in the words of Mr. Squeers, "more easier conceived than described." The face was a very common-place and rather good-looking one; the author, notwithstanding his most strenuous exertions, evidently could make nothing of the features to distinguish him from other men. But the length of his hair was very great; and O! what genius he plainly fancied glowed in those eyes. I never in my life witnessed such an extraordinary glare. I do not believe that any human being ever lived whose eyes habitually wore that expression; only by a violent effort could the expression be produced, and then for a very

short time, without serious injury to the optic nerve. The eyes were made as large as possible, and the thing after which the poor fellow had been struggling was that peculiar look which may be conceived to penetrate through the beholder, and pierce his inmost thoughts. I have never beheld the living original, but if I saw him, I should like in a kind way to pat him on the head, and tell him that that sort of expression would produce a great effect on the gallery of a minor theatre.'

The *Essay Concerning Veal* has a title which we must confess seems to us to be simply singular, without being peculiarly appropriate; for surely the writer might have discovered other emblems of crudity and immaturity equally apt and far more agreeable. The essay, itself, nevertheless, is both amusing and instructive. But we feel that the brief disjointed excerpts to which we should have to confine ourselves, would convey but a very inadequate idea of the writer's forceful, familiar style. Our readers must get the volumes for themselves. The relish with which they cannot fail to be read, will yield an ample return on the outlay.

Now it is because we entertain such a sincere admiration for the late Country Parson—now the City clergyman—that we venture to tender him a well meant and harmless piece of advice. Our advice to Mr. A. K. H. B.—for criticism, we at present have none to offer—would be this, not to pump himself dry,—*Apollo does not keep his bow always bent*. He is in danger of writing too much—of repeating the *Recreations* over again with slight variations. He does the thing well; but one does not care to have too much even of a good thing. Many accept the theory of preaching short sermons, because it is better 'to send your hearers away hungry than loathing;' but how many admire the sentiment in theory, who disregard it in practice! Now A. K. H. B. has prescribed a similar canon with regard to composition. He perceives perfectly well that, as a general rule, the quality of the writing must be sacrificed, if the writer will insist on giving us quantity. 'There must be long seasons of quiescence,' he says, 'between the occasional efforts of production; an electric eel cannot be always giving off shocks. The shock is powerful but short, and then long time is needful to rally for another.....' Who does not know, that various literary electric eels, by repeating their shocks too frequently, have come at last to give off an electric result, which is but the feeblest and washiest echo of the thrilling and startling ones of earlier days. *Pestus* was a strong and unmistakeable shock. *The Angel World* was much weaker. *The Mystic* was extremely weak, and *The Age* was twaddle. The writer of the age was a grand mysterious image in many youthful minds; dark, wonderful, not quite comprehensible. The writer of *The Age* is a smart, but silly little fellow, whom we could readily slap on the back, and tell him he had rather made a fool of himself. And who does not feel how weak the successive shocks of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray are growing? The former, especially, strikes out nothing new. Anything good in his recent productions is just the old thing with the colours a good deal washed out, and with salt which has lost its savour. Poor stuff

comes of constantly cutting and cropping. The potatoes of the mind grow small; the intellectual wheat come to have no ears; the moral turnips are infected with the finger and toe disease. The mind is a reservoir which can be emptied in a much shorter time than it is possible to fill it. It fills through an infinity of small tubes, many so small as to act by capillary attraction. But in writing a book, or even an article, it empties as through a twelve-inch pipe.'—*Concerning Hurry and Leisure*.

All this is true, it is almost axiomatic. The writer states, what is universally acknowledged, that *multa* is not very consistent with *multum* in literature, as in most other things. 'Good stuff,' says the proverb, 'is wrapped up in little parcels.' Now, does the author mean to act out his convictions, 'to practise what he preaches.' It looks as if he did not.

He half intimates that he intends to glut the Magazine with his articles; and yet truly and singularly enough he has predicted what will be the upshot of his writings, if he goes on at the present rate. He admits that people must get tired of him and his essays. With equal elegance and ingenuousness he writes, (*Leisure Hours*, p. 96.) 'I cannot always be writing essays. The day will come when I shall have no more to say, or when the readers of the Magazine will no longer have patience to listen to me in that kind fashion in which they have listened so long. I foresee it plainly this evening, the time when the reader shall open the familiar cover, and glance at the table of contents, and exclaim indignantly: "Here is that tiresome parson again, with the four initials; why will he not cease to weary us?" I write in sober sadness, my friend, I do not intend any jest. If you do not know that what I have written is certainly true, you have not lived very long..... You cannot keep up the old thing, however much you may wish to do so.'

Now it seems to us, that if the Country or City Parson were to stake his reputation and usefulness as a writer on the volumes he has already produced, he need not fear the result. Dr. Johnson advised some one—who was it?—to stake his conversational reputation on a single happy *impromptu*. We do not mean that A. K. H. B. should lay down the pen for ever, and henceforth confine himself to the cure of souls. Far from it, we hope to hear of him again. Only let him put his own precepts into practice; let Apollo relax his bow now and then, and his subsequent productions will be welcomed with as much enthusiasm, and perused with as much relish, as the *Recreations of a Country Parson*, and the *Leisure Hours in Town*.

The Typical Testimony to the Messiah: or, The Analogy of the Scriptures in Relation to Typical Persons. By Micaiah Hill, Birmingham. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

JUDGING from the conflicting opinions which have been held on the doctrine of types, we may presume that the subject is one of the most difficult in Biblical Interpretation. Symbols have frequently been

regarded as types; but between the two there is a marked distinction. A *symbol* is the representative of some spiritual reality or present truth; a type is a *prophetic symbol*, fore-shadowing some future fact or truth. The institutions of the Mosaic dispensation had a direct reference to the Gospel, and in many particulars were prophetic of good things to come. This necessarily pre-supposes their symbolical character, and shows that in their own nature they were the component parts of Jewish worship. A type is a symbol; but a symbol is not necessarily a type. The Levitical sacrifices symbolized the fact of sin, and taught that guilt could only be pardoned by the substitution of the innocent for the guilty; but they also foretold the certainty of the oblation which, in the 'end of the ages,' or at the junction of the ages, or dispensations, should be offered for the sins of the world. This is not a *double sense*, but a proof of the intimate connexion between the two dispensations, and of such a character, that the principles brought out in the Jewish institutions as earthly things, were also designed to give prophetic information of the future plans and purposes of God. It is certain that God only can ordain a type; and from Him only can we obtain information what are types, and what the special lessons they are instituted to convey. If such knowledge must depend upon God, His inspired word only can tell us what is a type. Entertaining such views, we are always induced to look cautiously at any book which professes to give an exposition of typical teaching. The danger is of running into all the wild and fantastic opinions of allegorists, and assuming that every part of the Bible has a symbolical and typical meaning, which lies concealed under the simple and natural sense. While it is our duty to search the Scriptures, as for hidden treasure, surely that only is the spiritual meaning of a text of Scripture, which the Spirit of God intended we should elicit.

The author of the volume before us is an *ingenious* man. He endeavours to fortify his position by the authority of Butler, who says, that 'the whole scheme of Scripture is not understood; and if it ever comes to be understood, it must be in the same way as natural knowledge is come at, by the continuance and progress of learning and liberty, and by particular persons attending to, comparing, and pursuing intimations scattered up and down, which are overlooked and disregarded by the generality of mankind.' In pursuance of his plan, he assumes that typical relation is not intimated merely by direct statement, but by showing the resemblance between two persons and events, and by leaving the student to infer a typical relation; and in the development of typical relations we are bound by no rule which will discard any point of resemblance, having a fair precedent in any part of Scripture. Of course, on this principle, he presumes upon the existence in Scripture of more types than those termed authentic; and that they are to be discerned by the existence of the same resemblances as are found in persons declared to be related as type and antitype. He repudiates the notion, that the resemblances found in Scripture between various events and characters

are accidental; and asserts that they must be designed, and designed of God, who alone shaped the course, moulded the character, and fixed the destiny of men in one age, to make it correspond with the future. On his theory, the field of typology is so enlarged, that almost every person, and every event in which any resemblance to another person or event can be traced, is an analogy or a type. A reader of this volume will not be unable to withhold a smile at some of the very fanciful statements it contains; and while Mr. Hill may fairly claim the credit of originality, he will not succeed in securing many converts to his theory. As a specimen we quote part of a section selected *ad aperturam libri*. 'Joab, the son of Zeruiah, David's sister, conceived the idea, and contrived the plan, of Absalom's return to court; and thus stands typically related to John, whose mother Elizabeth was cousin to Mary the mother of Christ, and whose office was "to turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers." Some time after Joab ceased to act in this capacity, he died a violent death. Some time after John had accomplished his mission as forerunner of Christ, he came to a violent end. The proximate cause of Joab's death was his connexion with Adonijah. The real cause of John's death was his connexion with Herod. Adonijah had assumed the title and retinue of a king, like Herod, who was then king only by courtesy, as the sceptre had departed from Judah. The offence of Adonijah was that he had sought the hand of Abishag, the Shunammite, in marriage; and the offence of Herod was, that he had unlawfully taken Herodias to be his wife. There was a strange intricacy in the actual, and the designed, relationship sustained by Abishag. She was the lawful wife of David, but continued a virgin. By oriental usages, Solomon was entitled to her person; but Adonijah, his elder brother, sought her hand in marriage. There was a corresponding intricacy in the relationship sustained by Herodias, who was the niece of Philip, and yet his lawful wife, and who was unlawfully taken by Herod, the elder brother of Philip. The request of Adonijah, which involved the death of Joab, was presented through Bathsheba, who had been an adulteress. The request for John's head was made through the daughter of Herodias, an adulteress. But for the superstitious regard for the sanctity of the altar, Joab might have effected his escape. But for the superstitious regard for the inviolability of a rash oath, John's life might have been spared.'

None but a clever man could have written this book, and to discover so many resemblances must have cost no small amount of labour and research. We are not, however, convinced by the argument with which he endeavours to support his theory. The analogy developed is either *designed* or *undesigned*. On the assumption that it is *undesigned*, we have the most extraordinary series of accidents,—a supposition much harder to believe than that they are designed coincidences; if designed, it could not have been designed by men, but must have been so by God; and consequently that the destiny of men in one age was fixed by God to make it correspond with the future! This is, in substance, his argument.

The fanciful interpretations of Scripture in which the early Fathers indulged, prove to us how easily ingenious minds may discover coincidences, and how ready men are, while admitting the historical truth of Scripture, to graft upon every part of it some doctrine not intended by the Spirit of God. Clement taught that the five loaves were the five senses: Cyril, that they were the five books of Moses, and the two fishes the Grecian philosophy, generated and carried through heathen waters; or our Saviour's teaching, as apostolical and evangelical. Justin finds in the wrestling of Jacob a type of the temptation of our Lord; and the injury he received represented the sufferings and death of Christ. Cyril makes Malchus a type of the Jews; and as Peter cut off his right ear, so they were to be deprived of right hearing, their hearing being only sinister or disobedient. We have been forcibly reminded of many similar fancies while perusing Mr. Hill's book; and think it would not be difficult to select passages which indicate coincidences equally strange and startling. With one we close:—'There was a *typical* reason why *hanging* should be the form which the judgments on Saul should assume; and why Absalom should die amidst the boughs of an oak; and why the *wood* should mysteriously devour more than the sword. The Jews crucified Christ, and imprecated His blood on themselves and their children. The Roman "soldiers, out of the wrath and hatred they bore the Jews, nailed those they caught, one after one way, and another after another, to the crosses, by way of jest." The number of those executed "was so great, that room was wanting for the crosses, and crosses wanting for the bodies." Truly the *wood* devoured the persecutors of the Messiah.'

The Near and the Heavenly Horizons. By Madame De Gasparin. Hamilton. 1861.

THIS is 'poetry in prose' in very deed. We have seldom met with a more delicious book. In the word-pictures of *The Near Horizons*, the amiable authoress carries a perfect witchery in her pencil. She makes us see in her own light, and feel as she feels. A thousand of the things she tells of, we have seen and felt, again and again, but we never thought of describing them,—touching appeals to our natural sense of the beautiful, and awakening almost *recollections* of what is yet so general and common, that no particular case is remembered. We never thought that these incidents in manners, and little bits of scenery, and little things in those little bits, were ever so to strike the eye again, and fetch up feelings one thought to be hopelessly gone. Here all nature,—not the vast and combined alone,—but the minute details, are all 'retouched again.' It is the next best thing to actual walks and visits with the painter, thus to live over again these pictured scenes of what is true and beautiful in all lands, and therefore always all our own. We could crowd our page with illustrations of the power of her pen. Take this:—

'How charming a village is! How charming those fountains with wooden basins,—if the village be rich with stone ones, the water trickling down and running over! In the evening, the cows come heavily by, drink slowly, and return to their stalls, scattering sparkling drops from their cool, wet muzzles. The pleasant smell of hay is wafted from the open barn. Women come and go, and wash vegetables at the fountain. Men seated before their houses sharpen their scythes and fill the air with metallic notes. Children sing and dabble, and heap up handfuls of fine sand. Hens seek their food with that little anxious monotonous cluck, that protest of a good housewife who sighs each time she puts by a millet seed. Cocks, proudly thrown back on their tails, send forth a warlike cry, which gets repeated by all the sultans near.'

Again:—

'There is one exquisite hour in an oak-wood,—that particular moment in spring when the underwood is all green, while the old trees are not yet fully out. At their feet there is an inveterate entanglement of honeysuckle, elder-bush, and clematis, all vigorous, full-grown, in the first glory of their first leaves, with tall plants intermingled; while above, at a great height, spreads the light dome of the mighty trees. Look where you will, it is luminous. There is above you rather a green cloud, an emerald transparency, than decided verdure. The very atmosphere is green. Green seems floating in the air, blending with the blue of the sky. There are none of the intense tones of summer; none of the warm colouring, the broad massive touches of July; every thing is distinct, every where there is shade; and against the soft green of the young foliage, you can trace the bold outline of the dark trunks and the gnarled branches of the oaks.'

But Madame de Gasparin is as clever in depicting the heart in its nicer shades of grief and joy, as in picturing the outer world. It is not an art she possesses, except so far as the art of expression is concerned; hers is a gift. She discerns the spirit of her subjects; it is the dissection of the living, without cruelty or evil curiosity. She puts her finger on the pulsations of the living heart, and tells its beatings. It is a joyous thing to weep with her, as well as to bound with her in exultations. We feel that she has told us the truth, and that it is which impresses and pleases.

Take as a specimen, the following picture of a sick-chamber.

'There was an unnatural stillness in the air; in that quiet room, entered and left so noiselessly, where meals were taken at regular hours; where in the evenings the father sat reading to himself by the lamp-light, while the mother sewed, and there brooded a deeper sadness, a more intense woe than bursts of weeping ever expressed.'

'The darkest despairs are the most silent; and it was one of these that the heart of Rose concealed; no disappointed love, no foolish hopes deceived. No; but let her thoughts turn where they would, from her first days to her last, she could not find one happy moment,—not one. And now, where was she going? What would be her fate

in the presence of that God from whom she had asked nothing, had received nothing? In her hours of pride, indeed, she tried to contend with Him; but her daring only left her more desolate, the darkness thickened, she was appalled at herself.

'One evening it was getting dark; the wind was driving the snow-showers along the desolate streets; you heard nothing except the wooden shoes of some belated frequenter of the public-house. It was cold, gloomy; the lamp was not yet lighted; the father was musing, his back against the stove; the mother, with her elbow resting on the window, watched the falling flakes, one side of her face whitened by the reflection. Rose was motionless in the large bed, breathing unevenly; she seemed dozing.'

A scene of tender mutual forgiveness follows, which we are to attribute to the manifestation of Divine forgiveness, although that is not made so clear as we could wish.

'But as for her, an ineffable rapture filled her heart. Heaven awaited her; earth, before relinquishing, lavished on her all its treasures. In an instant, like one who gleans in haste, her hand snatched all the richest sheaves. A moment is a thousand years to one about to enter on eternal day. She had reaped all, she regretted nothing. Of the love of her father and her mother nothing henceforth could deprive her; the love of her God shone round about her. In this glory she departed.'

'The Lord has sudden unfoldings, such as these, for souls long closed. For beaten down stalks He has looks which ripen into golden harvests. He has warm rains for parched-up grounds. He has royal compassions at which the hosts of angels break into hallelujahs of praise that ring from heaven to heaven.'

We here could quote a beautiful paper, *Dovecot*; a picture of poverty fighting against pauperism, and determined to win. Our authoress rightly says, 'All the charity in the world never yet made up for work. More than bread, more than help of any kind, the old upholsterer craved for occupation, craved to work at his trade.' A favourite old arm-chair is put into his hands. 'The old upholsterer's face lit up; in two seconds he grew ten years younger; his forehead lost its wrinkles; his chest expanded; he rubbed his hands; what the sympathy of the wife, the charity of the benevolent, never could have done, work—his work—did. His status returned; his youth, his vigour, his prospects.'

The brighter part, however, is *The Heavenly Horizons*, full also of true poetry and freshness of reasoning, which, by the play of fancy which pervades it, becomes interesting as well as instructive. The chapter on *The Authority on which I Rest*, is of this character.

'The Bible contains mysteries; God forbid that I should seek to lift the veil! The Bible contains deep sayings; these belong to the discerning and wise. The Bible uses transparent images; simple parables spoken to fishermen, to shepherds; these are for us. For us too the natural language, the positive meaning, the words taken for what they are worth! Ah! if the Jews had only received in their

literal sense, as they were presented to them in their revealing details, the poverty of Jesus, the thirty pieces of silver, the lots cast for the coat, the rich man's grave, and so many others.'

Pleasant as is the perusal of such a book as this, its chief value is to those Christians who can supply what is wanting. We are forcibly reminded of reading Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*, and Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, and Law's *Serious Call*; it is good food for those who, having obtained like precious faith, only want to learn its practical power, its discipline by exercise, its fruits unto perfection. This beautiful book supposes you know much experimentally of coming to the Saviour, and of the life of faith by spiritual union with the glorified Head of the Church. To those unlearned in the way of faith, we fear there is some danger of its leaving them too near the regions of religious sentimentality; while to the spiritual by renewal of heart, of refined sentiments, and intellectual culture, it will prove a fountain of joy for earth's sorrows, by leading to the throne of God and of the Lamb in heaven.'

Our Domestic Animals in Health and Disease. By John Gamgee, Principal, New Veterinary College, Edinburgh.
Parts I., II., III.

IN his peculiar vocation Mr. Gamgee is indefatigable. It is in a great measure owing to the exertions of a few such men that the Veterinary Art is now taking an acknowledged place among the learned professions, is illustrated by elaborate works, and is chronicled by a monthly review devoted especially to the medical treatment of animals and to the science of Comparative Pathology. The progress of this study is only in keeping with the general advancement of farming, which is rapidly changing over all the country, and promises soon to become a noble art, conducted on scientific principles, by men of capital and of education. The Northumbrian and Lowland Scottish farmers are amongst the foremost in this march of improvement; and we trust that not amongst these only, but amongst the graziers and stock-owners of the country generally, Mr. Gamgee's labours will meet with suitable appreciation and recompense. The work, of which a portion is now before us, is to be completed in twenty parts. Part II., for example, is devoted to the organs of mastication. These are clearly and popularly described, aided by excellent illustrations; the peculiarities of these organs in herbivora and in carnivora are pointed out; the various diseases, dislocations, and irregularities which are found in the jaws and teeth of the several descriptions of domestic animals are separately described, and their proper treatment stated. Part III. treats in a similar manner upon the organs of rumination. Professor Gamgee is doing for veterinary science what Liebig and Johnston have done for agricultural chemistry, and what Professor Wilson has done for scientific agriculture. Whether it is to be reasonably expected that the farmer should, as one branch of his education, master the whole contents of this voluminous work,

is what we are scarcely prepared to say. As a work of reference for practical agriculturists, and for all who possess or have the management of animals, it is invaluable. It is exceedingly well written, well got up, and cheap. Such an enterprising effort to diffuse the best information which modern science can command upon a subject of such wide-spread practical and economical interest, and a subject upon which nevertheless great ignorance has prevailed, deserves, and we trust will obtain, eminent success.

Grapes of Eshcol: or, Gleanings from the Land of Promise.

By the Author of 'Morning and Night Watches,' 'Memories of Bethany,' 'Memories of Gennesaret,' &c., &c. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1861.

ANOTHER excellent production from the ready pen of the Rev. J. R. Macduff. It consists of thirty-one short chapters on the attractions of 'a future world,—fragmentary thoughts and reflections, written with special reference to the chamber of sickness, the couch of suffering, and the home of bereavement.'

In this world of sorrow and selfishness, any one bent on the mission of a comforter ought to be sure of our sympathy and goodwill. Even the grimly grotesque drapery of a Romish sister of charity cannot quite bereave her of our interest, as, amidst gayer passengers, we meet her on her errands of kindness: and the purpose of this book alone might almost make the sternest criticism forgive, if need were. Not that we have to complain of any air of gloom upon it; on the contrary, it is clad with the tender cheerfulness so desirable for its office. Too often, however, the ornamental writing with which the author seeks to make his pages welcome, is loose and overdone. The following extract from the first chapter, entitled *Rest*, is a fair specimen of the style, quality, and aim which prevail throughout the whole.

'The joys of the heavenly rest will be enhanced by contrast.'

'This is one beauteous element in the contemplation of future bliss, which angels know nothing of, the *joy of contrast*. These blessed beings never knew what it was to sin or to suffer. These glorious vessels, launched on the "summer seas of eternity," never knew what it was to wrestle with the tempest, or, like the shipwrecked apostle, to be "nights and days in the deep" of trial.

'The blind man exults in the boon of restored sight, in a way which others who have never known its loss cannot experience. The sick man appreciates the return of vigorous health, in a way which others can know nothing of, who have never felt its privation. The labourer enjoys his nightly repose all the more by contrast with the hours of toil which preceded it. The soldier, after years of suffering and privation, appreciates the music of that word *home*, as he never could have done unless he had undergone the terrible discipline of trench, and night-watch, and battle-field.'

'Will it not be the same with the believer in entering on his rest?

Will not his former experience of suffering and sin, and sorrow, enhance all his new-born joys? It is said of saints, that they will be *equal to the angels*. In this respect they will be *superior*. The angel never knew what it was to have an eye dimmed with tears, or to be covered with the soil of conflict. *He* never can know the exquisite beauty of that Bible picture (none but the weeping pilgrim of earth can understand or experience it) where, as the climax of heavenly bliss, God is represented as "wiping away all tears from their eyes." Beautiful thought! The weary ones from the pilgrim-valley seated by the calm river of life, bathing their temples, laving their wands, ungirding their armour, the dust of battle for ever washed away, and listening to the proclamation from the inner sanctuary, the soft strain stealing down from the Sabbath-bells of glory, "The days of your mourning are ended." (Isai. lx. 20.)

Without pledging ourselves to admiration of every figure, or to agreement in every interpretation and doctrine, we can still commend the book as a whole. It contains many gems of original thought, and is inlaid with precious passages borrowed from others. Profitable to be read at any time, as attracting to the Christian life, or as stimulating Christian diligence, it is sure to be welcome to such suffering ones as are already assured of a share in those good things to come, on which it dwells.

Causes of the Civil War in America. By John Lothrop Motley, LL.D. London. 1861.

THIS is a reprint of a communication of Dr. Motley to *The Times*. Since its publication, the face of events has somewhat changed; but the arguments against the right of secession are not affected by the success or by the conduct of either party in this great strife. The maintenance of the Union is, according to this distinguished writer, the great cause and justification of the war. Slavery enters into the question as a subsidiary, though still an important, element; but the professed abolitionists, according to Dr. Morrill, are a very small party, even in the Free States, 'while the great body of the two principal political parties in the Free States has been strongly opposed to them. The Republican party was determined to set bounds to the extension of slavery, while the Democratic favoured that system; but *neither had designs, secret or avowed, against slavery within the States.*' (Pp. 28, 29.) How this account of the state of opinion in the North differs from some other accounts which the English public have received—for example, that of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in her letter to the Earl of Shaftesbury—we need not point out. We are not presuming to decide upon this question. The fact seems to be (as is common in eager contests) that each person attributes his own views to the majority. Northerners are generally agreed as it respects the maintenance of the Union; but as it respects the relation of slavery to the great quarrel, there are the greatest diversities of opinion. Dr. Motley stigmatizes the Morrill Tariff as

a stupid blunder. He concludes by observing, in justification of the armaments, that 'if all is to end in negotiation and separation, it is at any rate certain that both parties will negotiate more equitably with arms in their hands than if the unarmed of either section were to deal with the armed.'

Dialogues on National Church and National Church Rate.
By F. W. Harper, M.A., Rural Dean, &c. London. 1861.

MR. HARPER is not a stranger to paper controversy. He has more than once figured in the newspaper which is published in his own parish, as a controversialist with Nonconformists. These *Dialogues*, it appears, were 'intended for a local newspaper, and are now published at the request of a few of its readers;' from which words we infer that the said 'local newspaper' has declined to print them. In this we think the editor has exercised a wise discretion. For a one-sided argumentator, who wishes to appear to represent both sides fairly, no form of writing can be more convenient than the dialogue. Of this advantage Mr. Harper has fully availed himself. It would not be difficult for any clergyman of ordinary ability to silence such a man as Mr. Oxley, the good-natured layman, who thinks that to make things 'comfortable all round,' church-rates had better be given up. Nor would it be difficult for any controversialist of ordinary skill to make great capital out of some ill-considered expressions used by the Dissenting lecturers. The real grounds of the controversy appear to be scarcely apprehended by Mr. Harper. His *Dialogues* will neither do the Establishment any good, nor Dissent any harm.

History of the Siege of Delhi, by an Officer who served there.
Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1861.

IN the complete narrative of the terrible mutiny which, four years ago, broke out and spread itself so rapidly over the Bengal presidency of our Indian possessions, four places obtain special prominence, in consequence of events of commanding interest which took place within them. At Meerut the first horrible massacre of Europeans was effected; at Cawnpore even greater atrocities were perpetrated; Delhi has a double history of insurrection and retribution; Lucknow, its episode of heroic defence, unparalleled suffering consequent thereupon, and ultimate relief. The work under notice places before us the details of the siege of Delhi, in which at the time the most intense interest was manifested, both in England and in the territories around the doomed city, and from the same cause. All felt that success in that enterprise would be the first great step taken toward crushing the rebellion, whilst its failure would have emboldened concealed disaffection to show itself by overt acts it dared not otherwise have committed. Several works have been published upon the mutiny, its causes, its progress, and its extinction; most have been general in character,

others have treated of special conflicts, but all have had a decidedly technical character, or have been written with a special purpose. The author of this volume has undertaken to give in a popular form a full history of the whole siege operations, written in a familiar style, and free from those technicalities which often only puzzle unprofessional readers, instead of adding to their knowledge. He appears to have been at Delhi throughout the attack. He tells us that he was an eye-witness of almost every battle described, went over the ground into the batteries, talked with the soldiers, European and native, sifted accounts on the spot, and spent all his spare time in realizing and recording the events he witnessed. He appears, indeed, to have been 'our own correspondent at the seat of war,' and to have combined with his other duties, whatever they may have been, (for about them he gives no hint,) that of a trustworthy reporter, thoroughly competent to undertake so important a task, by intelligence, professional knowledge, and position in the force. Some portions of his book were contributed by him to the *Times* during the siege, and of this fact he gives notification more than once. He claims for himself that he has always endeavoured, with a good conscience, to tell the truth, and conceal nothing; and that, as a consequence, he has departed from the old style of portraiture, as respects India and its people. Englishmen, he avers, are always drawn in chalk, Hindoos in charcoal. He has tried to be more natural, and to represent the one in ordinary flesh tints, the other in the copper colour which most befits them. Europeans in India are not faultless, nor are natives there so thoroughly without virtues as some have represented.

Such being the aim of the author, we have not been surprised to find him strongly commenting upon many serious errors that came under his notice at the outbreak of the mutiny, during its temporary success, and even when the heel of our avenging armies was crushing it out. Whilst there is an entire absence of anything like mere declamation or 'strong writing,' there is evidently no concealment of what he feels. The descriptions of the various engagements may be readily understood; and, altogether, the book is one which, from its independence of tone and popular style, may be read with pleasure and profit, notwithstanding its somewhat late appearance.

Papers for Thoughtful Girls. By Sarah Tytler. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co. 1862.

A VERY difficult subject for any one to undertake: the chances of failure are very great. We opened this volume, and read some parts of it, with anything but prejudice in its favour; it won upon us, however; and by degrees we began to think that the book was an exception to its class, and really worth recommendation to our young female friends. After being thus disarmed, the title began to recommend itself, and the result is, that we cordially advise those who have thoughtful girls to educate to put this little book into their hands.

Poems: The Legend of the Golden Ring, &c. By William Kelynack Dale. Second Edition. London: Simpkins. 1862.

THE main feature which attracts our attention in this second edition is The Legend of the Golden Ring, which stands out strikingly from the smaller pieces with which it is surrounded. Leaving vague generalities, Mr. Dale has sung us a story 'racy of the soil' to which he belongs,—a tale of wreckers on the Cornish coast; and has achieved such success as his previous efforts, pensive and elegant as they were, would scarcely have led us to expect. The Legend combines rare descriptive power with genuine dramatic force; and leads us to look for something more in a branch of poetry which is not so vigorously cultivated now as earlier in the century, but which is still dear to the workers, as distinguished from the dreamers, amongst the 'reading public.' The minor pieces, though vastly inferior to the Legend, are replete with pathos and sweetness.

The Great Barrier. By Thomas Hughes. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1860.

WHICH barrier is prejudice—anatomized, condemned, and guarded against, in nine chapters, which may be read, especially the last five, with much pleasure and profit by all who do not demand what the author does not promise, 'literary perfection.' It is a book which displays much and varied reading, the habit of earnest thinking, and a deep desire to be useful. It cannot fail, therefore, to be a strong and wholesome book, despite many faults.

A Defence of the Faith. Part I., Forms of Unbelief. By Sanderson Robins, M.A. Longmans. 1862.

THIS is the first part of a trilogy; the remaining subjects are *Christian Evidences*, and *Holy Scriptures*. If the other volumes are written with the same ability, the whole will be a very valuable contribution to the polemical literature of the day.

It would be unfair, however, to the present volume to characterize it simply as a polemical work. We suspect that it is such only by accommodation; having been the produce of much slow reading and reflection. The reader will find as good an account of Scholasticism and English Deism as our language contains. Pantheism, German Philosophy, and Rationalism, are respectively the subjects of chapters which must have cost the author an immense amount of pains. The treatment of these subjects is not exactly critical, although that element is not wanting; it is rather historical, and as such leaves nothing to be desired.

There many more ambitious works in the English language which are not worthy to be compared with this scholarly, dignified, orthodox, and gracefully-written volume.

A Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D.

WE have examined only the first few parts of this Dictionary, and have found these just what the title-page prepared us to expect. The work confines itself somewhat more strictly than some others of the same kind to its proper business. The theology of the Scriptures enters incidentally, and only so far as necessity requires; but all that comes under the manifold promise of the title is treated learnedly, correctly, and exhaustively. We confess that we turned at once to certain testing articles, which might be expected to betray any leaning that might exist to error: in most cases, we were fully satisfied, while in some we were remitted to later articles, (as, for instance, in the Art. *Adam*.) But the array of names—a roll which is the defence and honour of the Church of England—is to us a strong guarantee of orthodoxy; and we confess that we are amongst the number of those who pay great honour to the name of Dr. William Smith, as one of the greatest benefactors of the young scholars of our time.

The Scripture Testimony to Messiah and His Mission. By J. H. Mann. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1861.

THIS little manual displays the diligence and ingenuity of the compiler. It contains a digest of all the passages of the word of God which relate to the Messiah in His original dignity, His sacrificial work, and His final reign. The texts are so arranged as to show how fully the doctrines of redemption have been woven into all periods of the world's history. Some introductory remarks on dispensation, and a few short notes, enhance the value of this little work, which the student will find portable and easy of reference.

The Malays of Capetown. By John Schofield Mayson, F.E.S. Manchester. 1861.

THIS little book is reprinted, with additions, from the Transactions of the Manchester Statistical Society: a Society which in many respects deserves very honourable mention. The present essay has not been got up by a mere amateur in ethnological science; it is not the production of a theorist only; but it is the result of considerable personal observation, on the part of a gentleman of ability and taste. An immense number of most interesting facts and statistics are woven into the staple of the writer's own personal experiences; which, however, are too modestly kept in the background, or almost entirely concealed. The whole constitutes a little treatise which will be regarded by good judges as no mean contribution to our knowledge of the varieties of the human species, while its popular interest will commend it to the general reader. No one will rise from its perusal either wearied or without profit.

Footsteps of the Reformers in Foreign Lands. Religious Tract Society. 1862.

THE publications of the Religious Tract Society, year after year, become more and more interesting, as well as instructive. Nothing can be more attractive than this little volume: its illustrations are lovely of their kind, especially to those who have had the happiness of roaming among the quaint mediæval relics of Germany; and the accounts of the Reformers, whose names are associated with those cities, are compiled with care, and composed with taste. We have accompanied the writer with much interest, from Huss's Oriental Prague, to the glorious Antwerp of Tyndale's Testament. The immortal bridge of the former city is thus introduced:—'A good essay might be written on the poetry of bridges,—their architecture—whether rude or graceful—the shadows they throw upon the streams which they overstride—their purpose as a common highway from shore to shore across a separating flood—their aspect, morning, noon, and night, under a clear sky, mirrored in the glassy water, or under storms pelting down rain, and snow, and sleet—in the hours of crowding traffic, as in those of solitude, when the chance foot-fall awakens melancholy echoes—in the clear sunset or sunrise—or when the twinkling lamps between those times seem to answer to the stars that gleam above them—at all these seasons how suggestive of thoughts and sentiments are old bridges! Fancies you might call them, perhaps, but they would be discovered to have in them sobriety and wisdom. Now, of all bridges redolent of such kind of poetry, we hold the bridge of Prague to be first and chief. This bridge is guarded by watchtowers; and along the coping of the side-walls, from end to end across the river, are statues of saints, amidst which conspicuously appears that of St. John Nepomuk, the patron saint of all German bridges, and of this in particular, from his having been here drowned as a martyr, by the Emperor Wenceslaus, for refusing to disclose the secrets of the confessional.' This extract will show that this little book is not fabricated merely for sale; but that it has been committed to able hands, and is prepared in a tasteful manner.

The Pilgrim in the Holy Land. By the Rev. H. S. Osborn, M.A. London: Hogg. 1862.

THIS unpretending little volume is the English reprint of a very costly American work. Nothing is omitted that helps to constitute the real value of the original; while its worth is greatly enhanced by a few striking views taken from photographs recently published in France at a very high price. It is remarkable that the East, especially the sacred regions, has been more abundantly, and, perhaps, on the whole, better, illuminated by Americans than by the men of any other nation. Travellers from the farthest West have had the pre-eminence for some time in matters pertaining to the East: witness Dr. Robinson, the Dead Sea Expedition, and, Osborn's *Palestine, Past and Present*. The volume is worthy of our cordial recommendation.

The Postman's Bag, and other Stories. By the Rev. J. De Liefde, Amsterdam. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co. 1862.

THE author is a man whom to know is to admire and love. This little volume is like its writer,—simple, artless, and Christian. We know several little children who are never weary of these little stories; and we are sure they can learn from them nothing but what is good.

The Greek Testament: with Notes Critical and Exegetical. By William Webster, M.A., and William Francis Williamson, M.A. Vol. VI., containing the Epistles and the Romans.

THE time which has passed since this volume was promised has no abated—at least in our case—the interest with which it has been expected. Three or four years may reasonably be allowed for such an undertaking; and if our accomplished editors have taken a little longer, they have made good use of their time, and the public will reap the benefit. We propose giving a more full account of the whole work in our next issue, and shall, therefore, abstain now from saying more than that there are no notes on the Greek Testament more trustworthy—whether as regards criticism or exposition—than these. We could wish that the page was not so crowded as it is; *in this respect*, how refreshing are the notes of Jowett and Vaughan. It is very fatiguing to consult either these volumes or Alford's!

Modern Metre: A Medium for the Poets of the Day. Part III. London: Tallant and Co.

IN some of the waste grounds in and near the metropolis, we have seen boards traced with the legend, 'Rubbish shot here.' The convenience of such a privilege to householders who have no other means of disposing of their broken crockery and decayed vegetables is obvious. The proprietors of the serial, entitled *Modern Metre*, propose to do for literature what the landowners, in the case cited, do for the public. Their scheme is praiseworthy, and even philanthropic. They will do signal service to the editors of newspapers and magazines, whose waste-paper baskets will feel the benefit of the enterprise. They will provide a safety-valve for many an over-full and explosive genius. But whether they will succeed in introducing to the world a real poet, who would otherwise sink into oblivion, is questionable. Among rubbish-heaps, diligent seekers have sometimes discovered a silver spoon, a coin, or a bracelet. But this sort of fortune is too occasional to be quoted as analogous, and the world had better lose one true poet than be compelled to swallow the crude conceptions of a thousand aspirants.